The Literary Digest

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Adolph Treidler

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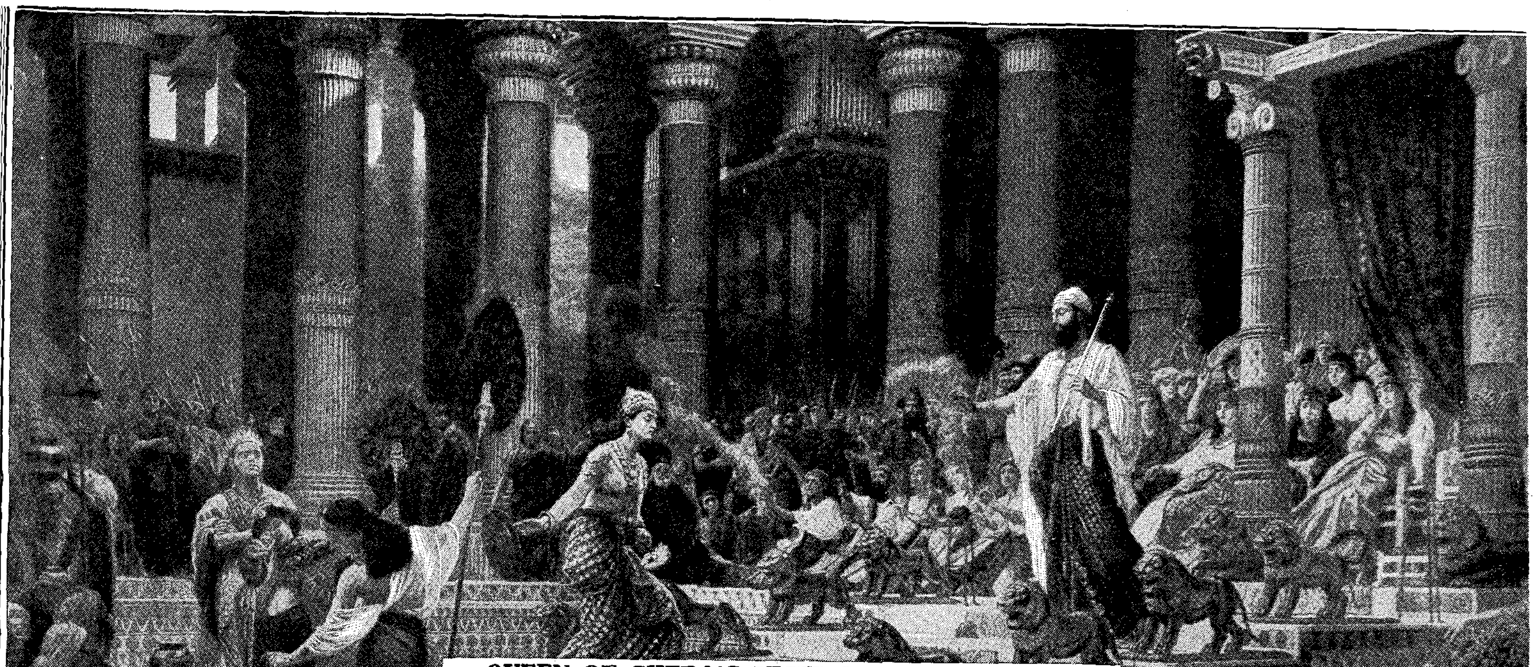

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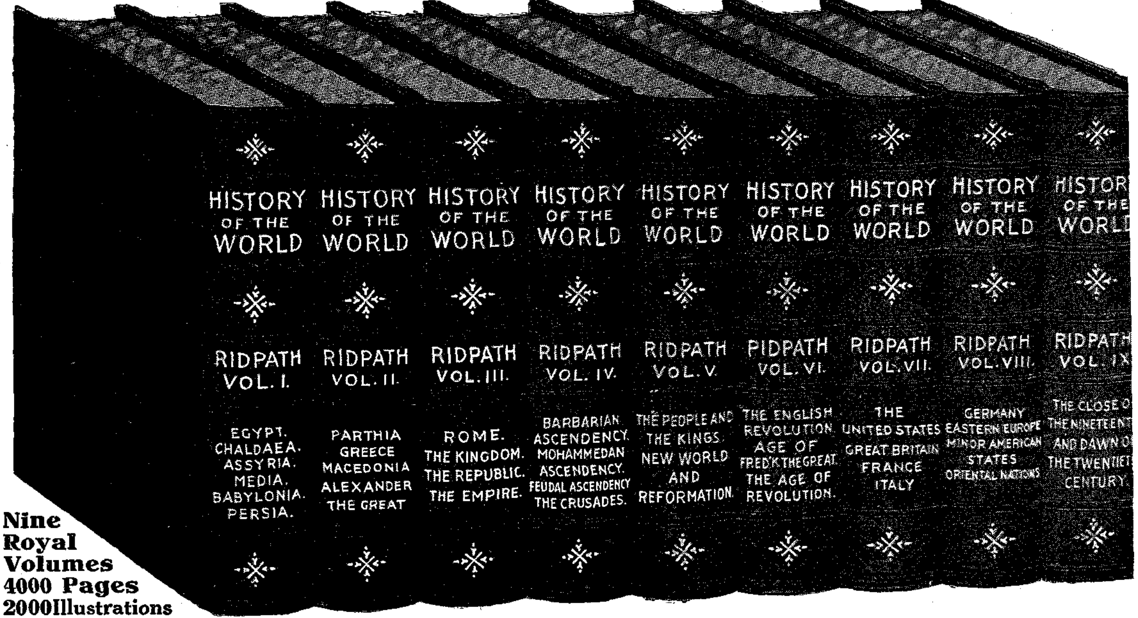
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SYMBOLISM OF THE COVER DESIGN.—The figure on our cover this week represents THE LITERARY DIGEST holding, "as 'twere, the mirror up to nature," and reflecting the thought and activities of our time. The design is the work of Mr. Adolph Treidler.

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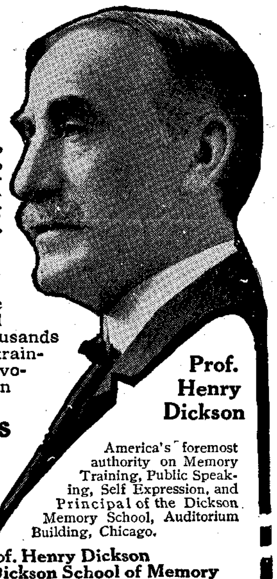

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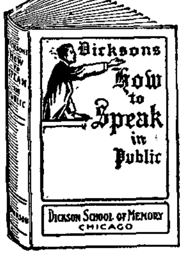

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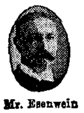
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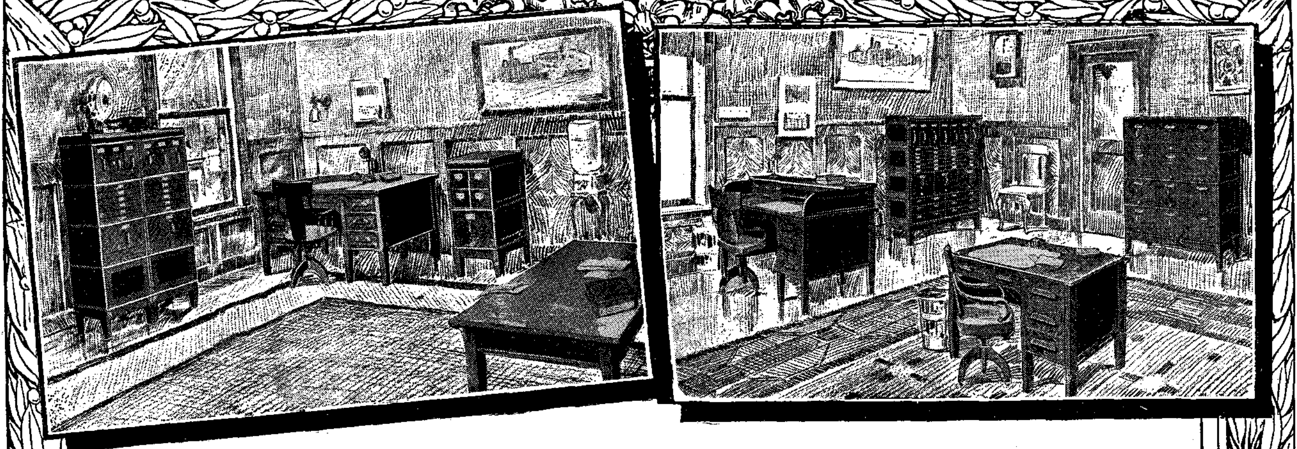

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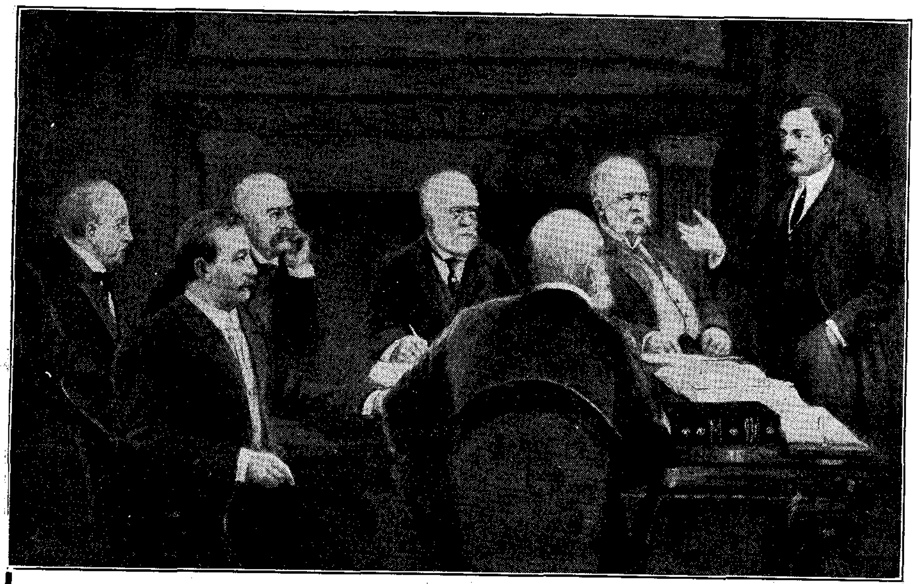

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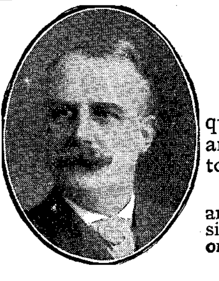

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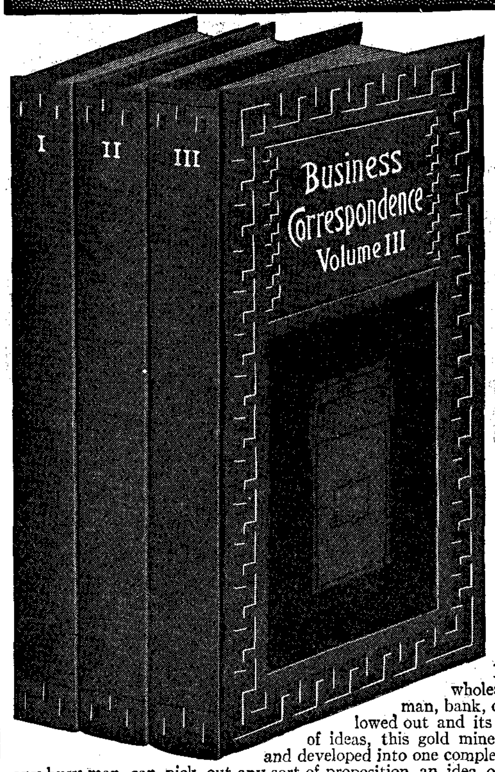

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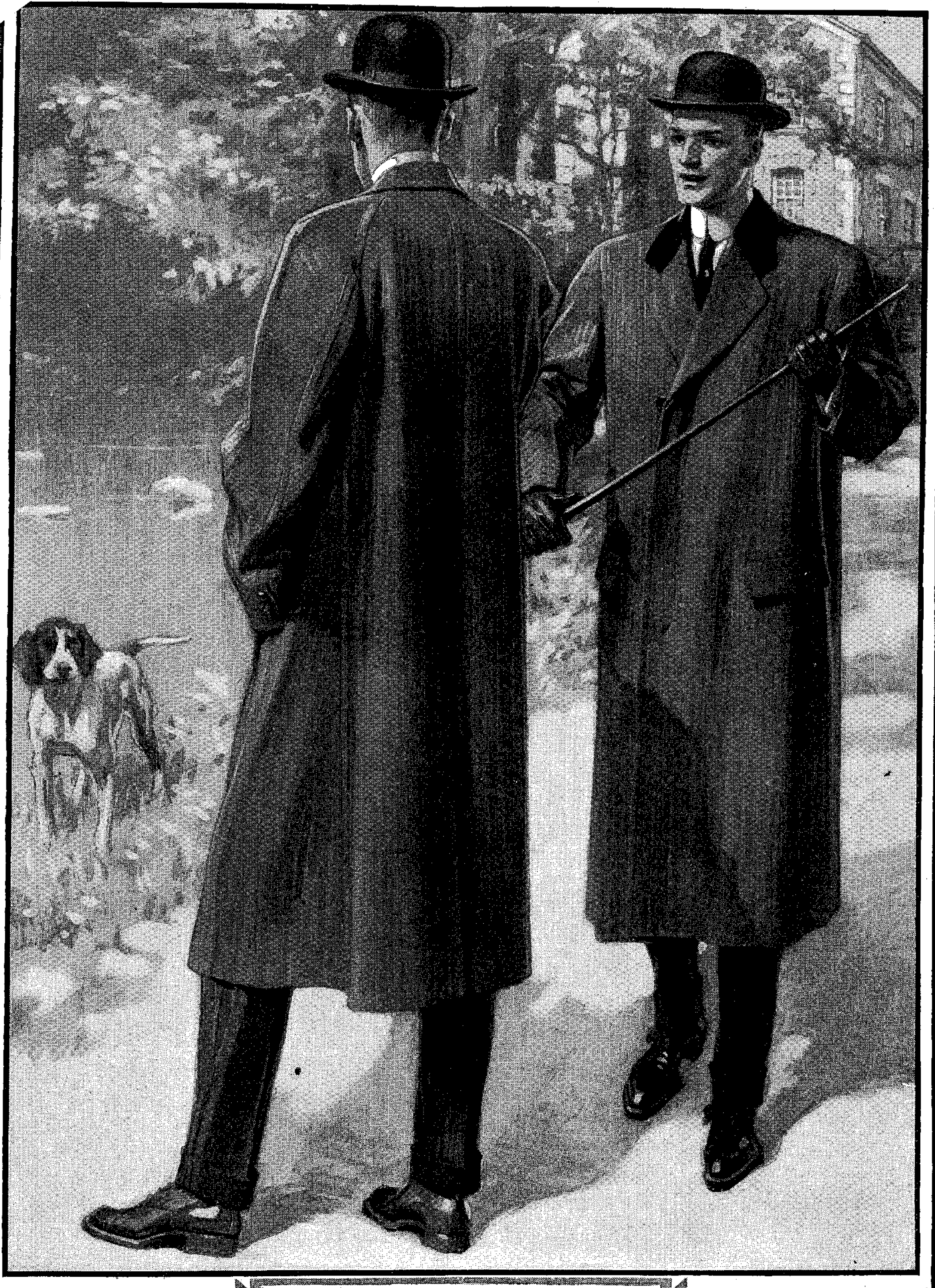

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TOPICS OF THE DAY

MR. TAFT AND BUSINESS

As a result of his insistence that "business must reform itself," and that the Antitrust Law must be enforced as it stands, President Taft is apparently between the devil and the deep sea. On the one hand we find most of the commercial and financial press crying out that he is tearing down the great structure of business enterprise that American genius has built up; on the other, Democratic critics, led by Governor Wilson, complain that his course has reduced the country to a state of "backing and filling" because he "comes out one day with the statement that he is going absolutely to enforce the Sherman Antitrust Law," and "the next day . . . explains it all away." And the Attorney-General, following the President's lead, adds New Jersey's Governor, "roars one day like a lion; the next day he roars like a dove." To add to Mr. Taft's embarrassment, there is a clamor from the "insurgent" ranks that the law be amended to make it more drastic, and from Wall Street that it be made less so.

The latter point of view has been most notably set forth by George W. Perkins, a former partner of J. P. Morgan, in a recent speech which is regarded by the Indianapolis *News* (Ind.) as notice to the Republican party "that it has been tried by the men whom he represents and found wanting." According to Mr. Perkins, to enforce the Sherman Law in its present form is to "throttle business." This, says the Knoxville *Sentinel* (Dem.), "is the answer of 'big business' to the President's 'must.'" And even so temperate an organ as *The Wall Street Journal* thinks it necessary to remind Mr. Taft that it was the practically unanimous vote of the business community that gave him the election in 1908, and to remark admonishingly that "there ought to be some deeper reason than the strained interpretation of a complicated and virtually obsolete law to justify a President in destroying the prosperity of the country."

Mr. Taft himself admits that the enforcement of the Sherman Law may produce "for a time difficult situations that may make business halt." But he points out that he has no discretion in the matter, no choice under his oath of office but to enforce the law. "It is not for the Executive to say he can withhold criminal prosecutions, or any kind of prosecutions, just to help business." And he adds:

> "When that part of the business community that thought the Antitrust Statute did not mean anything understands that it is to be enforced then we may reach a solution that will enable the business community to settle down on a proper and legitimate basis."

His position is sympathetically restated in the following editorial paragraph from the South Bend *Tribune* (Rep.):

> "President Taft, believing that the way is open for reorganization of big business, that the Supreme Court decisions have settled the question, has also asserted that the time has arrived for calling a halt in indiscriminate attack. The President has at the same time, however, served warning on big business that the trust prosecutions will proceed; that big business must square itself with the law. Evidently the view of the President does not meet the approval of big business; evidently the policy of the Administration is not what the interests would have it. Mr. Perkins' address is significant in this connection. Is it a warning to the Administration that it can expect united opposition from the interests? We believe so, and we believe that the lines are already being drawn for the fight."

There is nothing in these views, declares the Chicago *Tribune*, (Rep.), to threaten the freedom of legitimate finance or the prosperity of law-abiding corporations. Enlarging on this assertion it goes on to say:

> "The stock-ticker may have palpitation of the heart every time the President declares his simple duty to enforce the law, but it is to be observed that there are men high in the business world who whole-heartedly indorse the President's position, and invite, as to their own corporations, full investigation and supervision. This is strong evidence that clean business men are confident that clean business can proceed prosperously, even on the largest scale, under the Sherman Law as interpreted in the light of reason.
>
> "The selfish reactionaries of the 'let us alone' school would have us believe that the President and those who believe with him in both parties would tear down the great structure of business enterprise which the genius of American men for commerce and organization has built up. The charge is preposterous, and the sooner the common sense of the American people punctures that folly, the quicker the cloud of uncertainty and distrust will clear away and the tremendous natural activities of the country reassert themselves."

Nevertheless a Washington correspondent tells us that "in retaliation for the antitrust activity of the Administration, the great business interests of New York are reported to have determined definitely that they will lend no further support to the Republican party; that they will drop all concern for that party, and that they will undertake to bring the country back to a safe and sane policy through the instrumentality of the Democrats." This can point only to Judson Harmon as the choice of "big business" for the presidency, remarks the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* (Rep.), since he is "the only prominent

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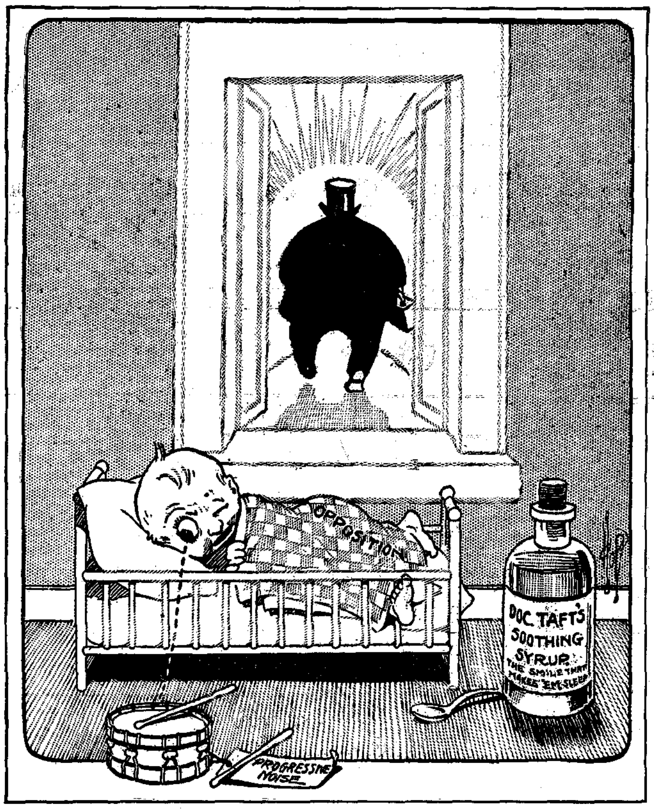
Democrat who can, by any stretch of fancy, be called conservative."

"Capital is timid, we know," remarks the New York *Evening Post* (Ind.), "but is that any reason for its being hysterical?" To *The Journal of Commerce* (Com.) of the same city it is a case where "fewer crutches" would result in "stronger business." To quote its diagnosis:

"Just now our overgrown industrial combinations are shaken to their very foundations by the long-delayed determination of the Government to enforce the laws preserving competition. Another group of industrials, often equipped better than any abroad, are timidly quaking at the prospect of a reduction of the tariff. Still another group of manufacturers, also splendidly equipped, have become supremely anxious because they see a great monopoly based solely on patents brought before the bar of justice for abusing its special privileges.

"The uneasiness displayed in these quarters is easily understood, and is regrettable because it undoubtedly aggravates an otherwise unsatisfactory business situation. But what is the origin of these so-called 'attacks on business' which admittedly add to unrest and distrust, and are they entirely unwarranted? Untimely they may be, but unexpected and unreasonable they can not be. The handwriting upon the wall long ago gave warning. Mr. Roosevelt struck an unwelcome but true chord when he caused the nation to realize that the law had created too many special privileges which not only brought great wealth to their original owners but unduly accelerated the tendencies toward monopoly, overcapitalization, and a whole train of minor evils. Stirred by political appeals as well as by an enhanced cost of living the people now wish these privileges curbed and their benefits more equitably distributed. Of course those who originally secured these privileges object to their withdrawal; so do those who innocently bought their securities and are at least entitled to some consideration. Had monopoly never made such strides, had our tariff walls never been made so unconscionably high, had our patent laws not been so flagrantly abused, the present outcry against special privileges would have been impossible and our business interests would have been spared the constant fear of having these purely artificial supports knocked from under at scant notice.

"The soundest lines of business and the safest investments in future will be those able to maintain themselves."


OPPOSITION
DOC. TAFT'S SOOTHING SYRUP THE SMILE THAT MAKES 'EM SLEEP
PROGRESSIVE NOISE
Hop

HAS HE GONE YET?

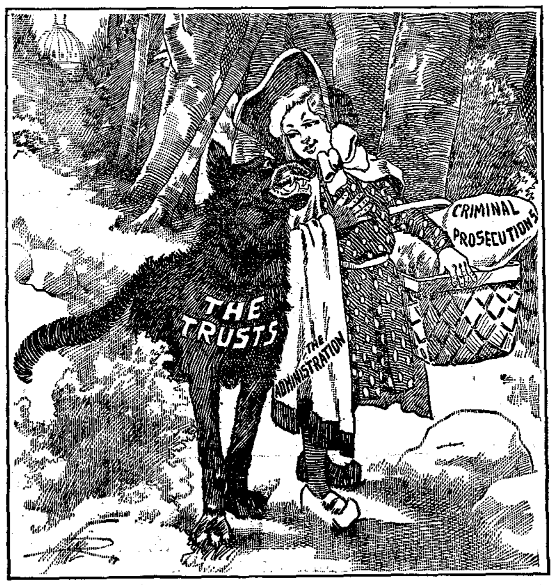
—Hop in the Denver *Rocky Mountain News.*

Interesting side-lights are thrown on the general situation by recent utterances of James J. Hill of the Great Northern Railway and Eugene Zimmerman, father-in-law of the Duke of Manchester. According to Mr. Hill business is "sound," but no new enterprises are starting—a state of affairs for which he blames "the politicians and newspapers." In short, "there is too much political ghost-dancing." Mr. Zimmerman's plaint is more personal and more pathetic. To a reporter who interviewed him on his return to this country from a visit to his son-in-law he announced that "nobody loves a millionaire any more," and he went on to say:

"Once millionaires were the popular heroes of the nation, the brilliant examples set up for youth to follow, but now everybody is throwing bricks or making laws aimed at the rich.

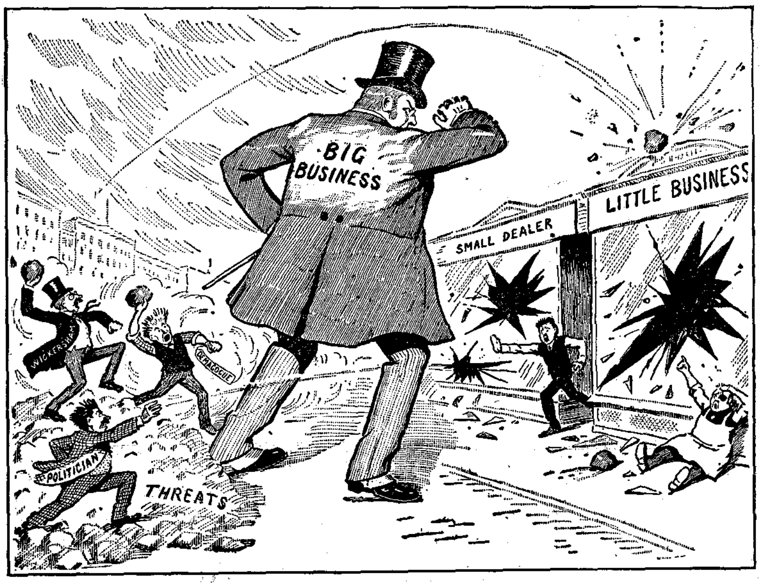
"The millionaire, following the instinct of self-protection, has taken a seat or is trying to take a seat very far back. Really it's awful. The millionaire dasn't show his head in governmental affairs any more, for somebody is around ready to throw something. All he can do these days is vote. Is a millionaire sent to the Senate? Well, right off somebody accuses him of buying his seat. Is he given a Cabinet position? Well, well, no President dare do such a thing if he values his political life.

"A millionaire has no chance any more. Instead of sending successful men of affairs to Washington and to our State Legislatures to make our laws, we are sending men who couldn't run a peanut-stand, political incompetents who can get the votes. How can we expect men who never were prosperous themselves to make laws that will make the country prosperous?"



LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD.

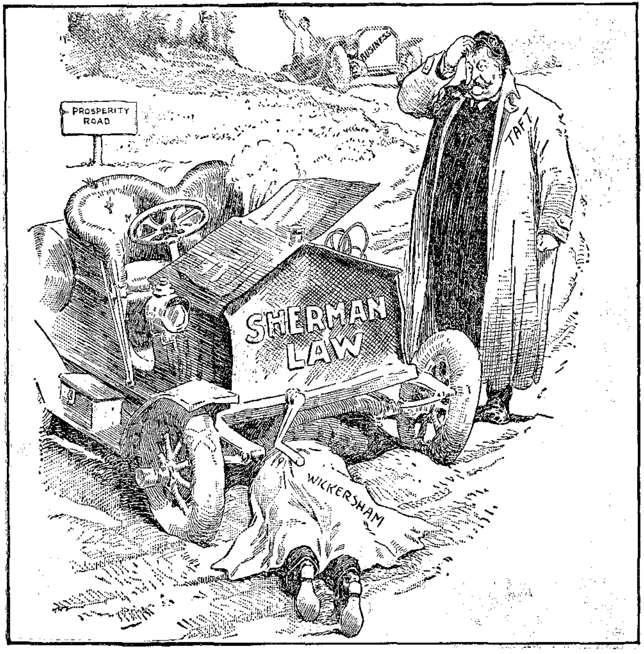
—Manz in the Washington *Herald.*



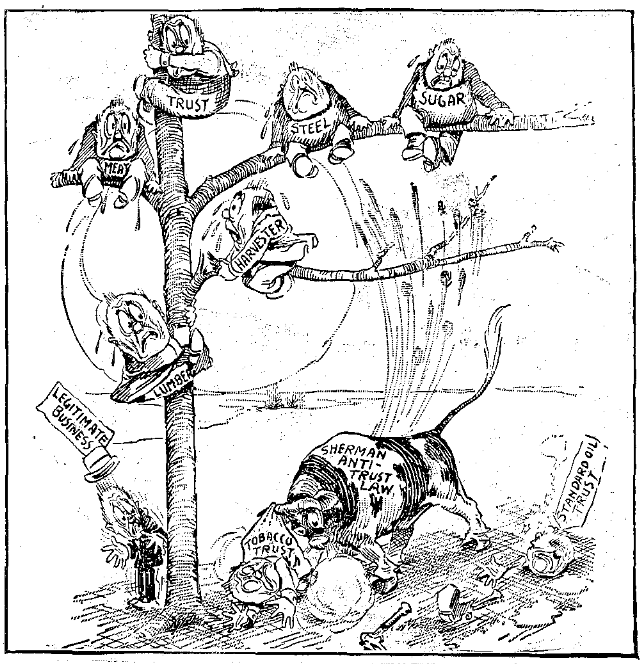
THE REAL VICTIMS.

—Harding in the Brooklyn *Daily Eagle.*

A BAD YEAR FOR LITTLE INNOCENTS.



STALLED!
—Carter in the New York *Globe*.



JUST BEGINNING TO REALIZE HIS STRENGTH.
—Moser in the Des Moines *Register and Leader*.

PREVENTING "UNDUE" RESTRAINT OF TRADE.

WOMAN'S VICTORY IN CALIFORNIA

SINCE one of the twenty-three constitutional amendments adopted by California last week doubled the number of women voters in the United States it is not surprizing to find the result hailed in the suffrage camp as "the greatest victory for woman suffrage ever won in this country." According to the Rev. Anna Howard Shaw, president of the National Suffrage Association, "the number of woman enfranchised by this amendment is equal to the total number of woman voters in the five other suffrage States," and "this means of course that more men voted in favor of woman suffrage than ever before in the world's history." Dr. Shaw further calls attention to the fact that in the other suffrage States—Washington, Idaho, Wyoming, Utah, and Colorado—the men greatly outnumber the women, while "in California the sexes are about equally divided and the men know that the women's vote will count as much as their own." As to the effect of California's example, she goes on to say, as reported in the daily press:

> "I believe that it is the beginning of the end. Kansas, Oregon, Wisconsin, and other Western States are bound to follow the lead at the next elections. The politicians are also sure to realize that the women are winning their long fight, and will climb on the band-wagon along with the rest of us.
>
> "The politicians must now come to see that the woman-suffrage party is soon to be a great power in the Presidential campaign; in fact, has become so now that California is won. President Taft yesterday made his first speech about woman suffrage and spoke in favor of it."

No less optimistic are the comments of other suffrage leaders. According to Mrs. Pankhurst, California's vote will help the cause in England, and Mrs. Harriet Stanton Blatch, president of the Woman's Political Union, declares that it "means the heartening up of women over the whole world." Mrs. Ida Husted Harper is quoted as saying:

> "In the language of Wall Street, the victory in California will raise the value of the woman-suffrage stock. It will give a boom to the movement. California is a much more important State than any of the others we have won and has more members of Congress. Now we are almost sure of getting our rights in Oregon, and I think there is no doubt about our carrying Nevada and Kansas also. Perhaps I am a great optimist, but I predict that within two years we will have all the Western States enrolled under our banner."

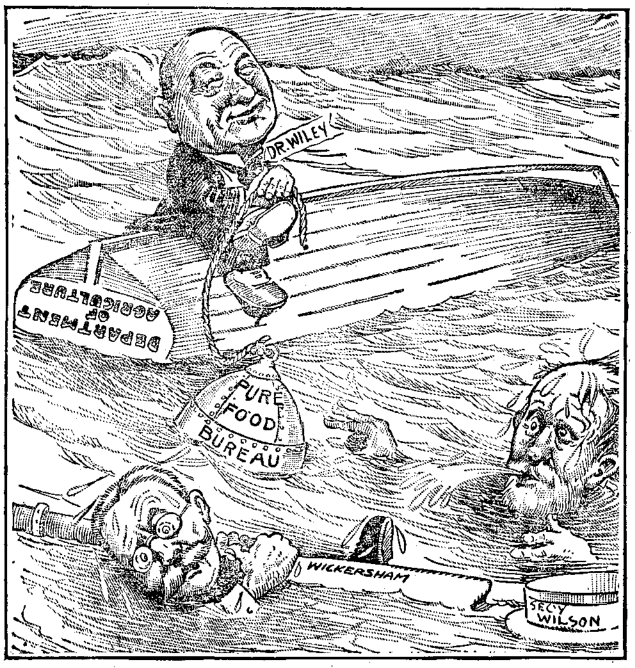
"With this glorious example before us," declares Mrs. Jean Penfield, chairman of the Woman's Suffrage party in New York, "we women of New York should hide our faces in shame if we left a single stone unturned to win our righteous cause." And she adds: "What they have done on the Pacific Coast we can do on the Atlantic, and we will."

The campaign which put California in the suffrage column had many picturesque features. In San Francisco two suffrage plays were on the boards, and floats and parades played a conspicuous part. A Los Angeles dispatch states that "four thousand columns of matter relating to suffrage have been printed in the newspapers in the last six months." Of the actual vote a San Francisco correspondent of the New York *Times* writes:

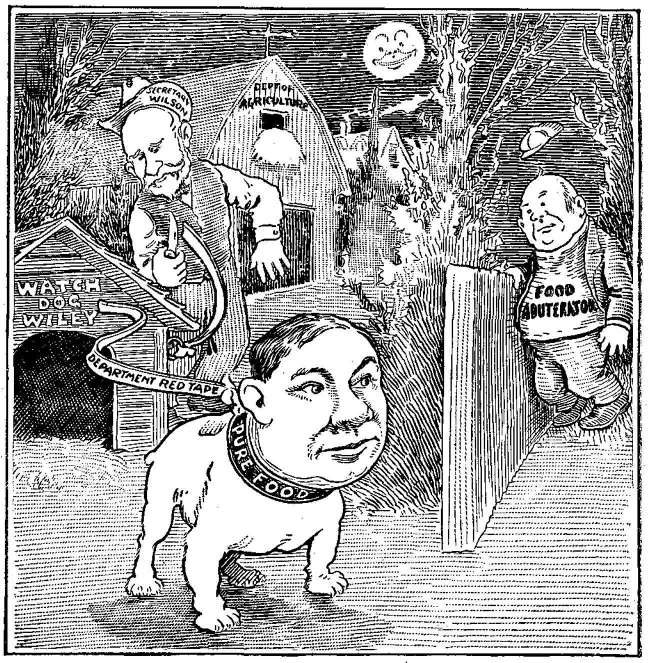
> "When the returns first began to come in the figures were all from populous centers, where the vote against suffrage was very heavy. This is explained by women workers at the polls by the fact that the saloon interests were almost solid against suffrage because liquor men fear that women if given the ballot would endeavor to make California a dry State. In many of the towns the liquor question is or may soon become an important issue in local politics, and it is asserted that the saloon people felt that women if given the chance would close hundreds of country saloons by local option votes."

In San Francisco *The Call* (Rep.) was prominent in championing the women's cause, and in Los Angeles practically all the papers, with the notable exception of *The Times*, took the side of the suffragists. We find the Los Angeles *Express* (Ind.) pointing to the opposition to woman suffrage offered by "every influence in the State which is seeking an unfair advantage, every saloon, every political corruptionist, and every representative of the old machine," as "the very highest evidence that woman is qualified to make good use of the ballot."

Of the twenty-three other amendments adopted by the voters of California four, according to the Springfield *Republican* (Ind.), were so radical that their adoption constitutes "a political revolution." One provides for the initiative and referendum, or direct legislation; the second for the recall, including the judiciary; the third for an appointive railroad and public-service commission with large powers of regulation; and the fourth for equal suffrage. "The causes of this revolution," says the Springfield paper, "have their origin in the corrupt and oppressive domination of California, during many years, by the Southern



THEY ROCKED THE BOAT.
—Barnet in the Los Angeles *Tribune*.



GIVING THE WATCH-DOG A CHANCE.
—Bartholomew in the Minneapolis *Journal*.

THEY CAN NOT DROWN HIS BARK.

Pacific Railroad Company." The recall, which was opposed more bitterly than any other of the amendments, won by the largest margin. "The people of California," laments the New York *Tribune* (Rep.), "have swallowed the nostrum of judicial recall with as much gusto as the Oregon notion of having the voters act for themselves in settling the most complicated problems of legislation."

UNTYING DR. WILEY'S HANDS

SUCH A CHORUS of newspaper approval greets each incident in the rout of the official group which seemed to be trying to thwart and hamper Dr. Harvey W. Wiley, in his fight against the adulteration of foods and drugs, that the Hartford *Times* (Ind. Dem.) thinks the Chief Chemist of the Department of Agriculture "is stronger with the country to-day than Mr. Taft himself or any other man connected with the Government." There has been hardly anything to equal his popularity since Dewey came home from Manila, says this Hartford paper. "And yet," it adds, "he is the same obstreperous and rather lawless individual whom President Roosevelt intended to dismiss from office, and who on more than one occasion has sought to use his power against business enterprises that were not guilty of wrong-doing." But he is loved, it seems, for the enemies he has made, and to the popular view he looms up as the most conspicuous champion of the Pure-Food Law, the implacable foe of the food and drug adulterators. Therefore, when it was announced that the Board of Food and Drug Inspection had been so reorganized as to make Dr. Wiley actually as well as nominally its head, virtually the only newspaper criticism raised was to the effect that the discomfiture of the Doctor's hostile colleagues had not been carried far enough.

Solicitor McCabe's retirement from the board, the granting of an extended leave of absence to Dr. Dunlap, and the temporary appointment of Dr. R. E. Doolittle, a "Wiley man," in McCabe's place, are changes which leave Dr. Wiley supreme as far as the Inspection Board is concerned. This is good as far as it goes, most of the editorial commentators agree, but "it does not go far enough." It is not enough, according to many papers, that Solicitor McCabe should surrender his place on the Board of Inspection; he should be removed entirely from the Agricultural Department. Some Wiley supporters go further and declare that Secretary Wilson himself should resign, and others again clamor for the scalp of Attorney-General Wickersham, who not long ago recommended that "condign punishment" be meted out to the Chief Chemist.

"Suppose we add up the Wiley case and see what the total is now," suggests the New York *Globe* (Rep.), and it proceeds to do so with the following result:

> "In the old days the Board of Food and Drug Inspection consisted of three members, Solicitor McCabe, Dr. Dunlap, and Dr. Wiley. The other two members acted together almost without exception, and overruled Dr. Wiley whenever they chose. They often chose.
>
> "Henceforth things will be different. . . . Dr. Wiley's opinions, instead of being minority opinions, will by the new arrangement usually be the majority opinion of the board."

The same paper goes on to say:

> "As a temporary arrangement the new plan is good enough. As anything else it will never do, for Solicitor McCabe, altho he has resigned from the Board of Food and Drug Inspection, has not resigned from the Department. He can no longer outvote Dr. Wiley on the board. But as Solicitor of the Department he can greatly embarrass him when questions arise concerning the interpretation to be given to the law. Very likely he will no longer dare to stand between lawbreakers and the law. But that change of attitude will not satisfy public opinion, which demands Solicitor McCabe's removal. He should be deprived of every shred of power to keep the law from being enforced. . . . .
>
> "If Secretary Wilson could make up his mind to retire he would do well. He has lost the confidence of a great many thousand men and women by allowing and apparently by encouraging Mr. McCabe and his associates to hamper Dr. Wiley and to plot against him. Dr. Wiley's work is of immense importance. He is doing for the nation what our Health Department is doing for New York—reducing the death-rate. It is time to make an example of his enemies."

But even the step already taken in regard to Solicitor McCabe, remarks the Los Angeles *Tribune* (Ind.), "is in its way as complete a rout of Special Privilege as was the final passing of Ballinger to his Seattle obscurity." And it goes on to say:

> "Every light thrown on the Wiley case reveals Wilson and his satellites, McCabe and Dunlap, in discreditable guise. They

HARRISON GRAY OTIS.

Who accuses the unions of having blown up his *Times* building on October 1, 1910.

J. B. M'NAMARA. SAMUEL GOMPERS. J. J. M'NAMARA.

The president of the American Federation of Labor, here seen between the accused McNamaras, stoutly asserts their innocence and hints at a conspiracy of capital against union labor.

ORTIE M'MANIGAL.

The Harry Orchard of the McNamara trial.

LEADING CHARACTERS IN THE TRIAL AT LOS ANGELES.

ought all to go, along with Wickersham, who recommended Wiley's dismissal."

"Dr. Wiley's hands are untied," exclaims the Chicago *Tribune* (Rep.), "and flushed with victory and burning with righteous zeal he will enter on an effective pure-food campaign." And the New York *Times* (Ind. Dem.) notes the coincidence that "Dr. Wiley's restoration of power came upon the day of the receipt by the Department of Agriculture of a full copy of the report made by the Referee Board of the Prussian Government sustaining Dr. Wiley's report, based upon experiments with his 'poison squad,' that sodium benzoate is harmful when used in preserving foodstuffs." *The Times* continues:

> "The Prussian Referee Board had before it both the work of Dr. Wiley and the report of the Remsen Board, and declared that Dr. Remsen's experts had drawn conclusions not warranted by the facts. It therefore recommended to the Prussian Government the exclusion of benzoate of soda from foods, as it has already excluded the preservative from wines. The preservative, it says, gives the 'appearance of freshness to foodstuffs that already have entered upon decomposition, and the buyer may be deceived as to the quality.'"

But Dr. Wiley himself warns us that the fight has only begun. A Washington correspondent quotes him as saying:

> "If any one thinks the adulteration snake is killed he is very much mistaken. It is lying low just at present. The men who are responsible for food adulteration think the feelings of the public will soon quiet down."

The changes just announced, suggests the New York *Tribune* (Rep.), are "probably only a first step in the process of readjustment"; and it declares that the public will "not be satisfied until he is again established in authority and the Department is cleared of intriguers bent on clipping the claws of the Pure-Food Law." "We do not suppose that the President himself intends to allow the matter to drop," says the New York *Press* (Rep.), which in another issue calls for the punishment of "the head devils of the plot conceived by the food fakers." "The people of the United States," it adds, "will not object to the fullest light on the pure-food scandal."

Turning to the other side of the question, we find the Boston *Herald* deprecating the idea of giving any more power to Dr. Wiley. To quote:

> "While condemning absolutely the methods that have been practised in the department and the underhanded attempts to destroy the Bureau of Chemistry, the fair-minded observer must conclude that Dr. Wiley's power when the Food and Drugs Act was first adopted was far too autocratic, and that it is not well to have too much of it lodged in his hands again any more than in those of Mr. McCabe. What is wanted is a careful system of administration, free of backbiting and internal friction, but with a distinct division of duties between the scientific and legal branches of the work. There is a danger that the present change, altho announced as temporary, may continue if it should appear that public opinion is sufficiently satisfied. That would be a misfortune. What is needed is a thorough and courageous revision of food administration without fear or favor."

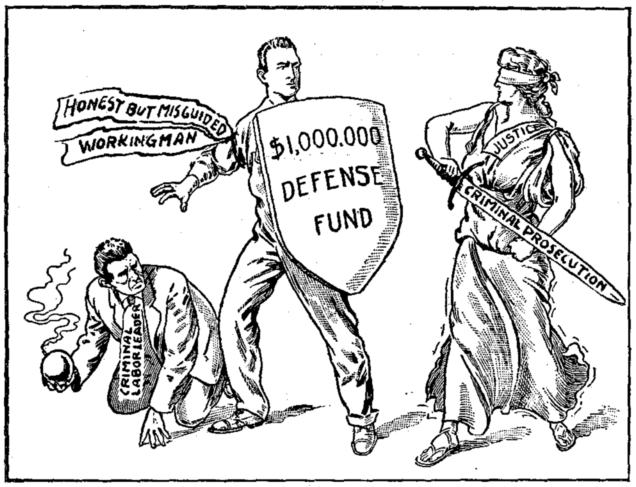
LABOR AND THE LOS ANGELES TRIAL

FOUR YEARS AGO the trial of a trio of labor leaders on a murder charge stirred up labor circles throughout the country, particularly in the West, and led to many an editorial hint that Labor and Capital might some day face each other in open, bitter, and even bloody strife. To-day in the new Hall of Records in Los Angeles, through whose open windows comes the sound of the hammering of rivets on the steel framework of the new *Times* building, replacing the one blown to pieces last year, there is being staged a legal drama strangely parallel, and the news and editorial columns of the press present what seems like another chapter of the same story. Just as Moyer, Haywood, and Pettibone were "kidnaped" in Denver, in 1907, so, we are reminded, John J. McNamara, Secretary-Treasurer of the International Association of Bridge and Structural Iron Workers, and his brother were spirited away from Indianapolis to stand for trial in a distant State. Just as the guilt of the labor leaders on trial in Idaho in 1907 was to be proved by the testimony of the self-confest thug and assassin, Harry Orchard, so now the prosecution base their hopes on convicting the McNamara "boys" on the confession of Ortie McManigal, who admits to being a dynamitard himself and accuses his whilom companions of complicity in dynamiting the Los Angeles *Times* building and in a hundred similar outrages elsewhere. And to make this parallel more close, the defense of the accused is in the hands of Clarence S. Darrow, who brought about the acquittal of Haywood four years since. A further picturesque feature is added by the remarkable work of Detective W. J. Burns, in collecting evidence against and running down the alleged dynamiters.

In its hearing and effect upon social and industrial conditions this trial, declares the New York *World*, "bids fair to be one of the most important in American history," a characterization borne out by the editorial attitude of socialistic and labor organs on the one hand and of representatives of manufacturers and capitalists on the other. The crime of which the McNamaras are accused, continues *The World*, "was a hideous one":

"Twenty-one men, each the head of a family, were killed on the night of October 1, 1910, in the building of the Los Angeles *Times*—by a purposed explosion of dynamite, as the prosecution will seek to show; by a gas explosion, as the defense is expected to claim. Backward and forward from this appalling calamity runs a six-years-long story of similar outrages, following the general strike declared on August 10, 1905, against the American Bridge Company. The National Erectors' Association has compiled a list of ninety dynamite explosions or attempts, eighteen criminal assaults, one arson, and four cases of tampering with machinery, all of which, it is claimed, have grown out of the strike against structural-steel contractors.

"For every one of these outrages described the International Association of Bridge and Structural Iron Workers—the McNamara body—has an explanation not involving union criminality. Either the alleged outrage is pure invention; or private vengeance was being wreaked; or there was gross carelessness of 'scab' workers; or—most often—the employers had 'planted' dynamite to discredit organized labor."



THE CAT'SPAW.

—*American Industries* (New York. Organ of the National Association of Manufacturers).

The precise task which the prosecution at Los Angeles have set for themselves is to prove these four points, say newspaper men at the scene of the trial:

"That James B. McNamara was in San Francisco at the time 1,000 pounds of high-power explosive were purchased from a powder company.

"That he was in Los Angeles a few hours before the blowing up of *The Times* building.

"That he actually set the bomb which caused the disaster, and likewise planted the bombs at the homes of General Otis and Felix Zeehandelaar.

"And that he committed the crime at the behest and under the direction of John J. McNamara."

Detective Burns, who loomed so large in the events leading up to the trial, issued this further statement:

"The sole defense of the Moyer-Haywood-Pettibone case was that there was a war between capital and labor, and that defense will be used by the men who must go to trial for the dynamiting, with wholesale murder, of the Los Angeles *Times*. This trial will determine whether murder and assault and dynamite outrages will be tolerated or justified by the people when the excuse is given that industrial issues are at stake."

The line of defense to be followed by Mr. Darrow and his associates of the defense will take one of the following directions, say our newspaper authorities:

"That the blowing up of *The Times* was caused by a combustion of gas and not by a bomb, as alleged.

"That the defendants were not within a possible distance of *The Times* building when the explosion occurred; in other words, seek to prove an alibi.

"That the prosecution can not prove that J. B. McNamara placed the bomb in the building."

Further ground for guesses at the probable outcome of the trial may perhaps be afforded in the course of the choosing of the jury. The younger brother, James B. McNamara, is the first to go on trial, and, before the jury decides his fate, Detective Burns hopes to have more evidence of the complicity of the other defendant. Meanwhile, the editors of the daily press are voicing their opinions as to what labor has at stake in the trial. "Its own good name," asserts the Baltimore *News*; "it is as yet unattainted," but "identification of the McNamaras' interest with their own, an attempt to influence the course of the trial or failure instantly to acquiesce in the verdict and repudiate the accused if they are found guilty, would stamp the labor-unions as tolerating the use of dynamite as a means of furthering their ends."

The strongest anti-labor-union sentiments provoked by the happenings in Los Angeles come from *American Industries*, the organ of the National Association of Manufacturers, which cites a list of nearly one hundred structures dynamited, lays the guilt at the door of organized labor, and further asserts:

"The people of this country need no further proof of the danger threatening the peace of the Republic than the records of labor violence daily spread before them by the courts and the press. Apparently encouraged by the failure of the public to rebuke them, and openly encouraged by certain labor leaders, the emissaries of the criminal element in organized labor have conducted a systematic campaign of intimidation and violence against those who refused to deliver up their business and property rights to mob rule. . . . . . .

"The conflict has developed into anarchy, it has become a reign of terror, a savage carnival of assassination, a 'studied, determined' effort to unlaw the land through the use of dynamite, the knife, and the bludgeon."

And on the other side the New York *Call* speaks for the Socialists and the more radical wing of labor in no uncertain tones:

"This is no mere, ordinary affair. It is not a question alone of the McNamara brothers, tho one of them is the secretary of a great trade-union. It is not merely a question of that union or of the men who are connected with it. Their wages may be beaten down to a point where they were a few years ago, and the men themselves may be forced to work so many hours a day that more and more of them will fall to a horrible death on the pavements or in the water below the structure on which they are working. . . . . . .

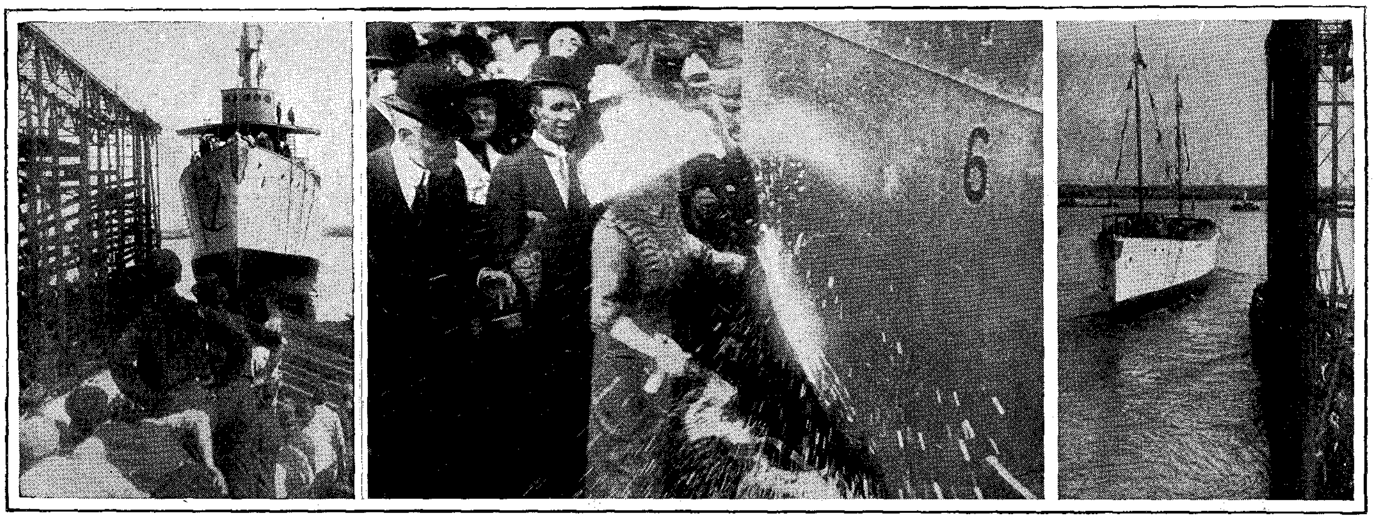
"If the anti-trade-unionists can murder McNamara, they can kill any trade-union in existence, even the most obsequious and cowardly of those unions which cater to the capitalist class rather than defend the working class.

"This is a fight that concerns everybody. It is a fight in which big stakes will be fought for, as on one side will be the working-class right to combine, and on the other will be a precedent established that the capitalist class can kill any union against which it hires a Burns to work."

But such assumptions as these—from either side—indicate, to the New York *Globe*, a deplorable lawlessness of spirit, and "the violence of the one can not be condemned without equally condemning the violence of the other." It continues in this vein:

"The first serious offender against the spirit of the law was Detective Burns. He gravely offended when he made the arrests under circumstances that did not allow the arrested a chance to exercise their full legal rights. He should have known that the case was one that demanded scrupulous respect for the forms of the law, and that the likelihood of the conviction of the accused, even tho guilty, would be lessened if it could be said that they had been 'railroaded.' Yet a responsible court in Indianapolis has ruled that the behavior of Burns was illegal, and that the men were illegally taken out of the State. Burns thus mocked the law for which he pretends to have solicitude.

"Then up rose Samuel Gompers, the most representative of



With the launching at Cramp's shipyard, Philadelphia, on October 10, of the protected cruiser *Cuba* and the training-ship *Patria*, Cuba's Navy was born. The picture on the reader's left shows the *Cuba* just after leaving the ways, and in the middle picture she is being christened by Miss Mariana Gomez, a daughter of President Gomez. The smaller vessel on the reader's right is the *Patria*.

THE BEGINNING OF A CUBAN NAVY.

the labor leaders. He shouted that the men were innocent, that their arrest was the result of a capitalistic conspiracy, and the alleged evidence against them was fabricated by hireling detectives. Gompers did not know or pretend to know anything, and his intrusion, under the circumstances, was most lawless—as lawless as was Burns's when the arrests were made.

"With almost equal step the effort to poison the public mind and to prevent a fair trial has continued. . . . The man who prejudges by saying that it is plain that the McNamaras ought to hang is as anarchistic as the man who prejudges by spouting that the McNamaras are martyrs.

"Rioting unreason thus coming from two directions, the greater need there is of calling attention to the fact that it is for the twelve men who are to sit in the box, and for no one else, to say whether the McNamaras are guilty or not, and that any one who seeks to take their job from them can not pretend to good citizenship. The 'conservative' newspaper that by statement or innuendo prejudges is tarred with the tar of lawlessness as much as the agitator who shrieks: 'They are getting ready to murder our brothers!'"

MR. BALLINGER'S CONSERVATION IDEAS

WHILE HE WAS Secretary of the Interior, Mr. Richard Achilles Ballinger, so he informs us through the newspapers, had to conform to the views of the Administration, tho his personal ideas were not in harmony with those of the President. For instance, remarks the ex-Secretary, "I have always been opposed to anything which approaches or appends to the movement of land-federalism." It is quite evident, at any rate, that he feels no hesitation in proclaiming his opposition to the conservation theories associated with the name of Mr. Pinchot, and to that measure of Federal control of natural resources to which the Taft Administration is now committed. Thus at the Denver "Public Lands Convention" Mr. Ballinger appeared as the chief spokesman of the element favoring State, as opposed to Federal, control, who were in the majority in that gathering. His remarks, if we are to defer to the editorial opinion of several papers, were largely directed at Secretary Fisher's declaration at the Kansas City Conservation Congress in favor of a system of leasing Government-owned coal lands.

Such a plan is denounced by Mr. Fisher's predecessor as simply part of a nefarious scheme—and, he adds, "no more gigantic political scheme has ever been attempted in the history of the Republic." Under this scheme all the bureaus having anything to do with the public domain were to be combined, with the Forestry Bureau, into a separate department, "where their combined strength could be utilized to promote the propaganda designed to operate the public domain as a national estate for the conservation of certain bureau chiefs." The plan, he alleges, would then work out thus:

"The grazing-lands were to be leased to the influential and more powerful stockmen; the forests held or disposed of in conjunction with the timber barons; the mineral lands mined on lease or royalty to those who would contribute their support to this politico-bureaucratical combination, and the water-powers and rights of way distributed on a permit basis so as to hold the permittee as a vassal to the service. Finally, agricultural lands, at least in reserves, were to be held on equally subservient and perilous tenure. . . . The good intentions were all placed in the headlines—the motives were masked in platitudes."

The Ballinger theory regarding Alaska is that the Government should "give her greater freedom of development in respect to her natural resources," instead of leaving her "burdened with bureaucracy." Under present policies, he avers:

"Government operation of her railways, her mines, and her other resources means continued decimation of her population and the withholding of capital for investment in any part of that region. The frenzied attitude of the doctrinaires has already destroyed her markets for capital, and her natural wealth is in a fair way to lie dormant until she ceases to be a political football and sanity again prevails in the public mind."

Defiance of practically everybody who advocates government control of Alaskan resources, from Pinchot and Roosevelt to Fisher and Taft, seems to inspire Mr. Ballinger's address, remarks the New York *Tribune*.

But the Denver Conservationists, evidently feeling the force of Mr. Ballinger's arguments more strongly than many Eastern editors who have commented on them, proceeded to pass resolutions supporting his position. Thus, when President Taft came before the convention, he found an audience on record against one of his own policies and encouraged in this attitude by a former member of his own official family whom he had once warmly defended. Informing them that he wholly disagreed with some of their findings, the President outlined his Conservation policy before the members of the convention, emphasizing the benefits to be derived from the leasing of coal lands—

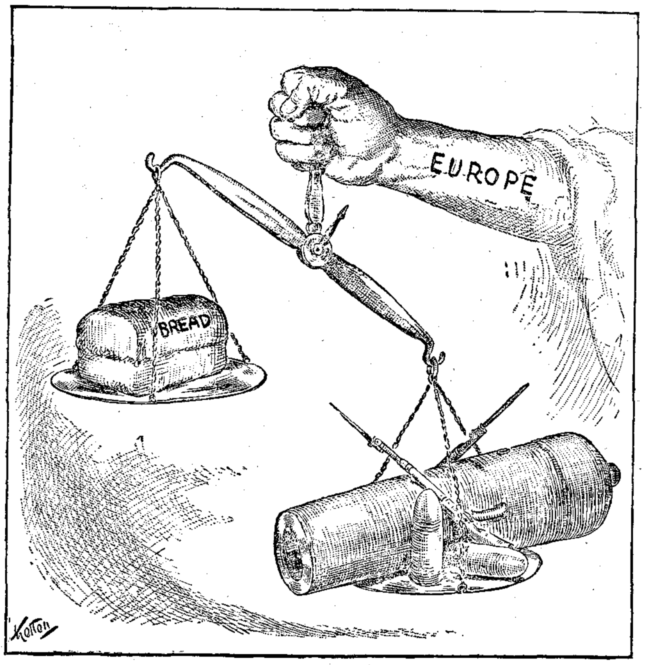
"What you want is something affirmative, something done, until then you don't care what it is called. You want something done whereby the capitalist who invests his money may be assured of a fair return. You think the leasing system won't do that. I say it will."

STRAY SHOTS

Italy couldn't wait until Thanksgiving for a slice of Turkey.—*New York Herald.*

Soon there will be nothing of Turkey left but the wish-bone.—*Wall Street Journal.*

The older the Young Turks become the more trouble they seem to get into.—*Butte Inter Mountain.*



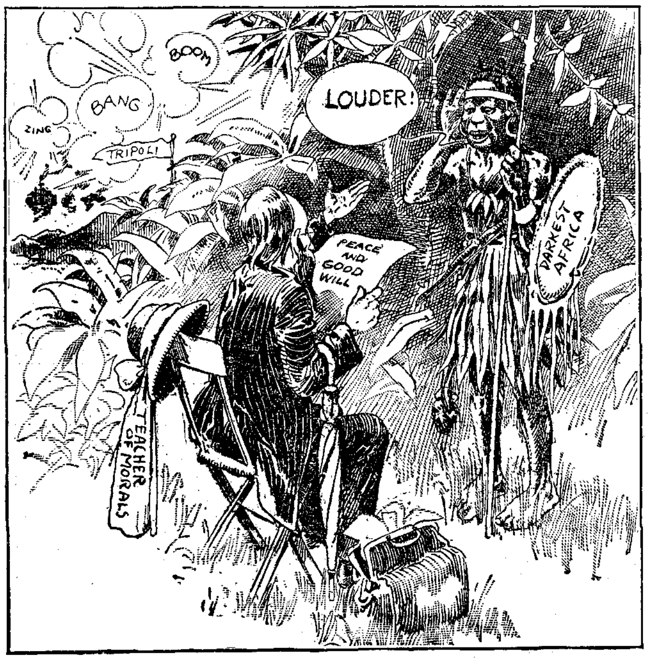
OVERBALANCED.
—Ketten in the New York *World.*

We imagine the ex-Sultan must be tempted to smile occasionally these days when nobody is looking.—*Harrisburg Telegraph.*

The southern coast of the Mediterranean has been making trouble for the northern coast ever since history began.—*Washington Star.*

There is a war going on and the Kaiser isn't having anything to do with it. Somebody must be holding his coat-tails.—*Philadelphia Press.*

We do not know about Italy, but the United States found Tripoli rather easy about one hundred years ago.—*Charleston News and Courier.*



THE INTERRUPTED LESSON.
—Bradley in the Chicago *News.*

If we had to choose something to fight about we are almost sure that Tripoli would be the last thing on our list.—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

While Vice-Admiral the Duke of the Abruzzi is performing his warlike feats in Tripolitan waters he is no doubt hoping that Miss Elkins reads the newspapers.—*Little Rock Gazette.*

If it were not for Africa Europe might be reasonably law-abiding.—*Chicago News.*

At any rate no one can blame Abdul Hamid for the present scrap.—*Florida Times-Union.*

Up to date the Turko-Italian war is more a problem in metaphysics than in dynamics.—*New York World.*

About the only thing to be said in favor of Turkey is that it didn't start the fight.—*Atchison Weekly Globe.*

The Italian troops fought splendidly. The Turks have not arrived at the scene of conflict yet.—*Minneapolis Journal.*

Careful military commentators will not commit themselves until the films from Tripoli arrive.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

Speaking of nature-faking, we shall probably soon hear of Turkey being the under dog.—*Des Moines Register and Leader.*

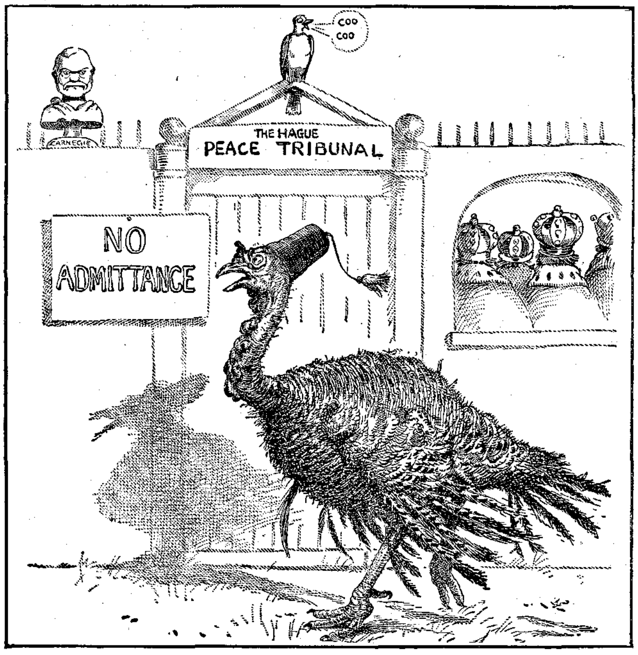
Italy has the power to kill two birds with one stone by turning those Camorrists loose in Tripoli.—*Milwaukee Sentinel.*

The Sublime Porte has already come down a few pegs in sublimity and has even shrunk a bit in portliness.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

Out of compassion for the long-suffering public we have resisted the temptation to call Italy a Turkey gobbler.—*Milwaukee Sentinel.*

Italy is wise. It starts its war in the fall just when the Italian visitors to America are getting home with their earnings.—*Milwaukee News.*

When Mr. Carnegie gets his peace journal to circulating he should print a few editions in Italian and Turkish and send by fast mail.—*Kansas City Journal.*



BARRED OUT.
—Ketten in the New York *World.*

Nail Pasha is minister of finance in Turkey's new cabinet. He is doubtless expected to scatter a few tacks in Italy's path.—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

We think that Italy is rather premature in its assault upon Turkey. The remainder of the civilized world will postpone any action until the last Thursday of November.—*Salt Lake Herald-Republican.*

Italy could get a few valuable pointers on the best way to take Tripoli from the biography of Stephen Decatur, U. S. commodore.—*Marshalltown Times-Republican.*

It must be somewhat humiliating to Italy and Turkey to learn that their war has caused less disturbance in the money market than a mere bluff in Morocco.—*New York World.*

It seems that both Italy and Turkey have severed diplomatic relations with Andrew Carnegie. But it will help the armor-plate business.—*Milwaukee Sentinel.*

It no longer being regarded as civilized to capture and hold Africans, European nations are contenting themselves with capturing and holding Africa.—*Los Angeles Express.*

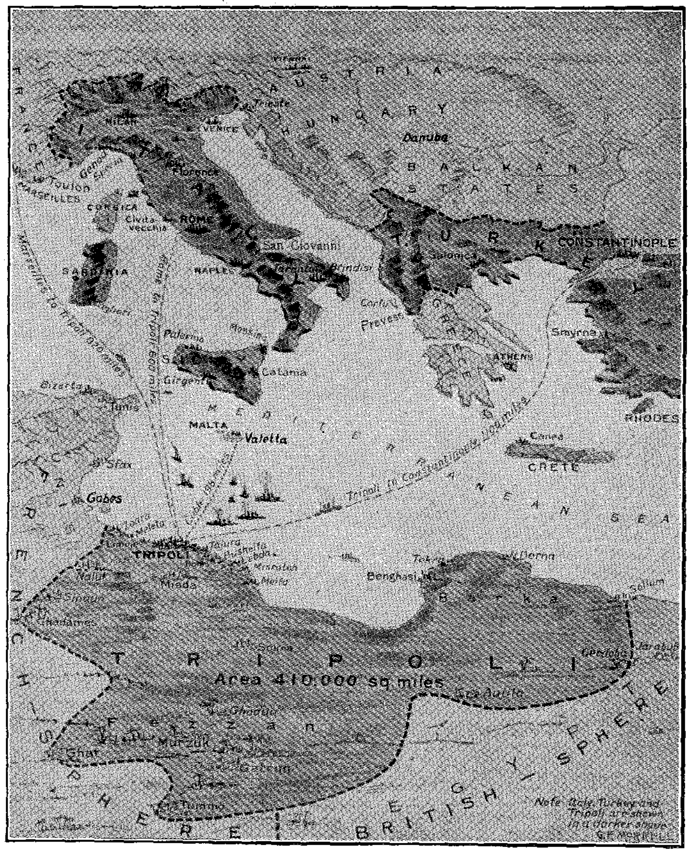
Italy evidently intends to get what she wants before the Powers intervene or mediate. Perhaps she learned her lessons by watching the American process of taking Panama.—*New York World.*

In reply to Turkey's appeal, the Powers say they can do nothing until the Porte suggests a basis of settlement on the lines of Italy's demands. Which may give the Turk a suspicion that Italy has seen the Powers first.—*Little Rock Gazette.*

FOREIGN COMMENT

TURKEY REAPING THE WHIRLWIND

TURKEY has only herself to blame for Italian aggression in Tripoli; the Ottoman sowed the wind in Africa and is now reaping the whirlwind, declares the *Tanin* (Constantinople). The outposts of trade along the coast of Tripoli and Cyrenaica have long been occupied by Italian commerce without any protest from Ottoman authorities. The flag of the Crescent has been long supplanted by the Italian tricolor at many chief points, and Tripoli, instead of being garrisoned strongly and fortified in accordance with modern ideas, has been made by the Turkish Government a dumping-ground for political outcasts, exiles, and refugees. These circumstances encouraged "the arrogance of Italy," we are told, for in tracing "the causes of this extreme insolence," the *Tanin* says, in an issue just previous to the outbreak of the war:


AUSTRIA
HUNGARY
Danube
BALKAN STATES
Trieste
VENICE
MILAN
Genoa
Toulon
MARSEILLES
FRANCE
CORSICA
Civita vecchia
ROME
Florence
SARDINIA
NAPLES
San Giovanni
Taranto
Brindisi
Corfu
Preveza
Salonica
TURKEY
CONSTANTINOPLE
Smyrna
ATHENS
GREECE
Palermo
Messina
Catania
Girgenti
SICILY
Bizerta
Tunis
MALTA
Valetta
MEDITERRANEAN SEA
Sfax
Gabes
RHODES
Canea
CRETE
Tripoli to Constantinople
TRIPOLI
Benghazi
Derna
BARKA
Sollum
Nalut
Ghadames
Murzuk
Ghat
TRIPOLI
Area 410,000 sq. miles
FEZZAN
BRITISH SPHERE
FRENCH SPHERE
Note: Italy, Turkey and Tripoli are shown in a darker shade.

From the London "Graphic."

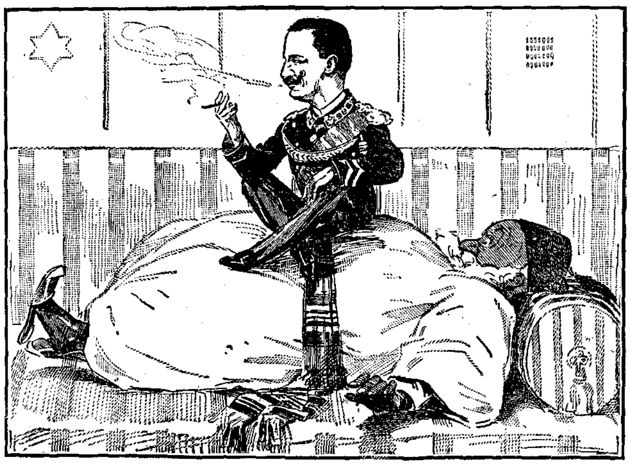
BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE SEAT OF WAR.

> "We shall find these causes in the apathy of the old régime and in the facilities granted to Italy in Tripoli through the feeble and hesitating policy of the statesmen of the new régime. The old régime sent to Tripoli, in place of guns and ammunition, whole shiploads of patriots and martyrs for freedom. I may even say that it had forgotten this great country, and never thought of it save when some noble souls were to be exiled. From that time begin the first aggressions of Italy on this neglected region."

The Government at Rome forced its trade with its system of communication and transportation upon Tripoli, without the slightest resistance on the part either of Abdul Hamid's Government or the Young Turks, and "by force" Italy "created there a bank and opened a post-office at Benghazi. In this condition Tripoli was inherited by the constitutional government from the era of tyranny."

But the constitutional government was deaf and blind to the situation and let things go as they pleased. Thus we read further:

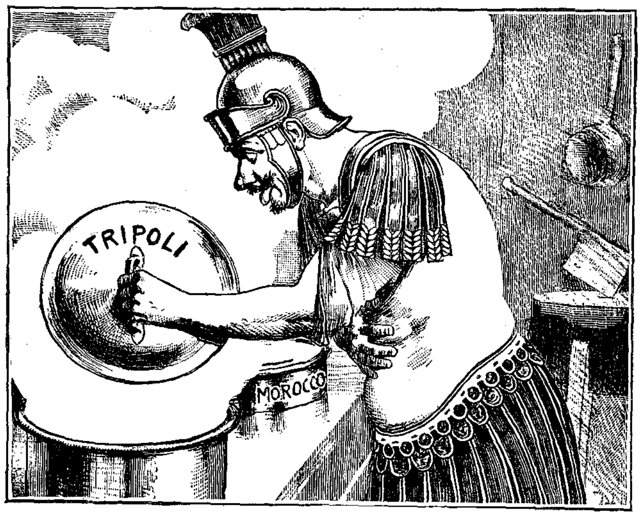
> "It might have been expected that the new régime, knowing that the one method of attaching to the Califate the millions of Mohammedans in Africa was to remedy the vices of tyranny, would act energetically in Tripoli. Unhappily this was a vain hope. Tripoli has been entirely neglected. It has again been selected as a place for exile. The first act of the cabinet of Hakki Pasha, who ought to know the Italian earmarks better than any one else, was to recognize officially the Italian Bank. Consequently Italy proceeded to open branches in numerous places. These establishments, which ought not to carry on any but banking operations, carried on a trade in eggs, bran, etc., and contributed to the failure of the native trade. Next they bought lands and property, the more surely to accomplish their purpose. The Government authorized these purchases in the name of the director of the bank. So that this establishment which, till the last day of the late Redjeb Pasha, did not own an inch of land, now owns a hundred thousand liras' worth, of which 90 per cent. is in Benghazi. The Italians have opened in Tripoli an orphanage, a hospital, and several schools. They have also begun to appropriate our subjects. In Benghazi they gather up the young negroes, teach them, train them up, convert them, and then scatter them here and there. And our Government simply watches these doings. All our commerce is abandoned to Italian ships, which coast along that region three or four times a week. The Turkish flag is no longer seen but once in four or five months. An Italian society has



DIPLOMATIC PRESSURE.

Will the Powers intervene ?

—*Pall Mall Gazette* (London).


TRIPOLI
MOROCCO

MARS IN THE WAR KITCHEN.

"That smells delicious!"

—*Amsterdammer*.

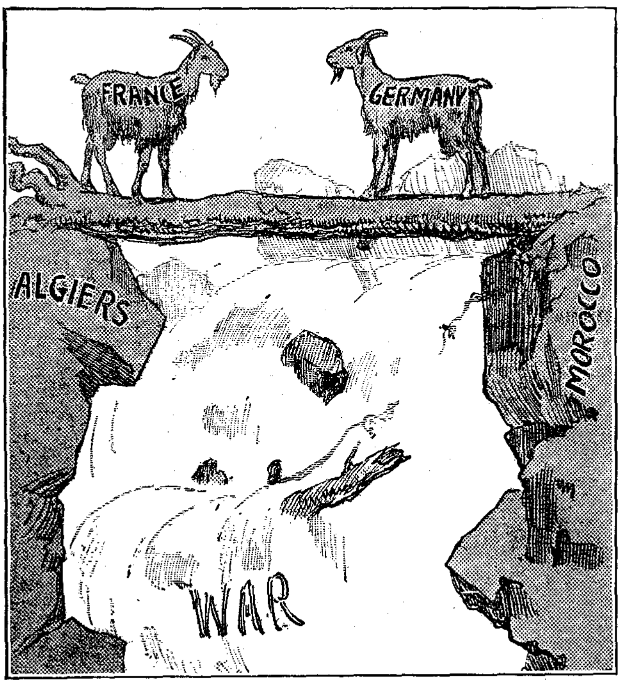
been authorized to exploit the mines along the whole coast and the dependencies of the vilayet. In a word, the Government has given to Italy privileges and concessions that it has not accorded to any other Power."

If Italy wants not only the "open door," not only "privileges and concessions not accorded to any other Power" but also "the administrative power," Italy will soon find out that "Tripoli is born and brought up an Ottoman vilayet." If only the Government of Constantinople backs them with provisions and ammunition, the population will fight like lions:

> "The population of Tripoli are eagerly accepting military service; they are all united for the protection of their country, so proving their attachment and love for the Califate and the Constitution. At the review on the national holiday, July 10 (23), they showed themselves a nation of warriors, possessing active and capable officers. So that our Government, having faithful and brave citizens, ought not to hesitate at the two duties incumbent on it: (1) To send quickly to Tripoli the provisions and ammunition needed for at least six months for an army of 50,000 to 60,000 men ready at the least sign to rush to arms like lions; (2) To create a regular militia of 25,000 to 30,000 men, which can be done at little cost."

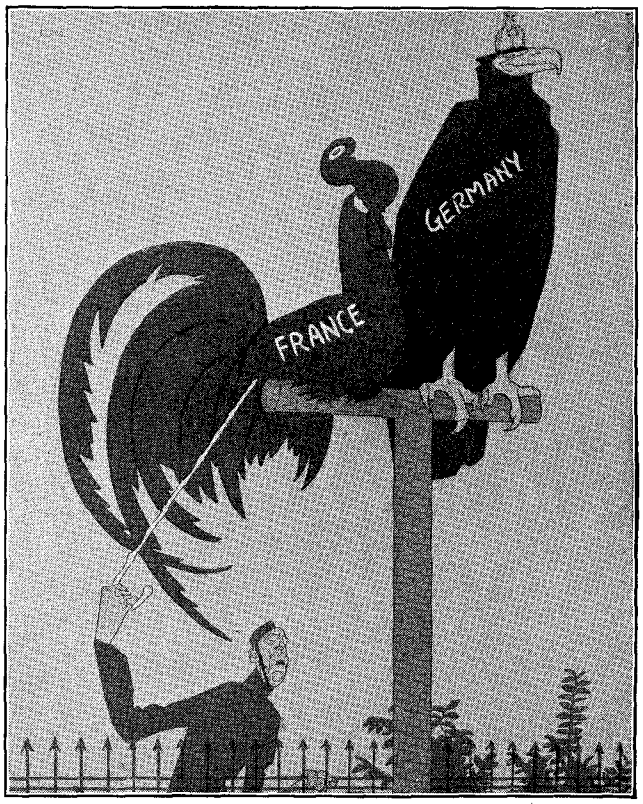
THE SNAG IN THE MOROCCO DISPUTE

GERMANY is dragging out the conversations on the Morocco question to force the concession of a generous slice of the French Kongo to her as a "compensation." This is the opinion of the English press, and there is some doubt whether Germany will get all she is after, for the Kongo concession is one of the things which stick most in the gizzards of French economists and the French people at large. An eminent French authority and supporter of French advances in Northwestern Africa, Mr. Paul Beaulieu, speaks with indignation of the feebleness and vacillation with which French Ministers are inclined to yield to Germany what has been purchased by French blood and treasure. It is now, of course, understood that France has given in or will give in to German demands for compensation; but how much the territory, and where situated, make the snag which halts the negotiations. This concession rouses the wrath of Mr. Beaulieu, editor of the leading financial organ in France, the *Économiste*. In this journal he states his objections in a long article, the main points of which may be thus briefly summarized:



A TICKLISH POSITION.
—*Amsterdammer.*

> France has been spending $187,000,000 on its Army and $83,000,000 on its Navy. Surely the country is strong enough to withstand the claims made by Germany on a territory won by French explorers and soldiers. The humiliating proposal implies a surrender worse than the surrender of Alsace-Lorraine.
>
> It is idle to think that such an agreement will put an end to the disputes of France and Germany over Africa. In a very few years will come the second act of the drama. Germany will complain that her economic interests have not been sufficiently protected, or will bring up some case of a German merchant wronged in Morocco. More menaces will be made by Germany, and more demands for indemnities put forward. France will yield again to German blackmailing, and after the Kongo, Gabun will also be garrisoned by a German occupation.
>
> As a cat plays with a mouse, so Germany is playing with France. Germany permits France to live, but to live in torture and suspense. The submission to this treatment shown by France is sickening.

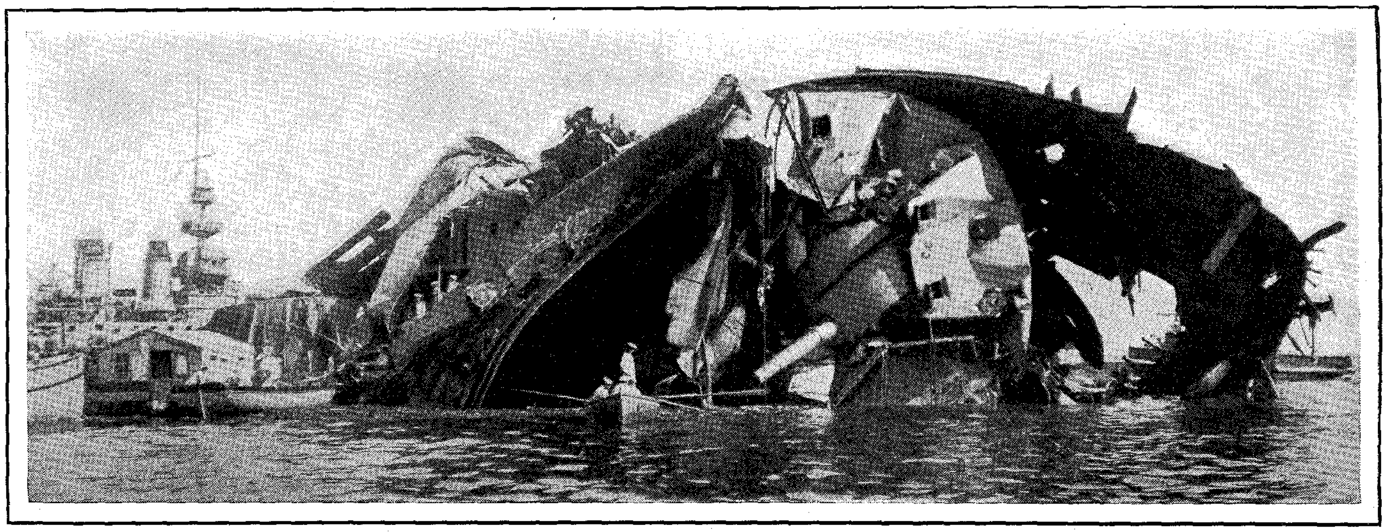


DISAPPOINTMENT.
ENGLAND—"Why the dickens don't you fly at him?"
—*Simplicissimus* (Munich).

The *Liberté* (Paris) shows the same feeling against a dismemberment of French colonial possessions which could easily have been prevented. "Mr. Caillaux has committed the grave fault of sending half our forces abroad at a moment when a discussion was going on in which our Army and our Navy would have been the best arguments" against Germany's claim on the Kongo. The *Gaulois* (Paris) speaks in the same strain and exclaims: "Germany is simply making game of us." "We must remind Mr. Caillaux that he solemnly promised the people never to conclude an agreement with Germany that implied a fresh dismemberment of French colonial territory."

The Society of Colonial and Maritime Studies in Paris, a most influential association of travelers, explorers, merchants, and financiers, at a recent meeting passed a resolution condemning the cession of the Kongo to the Germans. Such is the report in the French papers.

The London *Statist*, however, thinks that the concession complained of has been made and that only the details as to territorial extent remain to be arranged. This will conclude the Morocco question for the present.



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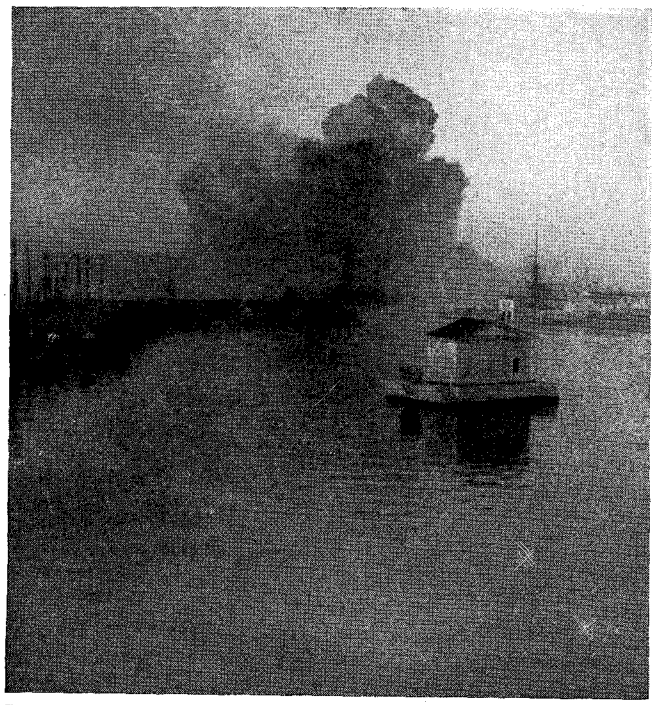
THIS WAS A BATTLE-SHIP—ALL THAT IS LEFT OF THE "LIBERTÉ."

FRENCH THEORIES OF THE "LIBERTÉ" DISASTER

THE IDEA that the blowing up of the *Liberté* was caused by the spontaneous explosion of old powder, as many American papers assumed, does not seem to be very widely believed in France, to judge from a careful examination of the French press. Some hold that theory, but the survivors say that a fire preceded the explosions, and the naval authorities declare there was no old powder on board. As this disaster is the latest of a series of accidents in the French Navy, the press and naval officials incline to lay them to a general laxity of discipline and the carelessness of the sailors. The ships had just returned to port after a grand review that was intended to show the world that France had again taken rank with the great naval Powers, when in a few minutes a series of explosions revealed a grave weakness somewhere in the naval organization. The *Autorité* speaks plainly of "sabotage," and "treason," and says that "these are the germs of anarchy which have done to death so many brave men and have plunged France into mourning." Treason and old powder are both acquitted by the *Figaro*, however, which finds fire the cause, and says:



From "The Illustrated London News."

ACTUAL EXPLOSION OF THE "LIBERTE"

As caught by a photographer who happened to be out at 5:30 A.M.

> "It is impossible that the powder was the cause of the accident. What, then, was the cause? Fire. Was it a fire due to a short electric circuit, to carelessness, or a want of vigilance? No one knows. But fire, according to the best-informed critics, must be accepted as explaining the explosion."

"An officer of the *Liberté*," in answer to a question put by a reporter of the *Croix* (Paris), replied:

> "It is difficult to determine the causes that led to the disaster. The fire must have spread to the magazines before it was possible to flood the powder. This flooding was attempted, but the explosion came before it could be accomplished."

In his report, after visiting Toulon, the Minister of Marine, Mr. Delcasse, declares that the ignition of powder stored too long can not be taken as the cause, for:

> "The powders in the *Liberté's* magazine were all new. They had been recently tested and the Inspecting Commission not long ago asserted that their soundness could be guaranteed for at least fifteen months longer. We may logically conclude, therefore, that spontaneous deflagration is out of the question. Was there then an outburst of fire? This is quite conceivable. You understand that it is difficult to avoid by the utmost precautions an outburst of fire. And when this fire occurs on board a veritable floating city, the consequences are most terrible."

The hypothesis of fire is accepted also by Mr. Alfred Picard, the ex-Minister of Marine, who, however, points to crass carelessness as a moral cause underlying such accidents, and we read in his communication to the press:

> "It is not to be denied that our sailors, so brave and heroic in action, are in time of peace astoundingly careless. During my ministry a conflagration, happily less extensive than that on board the *Liberté*, burst forth on one of our cruisers. The consequent investigation revealed the fact that a sailor had gone to sleep near the magazines. His pipe lay by his side, and the fire had caught from a lighted candle which he had fitted in a wooden candlestick near the wooden covering of the magazine. The fire was quickly extinguished at its very outbreak. . . . I should not be surprized if the tragical catastrophe of the *Liberté* resulted from some such criminal recklessness."

A naval officer, too, who signs himself "Admiral X.," writes to the *Figaro* deploring the decay of discipline in the French Navy. "Philanthropic and sentimental theories have undermined the principles of ancient discipline," he says, adding:

> "The cause of yesterday's catastrophe I do not pretend to know, but whether the explosion of powder preceded or followed the fire, I am convinced that the disaster had its origin in the general relaxation of discipline that prevails, in the free-and-easy

spirit which is now general in the Navy, and is fatal to the soundness and strength of any military organization."

"Is it not reasonable to think that this condition of things would prevail more extensively on board the *Liberté*, Jaurès, Captain?" angrily asks George Berthoulat, in the *Liberté* (Paris), and he proceeds to couple the Captain with his Socialist brother, whose paper has published articles tending "to degrade naval officers in the eyes of their subordinates." He gives instances both of the incompetence of Captain Jaurès ("at the recent review, he almost cut in two the ship next to him") and of his truckling to the sailors—"He forbade the morning drum-beat." "'Honest sailors rise from a sense of duty,' he remarked, so that the sailors tumbled out just when they liked." "On another ship an officer was insulted by a marine whom he at once put under arrest. Jaurès not only released the fellow, but gave him twenty francs and shore leave." "Such discipline on the squadrons of the Republic must lead to the direst catastrophes." This writer exclaims:

> "Restore discipline in the Navy! Deal out punishment with relentless severity! In England hanging is an institution of the Navy. Those who practise sabotage are guilty of murder. Such is the lesson to be learned by the powers that be from such terrifying and significant catastrophes as that of the *Liberté*, whose blowing up has been almost enough to blow up the democracy and the Republic. Thus alone can it be brought to pass that the five hundred souls that perished at Toulon shall not have suffered in vain."—*Translations made for* THE LITERARY DIGEST.

TO AID THE POOR OF JAPAN

THE EXECUTION of the Japanese Socialists did not remove the causes of social discontent in that country, it seems. The poor are still poor; and as Bismarck adopted some socialistic policies to allay Socialism in Germany, the Mikado's Government are similarly turning their attention to remedying the evils that give birth to radical ideas. They have lately promulgated a new factory law which no doubt marks the dawn of a brighter era for the toilers of Nippon. Still more significant is the organization, at the initiative of the leading Japanese statesmen, of a charity association in which the Mikado is taking a keen interest. Indeed, it was the Emperor himself who pointed the way by making a gift of $750,000 for the relief of the poor and needy. "Moved by the magnanimity of His Majesty," says the *Jiji* (Tokyo), "Prince Katsura, then Prime Minister, started a movement to raise $10,000,000 by inviting gifts from the wealthy class of people." The appeal has, it seems, met with generous response from bankers and merchants throughout the country, but the hereditary Peers, some of whom are among the millionaires of Japan, have been so slow in opening their purses that the *Chu-gai Sho-gyo* (Tokyo) admonishes them in these radical terms:

> "While the common people of the country have proved their loyalty by emulating the example set by our benevolent sovereign, the Peers, who are basking in the special privileges granted by His Majesty, have displayed a shameful lack of patriotism and public spirit. Instead of responding to the call of charity, they have tightened the strings of their purses. What have they done to deserve the privileges they enjoy? They have merely inherited the honor and title handed down by their ancestors, and are leading a life of idleness and luxury. If they intend to be respected by the common people, as they surely do, they should vindicate their public-spiritedness in a case like this. Their failure to do so is an indication that they are a pitiable lot of people devoid of common sense, wisdom, and patriotism."

However, the generosity of the general public has been such that a sum of $11,000,000 has already been raised, exceeding the sum originally asked for by a million dollars. As contributions are yet forthcoming the total will, the *Jiji* estimates, eventually reach a sum not less than $13,000,000, exclusive of the imperial donation. As to the work of the association, we are told that charity hospitals and dispensaries will first of all be established throughout the country. At the same time a committee has been appointed to investigate into the conditions of the destitute. The *Chu-gai Sho-gyo* suggests that the relief-work be begun with the slums of crowded cities, where the struggle for existence is much harder than in the country and in smaller towns.—*Translations made for* THE LITERARY DIGEST.

ALLAYING JAPANESE FEARS OF WAR

FEARS of a Japanese-American war are not confined to this country. The Japanese fear it, perhaps, more than we do, and when President Jordan, of Leland Stanford University, landed in Yokohama a few weeks ago, he was virtually besieged by a host of newspaper reporters who had come from Tokyo to ask him about the war-cloud. He assured them that "in spite of occasional alarms, the majority of our countrymen are decidedly friendly toward Japan, you may depend upon it," and added, according to the Osaka *Asahi*, that the scare was started by shipbuilders and contractors to stimulate the building of battle-ships and the sale of armor and explosives. The main point of irritation, of course, is the question of Japanese immigration into California, and Dr. Jordan assured the Japanese that if they will only be patient, time will solve the problem in this way:

> "Japanese labor is undoubtedly needed in California. At the same time, it must be admitted that if the immigration of Japanese be permitted without restriction, California, whose white population is as yet comparatively small, may eventually become Asiatic rather than Caucasian. And the Caucasians were there first. But before many years the Caucasian population of that State will have been increased to such an extent that even the trade-unions and the laboring class can no longer arouse anti-Japanese sentiment on the plea that the influx of Japanese will submerge the Caucasian population in California. The only thing for Japan to do is to bide her time, and time will no doubt solve the question to her satisfaction."

The Japanese in California, who would have everything to lose in case of war, have sent home for Mr. Shimada to come to America and reassure us of Japan's peaceful intentions. Mr. Shimada is editor and proprietor of the Tokyo *Mainichi;* he is one of the most celebrated writers of Japan, and has been a Member of Parliament ever since the Empire has had a constitutional government. He thinks our war-talk has been "most regrettable," but admits that the Japanese are "partly responsible." In a speech at a farewell banquet tendered him by the Peace Society of Japan, he explained Japanese culpability by saying:

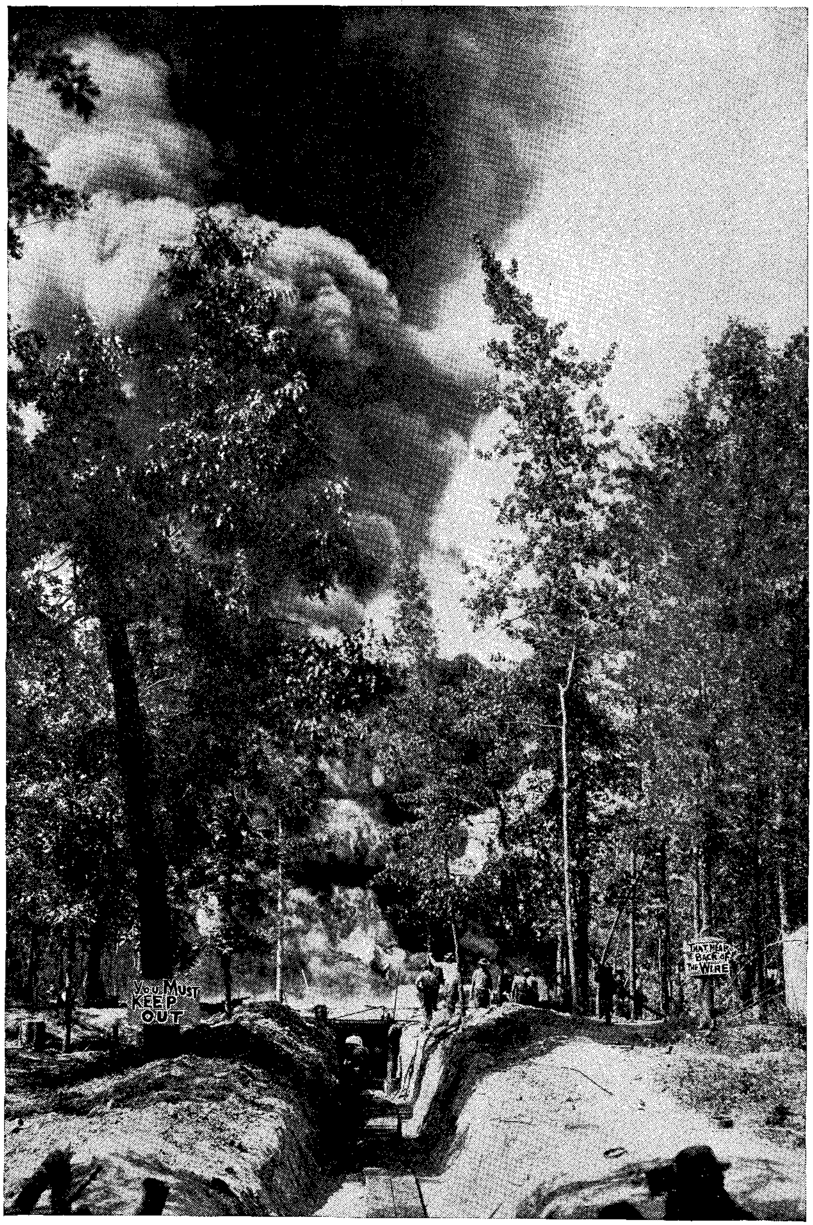
> "When we ought to have reduced taxes, curtailed armaments, and relieved the misery of a people which passed through one of the greatest conflicts in history, we have, instead, kept on building war-ships and increasing our Army, and thus invited the suspicions of the Powers. Yet the absurdity of war-talk with regard to Japan and America ought to be patent to any thinking mind. Short-sighted as we may be, we can not help foreseeing what disastrous effects a war with America would bring upon us. Suppose we secure initial success in such a warfare, all the Western Powers would unite to crush us and make us an outcast. And if we should fail to secure a success, even at the initial stage, our downfall would be complete. It is our urgent duty to bring it home to the Americans that the interests and welfare of our country forbid us to embark upon such a disastrous war. When the Americans clearly understand our true intentions, the anti-Japanese agitation, which has no solid foundation, must necessarily die."

Another guest at the same banquet was Dr. Nitobe, author of "Bushido, the Soul of Japan," who is coming to America at the request of several of our universities. He will spend six weeks each at Brown, Columbia, Johns Hopkins, Illinois, Minnesota, and Virginia Universities, delivering two formal lectures each week.—*Translations made for* THE LITERARY DIGEST.

SCIENCE AND INVENTION

PUTTING OUT A BURNING OIL-WELL

A BURNING oil-well resists all ordinary efforts to put it out. Burning solids—wood or coal—may be extinguished by water, which cools them off suddenly and prevents access of the oxygen in the air, on which they depend for their combustion. A flame fed by a constant supply of liquid fuel can be dealt with in this way only when it is very small. Covering it with an air-tight hood to smother it, as a candle is put out with an extinguisher, is impracticable, altho it would doubtless be effective. A good method is to remove the fuel-supply, and this is precisely what was done in the case of a "gusher" in Louisiana which recently caught fire and was turning valuable property into smoke at the rate of a thousand dollars an hour. The diversion of the oil that was feeding the flame was a notable engineering feat. We quote and condense a description from *The Scientific American* (New York, September 16), where we read:



From "The Scientific American."

A DELICATE PROBLEM IN ENGINEERING.

Tunneling under the burning well to divert the flow.

"After burning uncontrolled for twenty-five days and defying all efforts to extinguish it by usual means, a monster oil-gusher in northwestern Louisiana was recently conquered by a daring and ingenious method, involving the construction of a tunnel over 200 feet long, and the making of a connection with the well-pipe, or casing, underground. One life was lost and three men were seriously injured in the explosion which occurred, presumably from the explosion of gas, when the well caught fire, and hundreds of thousands of barrels of high-grade crude petroleum were consumed while the fire raged. The work of subduing the flames was accomplished without accident or injury to any of the numerous men engaged in it, but the terrific heat from the burning oil severely tested their powers of endurance.

"Steam, which has been used in many instances to smother oil-well fires, was first tried. The combined capacity of thirty-six 40-horse-power oil-field boilers was concentrated through four 4-inch lines on the burning well, but without perceptible effect. It was evident that the fire could not be overcome by dealing with it on the surface, and a decision was arrived at without further delay to tunnel into the well and cut off the flow of oil underground. This plan was carried out with complete success in fourteen days' time.

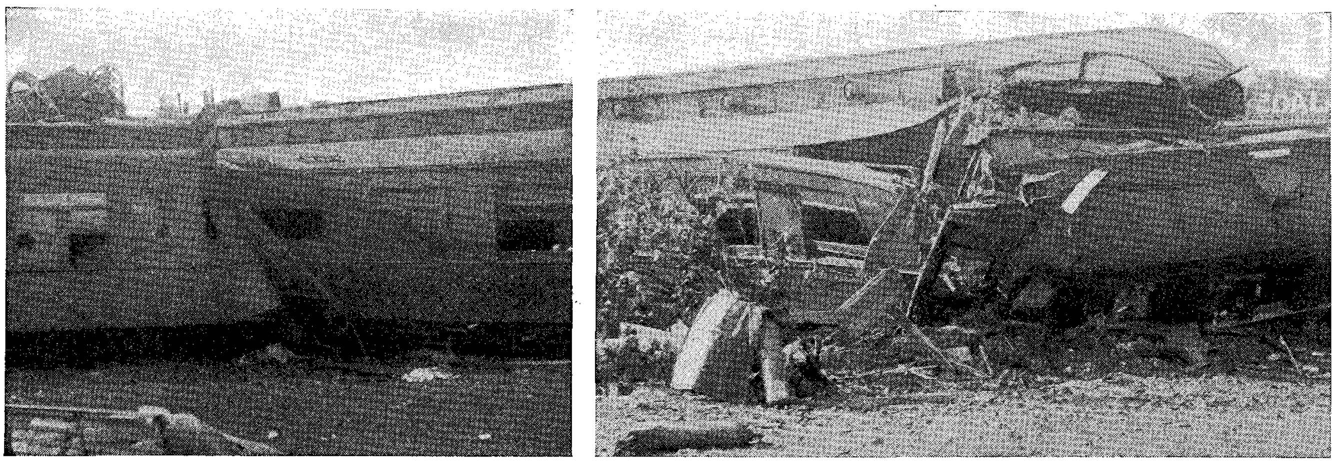
"First, a tunnel was cut through the hard surface clay, starting at a point 208 feet from the well, and dipping at a slight angle. Pick and shovel were used for this work, that portion of the cut underground being four feet wide and seven feet high. The top of the tunnel, at the well, was eleven feet below the surface. On account of the intense heat, the last fifty feet of the cut was extremely difficult; only two men could be worked at a time, and they had to be relieved by fresh shifts every thirty minutes."

The vertical pipe, through which the oil was flowing, having been exposed, a horizontal branch was attached to it and a hole was drilled into the oil-pipe inside the branch, to divert the stream. This was expected to take away enough fuel to allow the remaining fire to be put out by steam, but the flames still proved too stubborn, until some one thought of the clever idea of pumping water into the well, instead of drawing the oil out. It was done as follows:

"Measurement of the oil escaping through this four-inch pipe showed 9,000 barrels in twenty-four hours, while almost 1,500 barrels escaped in the same time through the six-inch pipe extending to the tunnel's mouth; but much oil got by the acorn cutting-tool, to feed the flames too strongly for the steam lines to snuff out.

"The next move was to connect two line pumps with the outer end of the four-inch pipe, and by this means water was pumped into the well at a pressure of 1,200 pounds to the square inch, against the natural pressure of the oil and gas in the well, which was 900 pounds to the square inch. The water escaped through the six-inch well casing to the top and very nearly extinguished the fire. For the purpose of entirely cutting off the flow of fluid to the surface, small balls of asbestos wicking, about an inch in diameter, were placed in a trap and pumped into the well through the four-inch pipe. In eighteen minutes the fire had died out. Muddy water was pumped into the six-inch casing through the four-inch pipe and the well was thus temporarily 'killed.'"

After the well had been put into commission again, a test of its capacity showed a flow of 2,000 barrels an hour—or at the rate of 40,000 barrels a day. This, the writer believes, entitles it to rank as the largest producer of high-grade petroleum in the history of the oil industry.



Illustrations from "The Hardwood Record" Chicago.

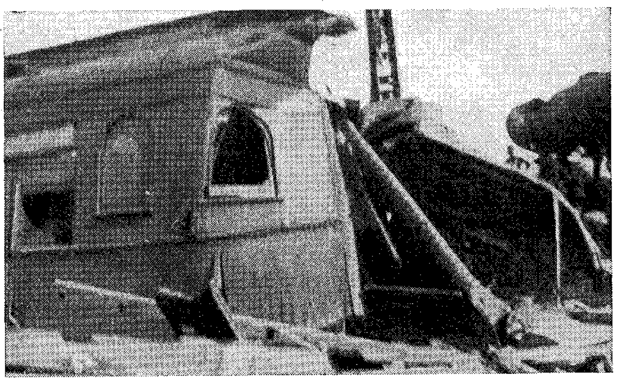
A WOODEN CAR BETWEEN TWO STEEL CARS.

In the first picture the wooden dining-car, at the right, has crusht in the all-steel car *Wissinome*. In the second picture the other end of the wooden diner is seen at the left, penetrated by the all-steel Pullman *Pensader*. Views on the next page show the damage to the Pullman. *Hardwood Record* remarks that "this photograph fails to show the serious damage sustained by the *Pensader*, while the damage to the wooden diner is apparent, but the picture shows all the damage sustained by this wooden car, one corner only being damaged."

STEEL VERSUS WOODEN CARS

THAT WOODEN cars may behave better in a wreck than the new steel types, contrary to general opinion, is asserted by *The Hardwood Record* (Chicago, September 25), which backs up its opinions by publishing photographs of the wrecked Chicago flier on the Pennsylvania road, which left the track near Fort Wayne, Indiana, on August 13. The evidence shows, in the belief of the writer, that the wooden type of car, when built on steel framework, is safer than the "ultra-modern" all-steel car, usually regarded as the *ne plus ultra* of safety. In this wreck a wooden dining-car, between two new steel Pullmans, and with the impact of five heavy steel cars behind it, is declared to have come out in better condition than any of the other wrecked coaches. Altho it was filled, not one of the occupants was fatally hurt. We read:

"All the damage sustained by the wooden diner was one corner being knocked off, and it was hauled from the wreck on its own trucks. Compare the condition of this car with that of the steel combination buffet- and baggage-car, which looks as tho a boiler had exploded inside of it; or the new full steel Pullman car behind it that is in utter collapse.



WHAT THE WOODEN CAR DID TO THE ALL-STEEL CAR AHEAD.

The *Wissinome* after the wooden diner was removed.

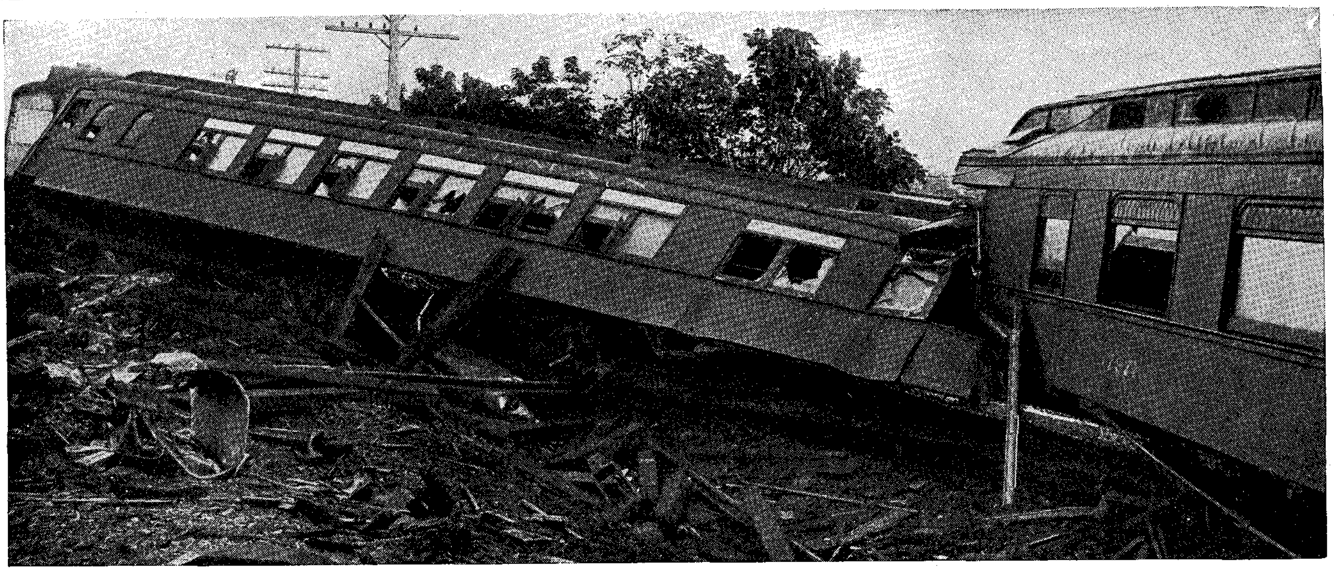
"A Pullman official who was recently interviewed on the subject of steel *vs.* modern cars built on steel sills, avers that he is not fully convinced that the entire steel car, which is absolutely of steel, within and without, save the upholstering, is the acme of safety in sleeping-car construction. As near as can be found out, steel cars came into being through the insistence of the Post-office Department for the construction of mail-cars that would better protect its postal clerks; and either in the form of an order or of a bargain with the Government, the make-up of mail-carrying passenger-trains requires that a wooden coach be placed immediately in the rear of the steel mail-car. If this be true, it is a strange affair that the Department should attempt to protect the lives of its three or four mail clerks at the expense of a coachful of passengers.

"This Fort Wayne wreck is the first demonstration of the relative value of the two types of railroad-coach construction, and from the evidence it would seem that the wooden car on steel sills has come out of the calamity with very distinct laurels for safety over the solid-steel car. . . . . . .

"Critical travelers are almost unanimous in the opinion that the full steel constructed car is a far less comfortable vehicle than the old type on account of the reverberation of its metal, its lack of elasticity and resilience, and from the prison-like chill imparted by the steel plates of which it is built. Notwithstanding this, the traveling public employing high-class and fast trains has been willing to stand this discomfort by reason of the feeling of safety that has been so persistently touted in favor of this type of construction. So far there is nothing to prove other than that the wooden coach on steel sills is the safer, saner, and more comfortable type of passenger-, sleeper-, and dining-car construction."

PLANTS AND TOBACCO-SMOKE

THE GENERAL use of tobacco-smoke as an insecticide in greenhouses, and the fact that it is a not infrequent constituent of the air of botanical laboratories, have led Mr. Molisch, of Vienna, to undertake an extended investigation into its effects upon plant-growth. We abstract from a recent number of *Naturwissenschaftliche Rundschau* (Berlin, July 13) an account of the results of his experiments. Mr. Molisch experimented with the seedlings of different plants, such as beans and vetches, grown under varying conditions, some in water and some in earth, some in the light and some in the dark. In every case there was a marked difference between the plants grown in pure air and those subjected to tobacco-smoke, even in small amounts. This difference was greater in the water-grown plants, which is ascribed to the fact that the earth absorbed the harmful elements of the smoke and thus gradually purified the air. Seedling beans grown in pure air at the end of a given time showed tall, straight, slender stalks, while those grown in air polluted by tobacco-smoke had stems abnormally short, thick, and crooked. It is notable that these effects are similar to those observed by Oswald Richter in plants grown in air contaminated by illuminating gas. The experiments with vetches likewise showed marked alteration. Mere traces of the red coloring-matter usually present in the budding leaves were found, so that they were of a pale yellow tint. Furthermore, the tissue-exten-

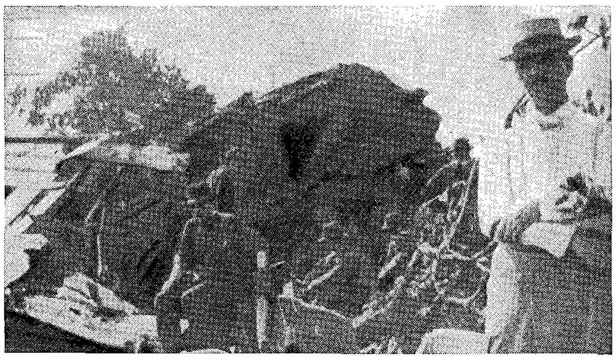


COLLISION TEST OF STEEL AND WOODEN CARS.

The wooden dining-car, at the right, has crumpled up the end of the all-steel Pullman at the left. No passengers were killed.

sion was so excessively accelerated that the stalk often burst and tore and took on a glassy look. These results had also been observed by Richter. Both sorts of seedlings suffered more or less from the suppression of negative geotropism, this being exhibited by growth in a slanting or horizontal direction. Very minute quantities of the tobacco-smoke suffice to produce the abnormal growth, but the plants develop normally as soon as brought into pure air. They are so sensitive to the change that by a repeated alternation of atmosphere plants may be obtained which exhibit zones of growth alternately either straight and slender, or thick and crooked. We read:

> "The same results were obtained by the experimenter with the smoke of burning writing-paper, wood, or straw. A slip of paper 10 x 20 centimeters in size, a shaving of wood 10 centimeters square, or a blade of straw 10 centimeters long, sufficed to induce the abnormality.
>
> "From these observations it may be deduced that nicotin is not the active constituent in the smoke, and this conclusion was verified by an experiment with pure nicotin. However, it is not known whether the nicotin in tobacco-smoke exists free or in combination, and it is possible that some compound of nicotin may act injuriously.
>
> "Among the other constituents of tobacco-smoke pyridin, sulfureted hydrogen, and carbon monoxid produce the same phenomena as the smoke itself. This is especially the case with the carbon monoxid, and since this is an element of the other kinds of smoke it is, perhaps, the chief cause of injury.
>
> "Molisch also investigated the effect of tobacco-smoke on microorganisms, by examining the bacteria, infusoria, amebas, etc., held in the drops of moisture clinging to the walls of the smoke-filled chamber. The organisms were not merely injuriously affected, but generally killed within a short time. Certain amebas died at the end of half an hour, and many bacteria at the end of an hour. This can be very prettily demonstrated with luminous bacteria. If a drop of this culture be spread on filter-paper and then exposed to tobacco-smoke, it is extinguished in from half a minute to a minute. If then placed in sea-water it flashes up again, after a couple of minutes."



WHAT IT DID TO THE ALL-STEEL PULLMAN.

Photograph of the *Pensader* after the wooden car was hauled away.

Among gardeners the belief is held that full-grown plants are not injured by tobacco-smoke. Mr. Molisch expects to determine this point by further investigation.—*Translation made for* The Literary Digest.

MISTAKEN IDEAS ABOUT BREAD

THAT MANY of the accepted ideas about bread are erroneous is asserted by Dr. J. M. Hamill in a report to the British local government board on the nutritive value of bread made from different varieties of wheat flour. The belief that different grades of flour made from the same kind of wheat differ widely in nutritive value, and in particular that fine white flour has had most of its nutritious constituents removed, he pronounces to be very far from the truth. Much more important is the kind of wheat from which the flour is made, which affects its nutritive value very appreciably; and yet public opinion takes little account of this factor, and apparently attaches no importance to it. Says a reviewer of Dr. Hamill's report, in *Nature* (London, August 24):

> "The contention that nutritive flour can not be made in roller-mills is once for all disposed of, and the advocates of the stone-mill are reminded that the hard foreign wheats with brittle skins, such as form the great bulk of the wheat grown in western America, can not be satisfactorily milled between stones. A very much greater degree of separation can be obtained in the more complicated process of roller-milling, and there is no reason for a return to stone mills even if this were possible economically. . . . It is shown that many of the opinions so confidently exprest in public by such bodies as the Bread Reform League are certainly untenable, while upon other points our knowledge is still too uncertain to enable a definite statement to be made. Highly erroneous is the notion that high-grade white patent flour is practically devoid of nitrogenous constituents—actually the very opposite is the case, and, other things being equal, a diet which consists wholly of bread would possess greater advantages in this respect when made from strong wheats. The degree to which bread is acted upon by the digestive juices, and the extent to which the products of digestion are absorbed and assimilated, are problems requiring further

investigation, and altho much has already been done, this only serves to indicate the complexity of the subject and to show how many factors must be taken into account."

As for bran, which has been lauded as a constituent of bread, Dr. Hamill finds it less digestible than wheat, even when finely ground. He quotes the experiments of Goodfellow to show, for example, that when milk is taken with wholemeal bread three per cent. less milk was digested than when the milk was taken alone. Probably, he thinks, the large class of wholemeal breads, sold to the public at an enhanced price, are inferior to white bread excepting when they are taken for definite medicinal reasons. Moreover:

"Regarding the whole question from a common-sense point of view, it is a fact that the differences in nutritive value between various grades of flour made from the same wheat are insignificant when compared with the differences between flours made from different wheats. So long as Britain derives its flour from all over the world, this last question is the paramount one. The big millers are so skilful in blending wheats that the flour supply of the large towns is practically uniform in quality throughout the year.

"The questions of germ and mineral requirements are fully discust, and it is admitted that the knowledge of the latter point is still very imperfect. Here, however, Dr. Hamill ventures to draw a conclusion which will be disputed by many, namely, that to insure as large a supply of minerals as possible it is advisable to substitute very finely ground entire wheat bread for a portion of the white bread in the diet of growing children.

"He qualifies this subsequently by admitting that when bread is supplemented by other foods, such as are present in an ordinary mixt diet, the advantage which one kind of bread may possess over another becomes negligible. Many children whose food consists largely of bread do not get enough of it, and are underfed in respect of all the essential nutritive substances. It is better in such cases to increase the amount of bread taken rather than to substitute another form of bread, and still better to supplement the bread by other materials, such as milk, which contains a substantial quantity of the nutritive materials lacking in bread. The effect of bread on the teeth is fully discust; the differences between different kinds of bread in this respect would appear to be negligible. This again is a direct contradiction of recent assertions.

"The preparation and properties of the so-called standard flour and bread are described at some length, and it is made quite clear that the standardization of flour is impossible. Analyses made by Dr. Monier-Williams are quoted to show that the differences in protein and mineral matter between the standard flours and the household flours obtained from the same wheat are very small. These analyses should serve once for all to disprove the absurd claims made for standard bread by the Bread Reform League and other food reformers. According to Dr. Hamill, 'entire' wheat flours do, however, possess additional constituents due to the presence of branny particles and germ which appear to have a value of their own in nutrition. While the evidence on this point is as yet of the slenderest, it is sufficiently sponsored not to be lightly dismissed, and further experimental work is urgently needed."

A SUBMARINE THAT DROPS ITS KEEL—Some creatures, when grasped by a leg or a claw, drop it off and make their escape, preferring a maimed liberty to captivity. In somewhat the same way the future submarine, when helpless at the bottom, will slough off its heavy keel and rise to the surface, says *The Inventive Age* (Washington, September 1):

"The boat is divided along a horizontal plane into two parts, of which the lower, the water-ballast compartment, can be detached from the upper, which is the submarine proper. In case of an accident, not entirely wrecking or filling the craft with water, it is hoped that by dropping the lower section, the upper, containing the crew and all the machinery, will rise. Metal straps pass around the lower section and hold it fast to the upper by means of threaded rods, operated automatically or by hand from the inside. The tube rising from the center of the lower section has a hermetic contact with a like tube in the upper section, but is not otherwise joined. When the submarine is to be submerged, the ballast-compartment is gradually filled with water by means of this tube, the displaced air escaping. When the submarine is to rise, compress air drives the water out of the ballast-compartment. Should the lower section have to be dropt a float rises to the surface as a means of locating its position."

DIET AND CHARACTER

AN ASSERTION of Nietzsche, the German anarchistic philosopher, to the effect that national character may be the result of prolonged national diet, is quoted, apparently with approval, by an editorial writer in *The British Medical Journal*. This writer believes, at least, that the connection between diet and character offers a tempting field of research which has never been satisfactorily explored. Even if the German philosopher is mistaken in attributing the stolid fatalism of the Oriental to his diet of rice, it may well be that the character of our daily food, which furnishes material for our brains as well as for bones and muscles, is of more importance to the organism than merely as an agent of immediate nourishment and bodily sustenance. We read:

"In a recently published translation of a work by Friedrich Nietzsche, curiously entitled *La Gaya Scienza*, occurs the following suggestive passage: 'When a profound dislike of existence gets the upper hand, the after-effect of a great error in diet of which a people has been long guilty comes to light. The spread of Buddhism (*not* its origin) is thus to a considerable extent dependent on the excessive and almost exclusive rice fare of the Indians, and on the universal enervation that results therefrom. . . . The immense prevalence of rice-eating impels to the use of opium and narcotics, in like manner as the immense prevalence of potato-eating impels to the use of brandy. It also impels, however, in its more subtle after-effects, to modes of thought and feeling which operate narcotically.'

"There is here indicated a field of research which dietetic reformers might well explore, if only by way of varying the monotony of incessant reiteration of the superiority in 'food value' of lentils and haricot beans over beefsteaks and mutton-chops. A comparison of the moral characteristics (if the term be applicable in such connection) of carnivorous and herbaceous or graminivorous animals does not take us very far. If the elephant can compare in intelligence or the horse in beauty and spirit with any beast of prey—points which many, however, will dispute—the supremacy of the lion or tiger in grace and activity, which, in comparison with the elephant at least, is undeniable, can not be attributed solely to the effects of a flesh diet, since it may well be in great measure due to the demands of the hunting instinct. A thorough analysis and comparison of the physical, mental, and moral attributes of human races differentiated in respect of diet could hardly fail to yield valuable results. The same process might then be extended to individuals and to the same individual under different dietetic regimens."

The writer goes on to quote Herbert Spencer's statement that he adopted vegetarianism by way of experiment, and that after twelve months he was so struck by the deterioration of his literary output during the period that he destroyed the whole of it and reverted to his previous habit. This anecdote, he concedes, proves nothing more than the philosopher's own belief that, for full mental efficiency, he needed a mixt diet. To quote further:

"In no department, probably, has the saying that 'one man's meat is another man's poison' greater applicability than in that of its literal significance. There are children who show an instinctive repugnance for animal foods and seem to thrive best without them—'physiological vegetarians' such individuals might be called. Other children (particularly, perhaps, those of a 'strumous' tendency) prefer meat and savories to the lighter foods which the modern parent commonly provides. It may or may not be true that avoidance of animal foods affects the disposition and tends toward the elimination of the combative instinct; facts are wanting to decide a question so complex. But with regard to the point raised by Nietzsche as to the effects of a starchy diet upon racial physique and its issue in the craving for narcotics, this at least may be said: Meat is not merely a food, but also a powerful stimulant—witness the effects of beef tea—and there is no doubt that the use of one form of stimulant tends to evoke the craving for others.

"Vegetarians, who have, before adopting that regimen, been moderate drinkers and smokers, often lose, wholly or in part, the taste for alcoholic beverages or tobacco. If, therefore, the craving for narcotics attributed to rice-eating races have a dietetic origin, it is presumably due rather to the deficiency of the nitrogenous factor than to the vegetable origin of their food. The great need in regard to all these dietetic problems is the avoidance of dogma and of hasty generalization, and the application of the experimental and inductive method to the elucidation of the various issues involved. Only thus can we hope to arrive at the desirable consummation of being able to indicate in the case of any given constitution, temperament, and mode of life the precise dietary calculated to give the best results in the shape of health, happiness, and efficiency."

DISINFECTION OF THE SOIL

A CROP, to get the best results, must have the field to itself. We recognize this easily in the case of visible weeds, which we do our best to keep down. But the vegetation most harmful to crops is not always evident to the eye; it exists in the soil in the form of invisible micro-organisms—the germs of plant diseases. If these are destroyed before the crop is planted, it will flourish as it would not otherwise do, and hence methods of soil-disinfection or sterilization have been greatly studied by agriculturists. A method recently discovered in France by which a volatile poison is used, that evaporates after it has done its work, is described in *Cosmos* (Paris, August 5) by H. Rousset. Says this writer:

> "It is well known that many maladies that attack cultivated plants are provoked by the growth of vegetable parasites or competitors. So the idea has occurred to various specialists in vegetable pathology of sterilizing the soil before each planting, to get rid of all the injurious germs. But what is easy in the laboratory becomes often impracticable when it must be carried out in the open fields under very different conditions. . . . . . .
>
> "Disinfection by heat can not, of course, be employed. Doubtless when a tract is burned over there is superficial sterilization, but it is localized, incomplete, and insufficient, the pathogenic germs that attack the roots, for instance, being sheltered in the depths of the earth. In horticulture, it may be possible to pass the earth through an oven at high temperature, but this is an exceptional process, at once costly and inconvenient.
>
> "The use of antiseptics, on the contrary, it would appear at first sight, ought to give easily excellent results. It is, in fact, quite effective; but unfortunately in most cases the bacteria—which, it should not be forgotten, are varieties of plants, algæ—do not suffer alone; the cultivated plants also feel the bad effects of the antiseptic. As their resistance, however, is in certain cases much greater than that of the microscopic organisms, sterilizing sprays may be used successfully that will practically affect only the germs to be destroyed."

Substances that have already been used with success are the salts of copper, sulfate of iron, the carbolic derivatives, carbon disulfid, and formol. These must be carefully chosen with regard to the plant to be sown, the germs likely to be present, and the chemical character of the soil. There is no use, for instance, in employing the sulfates of iron or copper in a calcareous soil, which reacts with them chemically and destroys their efficiency. If a volatile disinfectant is used, one may be taken that would be very poisonous to the crop, for the latter is not planted until the poison has killed the germs and then removed itself from the soil by spontaneous evaporation. Two weeks, at least, must elapse in such cases between the sterilization and the planting. The volatile disinfectant, formol, for instance, is preferably injected into the soil, not sprayed on its surface. Further:

> "The depth at which the injection should be made is about one foot; as soon as the operation is over the hole must be closed by treading the earth around it, to prevent too rapid evaporation. . . . It seems preferable to operate twice, fifteen days apart. . . . The sterilization is not quite complete unless the soil is rid of all fragments of infected roots containing parasitic germs in their tissues. . . . To give effect to the injections, a day of average temperature is chosen, when the soil is slightly moist, so that evaporation shall not be too rapid. Finally, as during the period of sterilization the antiseptics arrest all nitrification, it is good, at the moment of planting, that is to say, two or three weeks after injection, to add to the soil a small amount of nitrate."—*Translation made for* THE LITERARY DIGEST.

A PREHISTORIC VILLAGE IN SWEDEN

THE REMAINS of a village of lake-dwellers in Sweden near Alvastra, in East Gothland, are being explored with interesting results by the Swedish Academy of Sciences. Dr. Otto Frödin, who has charge of the work, thinks the explorations will throw new light on Sweden's prehistoric peoples. When a village is built over a lake, it is located there as a defense against hostile neighbors, and Dr. Frödin holds that the inhabitants of the lake-village were no doubt Scandinavians of Germanic origin, who apparently entered this region from the southwest. But, continues a writer in the *Illustrierte Zeitung* (Leipsic, August 24), whose account we condense:

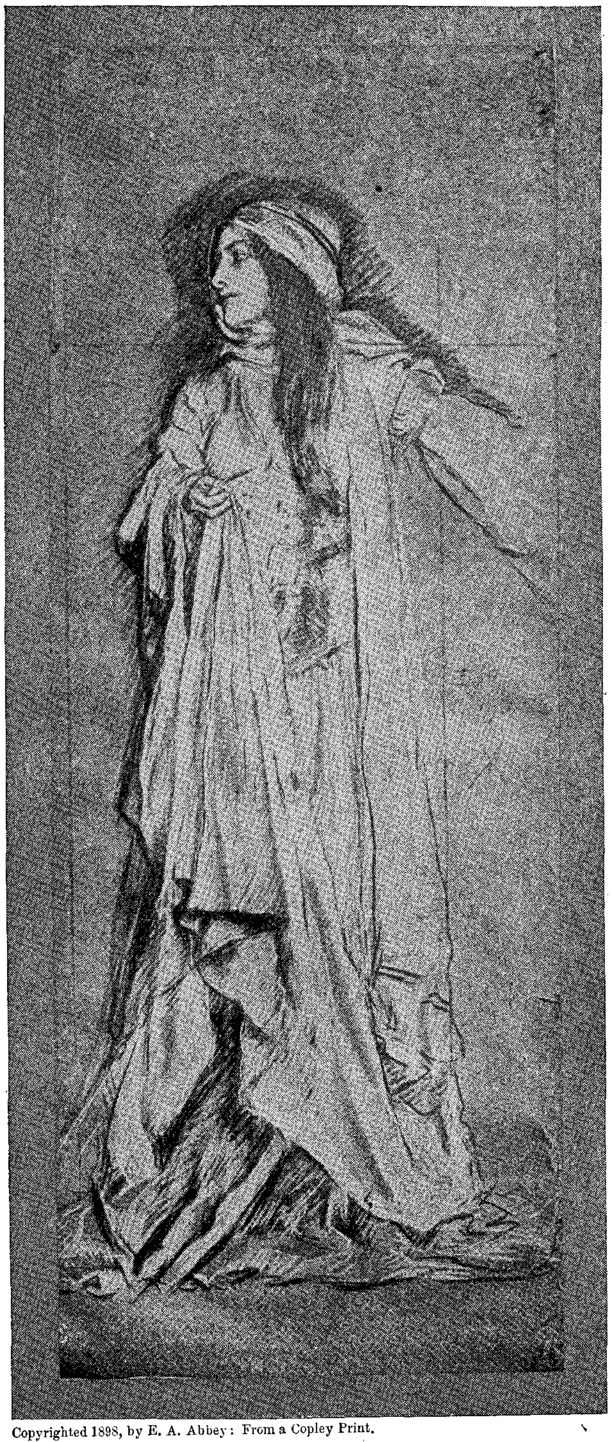
> "At this time there lived in the same province, along the coast of the East Sea, a people who were not Scandinavian and did not practise agriculture, but were nomads living by fishing and hunting.
>
> "The distance between the lands occupied by these two peoples was only about ten miles, perhaps less.
>
> "In Frödin's opinion this near neighborhood of a wild hunting folk to the peaceful, agricultural Teutonic population is the real reason for the peculiar construction of pile-dwellings at Alvastra. In order not to be too readily taken by surprize by their warlike neighbors, the Germans were obliged to have dwellings as isolated and difficult to reach as possible. And this could best be accomplished by constructing pile-dwellings in swampy ground.
>
> "Altho only about fifty square yards of the village were explored in 1909, enough was found to show that this was a settlement of an agricultural people of the later stone age who cultivated grain and fruit (apples), possest domestic animals such as swine, goats, cows, sheep, and dogs, chased wild animals, and made utensils of stone, flint, bone, and horn.
>
> "In 1910 the excavations were continued, with the assistance of the osteologist L. Hedell of Upsala, and an additional area of 125 square yards was uncovered. About a thousand new objects—aside from bones, cinders, nutshells, grain, and withered apples—were revealed. The stone utensils consist of axes, with and without a hole, splinters of flint, augers, and arrow-heads of flint, and about a hundred 'knocking-stones' for the fastening of instruments.
>
> "Other stones were found, including many pieces of quartz and of pyrites. Tinder was also found, showing the method of obtaining fire.
>
> "Among objects of bone and horn were chisels, daggers, and awls, a couple of bone fish-hooks, and a novel article of stag-horn, which may possibly have been an implement for skinning slaughtered animals. Some new types of knives, made of wild-boar bones, were also found.
>
> "Besides wheat, apples, and hazelnuts, there were discovered charred lumps of a grain which is possibly millet. It was previously known that the northern Scandinavians of the stone age were acquainted with this grain.
>
> "Bones of the beaver, fish-otter, hedgehog, and wildcat were found, the latter being of special interest because this is the first time the wildcat has been found so far north.
>
> "Bones of the pike and carp were discovered, and some bones of birds as yet unidentified.
>
> "More than half of the site remains to be dug out from under the layer of swamp-land which covers it to a depth of about one and a half yards. By trial-borings the presence of refuse heaps has been determined and these are expected to yield rich returns. Finally the disinterment of skeletons remains for the future and the complete work will probably demand several years.
>
> "Dr. Frödin believes that fresh light will be shed on many problems of race and cultural development."—*Translation made for* THE LITERARY DIGEST.

LETTERS AND ART

THE ENGLISH SIDE OF MR. ABBEY

THE PAINTINGS that Mr. Abbey did for the Pennsylvania State Capitol probably save his reputation as an American for dim future generations, for those who come after us might lose sight of the fact that he refused a knighthood from King Edward because he preferred to keep his American citizenship. Half or more of his life was spent in England, and it was there he found the subjects that enthralled his imagination. He became a member of the Royal Academy and painted King Edward's coronation picture. In spite of these facts his contemporaries have always claimed him as an American; his work was mainly done for America, and the notices that in great number have followed his death have dwelt upon his American traits. Mr. Arthur Hoeber, however, does not hesitate to show us, in *The International Studio* (October), how essentially English Mr. Abbey really was. His attention was most often given, says Mr. Hoeber, to "the physical attractiveness of nineteenth-century femininity, finding his models among the English types, and as a famous writer has said: 'Among all the beautiful things in the world there are few so beautiful as English girls.'" This writer, the German historian of art, Richard Muther, furnishes Mr. Hoeber a characterization of English art that seems to cover Mr. Abbey's case also Thus:

"English painting is exclusively an art based on luxury, optimism, and aristocracy; in its neatness, cleanliness, and good breeding it is exclusively designed to ingratiate itself with English ideas of comfort. . . . The pictures have to satisfy very different tastes—the taste of a wealthy middle-class which wishes to have substantial nourishment, and the esthetic tastes of an élite class which will tolerate only the quintessence of art, the most subtile art that can be given. . . . Everything must be kept within the bounds of what is charming, temperate, and prosperous, without in any degree suggesting the struggle for existence."



Copyrighted 1898, by E. A. Abbey: From a Copley Print.
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CORDELIA,

From one of E. A. Abbey's studies for "King Lear." An English type often introduced in his painting, showing chiefly "the physical attractiveness of nineteenth century femininity."

By this definition Mr. Abbey would seem to be an English painter, for, says Mr. Hoeber:

"Much of this in a way one feels in the easel pictures of Abbey's later years. There was ever something in his work suggestive of Alma-Tadema, Leighton, and Poynter, tempered as it were by a delight in Albert Moore. But Abbey was more modern than the first two of this group, broader in his rendering, painting with a looser brush and using his pigment more freely. Yet he may be said to have carried on their traditions and, unlike most of his countrymen, he remained unmoved by the influences of French art. A recent writer has said of Abbey that he prevailed by frankly accepting the traditions of the academy picture while enhancing it by a more learned and conscientious workmanship, and that British magnanimity applauded the feat with enthusiasm. Yet, somehow, his work was far more than this would seem to imply, for it was always full of an infinite charm, of rare taste, and admirable selection, and his technical excellencies were most unusual. He knew his trade well, did Abbey, and he distinctly had a message to give out which, if you will, was no less illustrative than any of his former famous pen-drawings, even tho translated through the medium of paint on canvas. Truth to tell, the illustrator in Abbey was never obscured, well as he learned to use his pigments, and while all pictures, to interest, must perforce have an illustrative quality, Abbey's were illustrative first of all."

In *The Craftsman* (October) Mr. Louis A. Holman also dwells on the English side of Mr. Abbey; mainly, however, in a personal vein. He quotes Mr. Abbey himself as saying: "I lead a very quiet life; am obliged to do so in order to get through the amount of work I have under way and in contemplation. Living being less expensive, I can allow myself much more time over my work, and can spend money for materials of study that would be swallowed up in rent, taxes, and wages in very short order in New York." We also read:

"Englishmen soon forgot that this genial, brilliant man was a foreigner, possibly because he was supremely happy in the land of his adoption. He was everywhere held in high favor, and honors showered upon him. He became one of a notable group of American artists: Sargent, Millet, Boughton, Shannon, and Whistler (if we may call Whistler an American), who found in England a sympathetic artistic environment. Abbey materially aided in increasing the esteem in which his fellow countrymen were held.

"To one who is familiar with the parish churches, the manor-houses, the lanes, the hedgerows and flowers of Herrick's country, it is easy to understand the spell they cast over Abbey. There is a story that he once tried to break away from the witchery of it, but after his household goods had reached America he weakened, and the unpacking was not done until they got back to England.

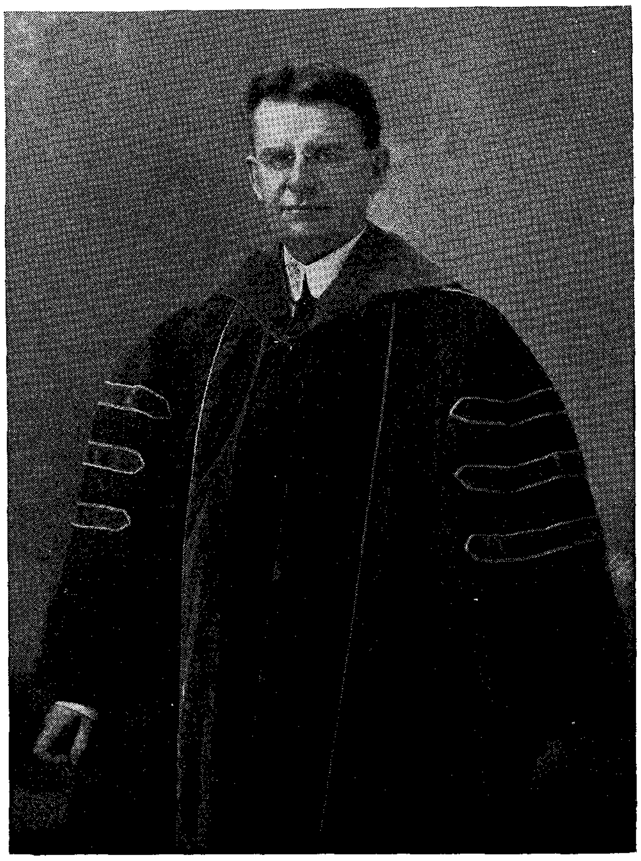
"At Broadway, in Worcestershire, Abbey found friends and there he lingered, gathering material for his drawings. A friend of his told me that in the wonderful garden of Russell House, the home of Frank Millet, he had often seen, on the same morning, each painting from his own model, Abbey, Sargent, Millet, Alma-Tadema, and Alfred Parsons. It was at hospitable Russell House that Abbey first met Miss Mary Gertrude Mead, of New York, who later became his wife. Here, too, he had the good fortune to meet Alfred Parsons, and Alfred Parsons had the still better fortune to meet Abbey. Then and there began that wonderful collaboration, the result of which for many a year charmed the artistic world.

"Successful from every point of view, as were the illustrations for Herrick, and Goldsmith, and Shakespeare, all of which came from Abbey's hand as spontaneously as fruit from a tree, he yet longed to be a beginner again in other fields of art. It was not that he might make a fortune or win applause, but that he might have the joy of wandering in a new region, which to him looked as inviting as did the delectable mountains to Bunyan's hero. He bought an ancient house at Fairford, Gloucestershire, some fifty miles south of Broadway. Here he built a large studio and entered the lists as a painter of English romance and history."

"SCIENTIFIC MANAGEMENT" OF COLLEGES

HOW FAR modern "business" methods may safely be applied to education seems to be a debated point. Colleges sometimes try to recommend themselves to a "practical" people by disowning as much as possible of the "traditions" that have grown up in the course of our academic development, and by taking over "organization" schemes from the outside world. It is natural that the new ideal of "scientific efficiency" should soon find a place. "We constantly hear of measures being taken to insure the efficiency of the 'teaching force,'" observes the New York *Evening Post*, "in language precisely modeled upon that which the foreman of a machine-shop might use in regard to the workmen under his orders." Dr. Guy Potter Benton, who was recently installed President of the University of Vermont, has introduced a "Committee on Efficiency" which is to ascertain, in his own words, "just how much work each member of the educational staff is doing in the matter of instruction, what he is producing in connection with the literature of his chosen line of specialization and—in short—to determine his value to the institution as compared with that of his colleagues." The purpose conveyed in this statement was a part of the "president's program," as given in his address to the faculty at the opening of the academic year. This is, perhaps, a more radical step than has yet been taken elsewhere and the effect upon the New York journal we are quoting is not altogether pleasant. It proceeds "to say some plain words about it":

"It can not be too plainly stated that this cult of 'efficiency' in universities involves a gross and fundamental error. It transfers, with crude and blundering literalness, principles that may be of the highest moment in the world of industrial production to a domain in which, if they have place at all, they are of altogether secondary importance. Nor is the proposed method defective simply because the value of the teacher's and the scholar's work is incapable of the kind of quantitative measurement which suffices for the output of a factory; this alone is a most serious, if not fatal, objection, but it is the least of the reasons against the application of the ways of factory supervision to the conduct of institutions of learning. Not only is your measurement liable to grievous error; in the very act of subjecting to systematic inspection and appraisal the intellectual activities of the professors of a university, you are pronouncing in advance the doom of your aspirations for real excellence, for genuine superiority. Most men who have it in them to become 'big men' will be fatally repelled from a calling in which their tenure depends on periodical committee verdicts as to their efficiency. Such of them as do enter upon it will have their sense of independence and individuality sadly impaired by the consciousness of such a status. What the 'efficiency' devotees overlook is that while the factory superintendent has only to think of the output, the wealth of the university lies in the men themselves. It was not through any system of inspection, but through the firm establishment of the principles of personal independence and permanence of tenure, that the universities of Europe achieved their greatness; and the advance of this country toward their standards has been accomplished along the same lines. To substitute 'scientific management' in place of this broad and inspiriting policy is to practise the greedy and short-sighted thrift of him who kills the goose that lays the golden eggs."



GUY POTTER BENTON, D.D.,

The new President of the University of Vermont, who proposes to subject his faculty to the "efficiency" test.

NEW YORK AND O. HENRY — There was one American writer to whom New York was not an obsession. That was O. Henry, but it remains true, however, that he described some phases of New York life better than anybody else. He was not willing to let "New York" stand for everything and is quoted as having said: "Just change Twenty-third Street in one of my New York stories to Main Street, rub out the Flatiron Building, and put in the Town Hall. The story will fit just as truly elsewhere." Mr. H. Peyton Steger, who is preparing a memorial volume of this much regretted writer, gives these and other facts in the latest *Book News Monthly*, where we also read:

"But New York to him was the most attractive spot in the world, and he loved to write about it. In his search for plots he frequented every section and talked with every type of person. He seemed to possess the faculty of knowing just what a person was thinking about. These impressions were jotted down on the yellow paper he invariably used, and the result was a story that gript the heart in its deep understanding of human nature.

"'An Unfinished Story' is one of the best stories O. Henry ever wrote. It is a story of a New York shop-girl who was saved from her first downward step by the reproachful eyes of Lord Kitchener, whose photograph she prized. In the midst of the narrative O. Henry tell of a dream in which he died and appeared at the gates of heaven with a crowd of prosperous-looking angels. An angel-policeman asked him if he belonged to that bunch.

"'Who are they?' asked O. Henry.

"'Why,' said he, 'they are the men who hired working girls and paid 'em five dollars a week to live on. Are you one of the bunch?'

"'Not on your immortality!' answered O. Henry. 'I'm only the fellow that set fire to an orphan asylum and murdered a blind man for his pennies.'

"And the inference is that he passed inside."

THE PRICE OF BEING EARNEST

THE DIFFERENCE between Scott's day and our own seems to be that "whereas Sir Walter deemed it his business primarily to produce entertaining books, the twentieth-century leaders regard it as a duty to tell the truth about life, no matter how 'damned unpleasant' it may be." One result of this difference is that you don't hear of leaders in fiction having sales that run up to the hundred thousand. The publishers, according to Mr. Richard Burton, are accepting the bitter fact that the days of "Eben Holden" and "David Harum" and "The Crisis" are "dead and done forever." It would be convenient to put the blame on the writers themselves, says Mr. Burton in *The Bellman* (Minneapolis). Of course, we might "assume that there has been a falling off in the quality of the work offered, that the great novel-makers are all dead, or, like Mr. Hardy, have ceased from producing fiction." But—

"There are too many facts that point the other way. The school of younger writers in England, for example, represented by Wells, Merrick, Locke, Belloc, Galsworthy, and Bennett, are certainly writing fiction that for art and human interest is to be reckoned with. And of Americans, aside from veterans still active like Howells, Allen, Page, James (an American by courtesy), Tarkington, Garland, Fuller and yet others, there are not lacking younger writers, men and women, in short story and long, whose work is admirable in form and worthy in content. This is especially true of the fiction which strives faithfully to study and depict typical and usually local phases of our American civilization. The books of such a man as Robert Herrick represent what is in mind, and when American literature comes to be appraised in the future, his work, it is safe to say, will not be found negligible. I believe, rather, that the shrunken demand for fiction is due to two causes, and will mention them in order."

The first of these tells the novel-writer that he doesn't furnish "the whole show." "The reading public is not depending upon the novel quite so exclusively for its mental and imaginative pabulum as in earlier days." Rather—

"It is learning to read other kinds of literature: drama, which is distinctly gaining ground, poetry, biography, history, and the other graver divisions of letters. The short story is still much in vogue as magazine literature, but it is not popular in book form; and if you will scrutinize the hot-weather reading of folk with any pretension to education and culture you will be struck, as I have been, by the fact that they are so often carrying with them, for vacation, books that are not fiction. The fact is, the unusual call for the novel had the inevitable result: the production was enormous and much of it was shoddy stuff. Fictionists, not called, but machine-made, flooded the market with imitation-real goods, like the bogus but very attractive diamonds and pearls exhibited in the Paris shops, and so the oversupply, as ever, had a deleterious effect upon the sales, and a reaction set in. You will not find a publisher in the land who will deny the result; his figures indicate it all too plainly."

Mr. Burton's other reason deals with the "unpleasant" nature of much modern fiction:

"The leading novelists take their art very seriously, and life, too, as Mr. Howells would have them do, and so their work waxes strenuous, often grim and uncompromising, sometimes plain pessimistic. A writer like the late Mr. Phillips was symptomatic in his challenge of American society in some of its most striking phases. The fiction of our day has largely been given over to the business of furnishing social documents instead of furnishing fun in the old-fashioned way. When a fictionist chose to abide by the older model and simply write good stories, stories with a real tangle of plot that keeps you guessing, stories that are not reformatory but merely amusing, why, he secured and retained a large clientèle, as did Marion Crawford, who was, first of all and last of all, a first-rate story-teller, with invention, skill, and a wide understanding of human nature.

"The other kind of fiction, the reforming and documentary sort, loses ground with readers by and large, for the simple reason that they insist on amusement as the chief end and aim of novels. So the novelist can take his choice: he may be more serious in purpose and appeal to an audience of readers comparatively few, tho fit, or he may write just yarns and count his adherents by the tens of thousands."

The price our authors pay for being more earnest in their attempts "to teach the world about life, to reveal through the art of story-telling the psychologic laws which govern the society of which they are a part," is just "the smaller audience":

"It would be rash to assert that modern fiction has not done the world a service in this new exploitation of psychology and found in it a legitimate extension of its mission. At the same time, there are dangers attendant upon this new ideal in fiction; and when the writer succumbs to it, a Hardy producing a 'Jude, the Obscure,' and a Hichens a 'Bella Donna,' it is the altogether healthy and welcome instinct of the reader which protests against it and, in case the novelist persists in his evil way, refuses to buy his wares.

"If the position here taken be sound, there is no cause for alarm in the lessening sales of fiction. It means a change in the aim of the novel not altogether to the mind of most readers, along with a feeling of surfeit in fiction, which leads the reader to turn toward other literary forms hitherto unjustly neglected. It may well be that the novel, so long central among the literary kinds, has reached its zenith and must hereafter share public favors with some other democratic and generally appealing form like the drama. Past literary history would justify such a conclusion."

PLAYS THAT SUFFER SEA-CHANGE

PLAYS THAT are racy of the soil in which they first grew are bound to suffer a sea-change more or less grievous if they cross to another country. London and Paris are both finding this out at present, for the English city is trying to entertain itself with a new version of "Rip Van Winkle," while the French one is seeking to make *Mr. Pickwick* understood in a Gallic environment. Even a British dramatic critic is not deceived with the notion that the *Rip* now being disclosed by Mr. Cyril Maude, the English actor, is "the happy-go-lucky rascal who aroused the sympathies of countless audiences by having escaped from a nagging wife." Could the shades of Joseph Jefferson and Dion Boucicault have seen this new embodiment, he observes, they would not have recognized *Rip*. To Mr. E. A. Baughan, who writes in the London *Daily News*, "this new Rip Van Winkle begins as a kind of American *Till Eulenspiegel*, and ends as the figure of a 'morality' or allegory." The version is made by Mr. Austin Strong, an American who might have been counted on to know better. This is how the American classic now appears:

"In case you should not grasp the fact that *Rip van Winkle* is the slave of his senses, they are embodied by five damsels who, in a 'classic' dance, lure him to give way to drink after having promised his sweetheart, *Minna van de Grift*, that he would reform himself and work for her. As earnest of this he promises to polish a grimy old copper bowl. The original *Rip* had no sweetheart, but a very tiresome shrew of a wife, who accounted for much. If the original version of Washington Irving's story meant anything, it pointed a moral against the dire results of a scolding tongue. Mr. Austin Strong, on the other hand, makes his version an allegory of the triumph of unselfishness and of the lasting mystery of love.

"For *Rip van Winkle*, having been lured to the mountains by an uncanny German troll, finds himself in an inferno where slaves to sensual pleasure are punished. One *Otto van de Grift*, the father of *Rip's* sweetheart, has been lured three years before, and he explains the mode of punishment. The victims, having swallowed a magic drink, are freed from their sleeping bodies. Salvation is only to be found in The Wish, an improbable, impossible, and inexplicable wish. All other wishes but that great wish harm the sleeping body, until it withers and dies. When *Rip* hears that *Van de Grift* is the father of his sweetheart he struggles against his desire for self-preservation and wishes the old man to return to his daughter. This improbable, impossible, and inexplicable wish is an expression of the unselfishness which saves a soul. As a reward, the chief troll promises *Rip* that

"RIP VAN WINKLE" TURNED INTO A MODERN "MORALITY."

The first picture shows *Rip* as personated by Cyril Maude in London. His two interests in life are the pretty *Minna* and *Schnapps* (symbolized by the Demon on his back in the third picture). His sweetheart casts him off and he flees to the Catskills emerging as the *Rip* made famous by Joseph Jefferson. The old play appears now as an allegory, but one, we are told, "not to be looked in the face."

> instead of his body dying by degrees, he shall only sleep for fifty years.
>
> "The return of *Rip* is the most poetic part of a play which has more beauties than weaknesses. No one recognizes him. All his old friends are dead; even his country is no longer under the rule of King George. *Rip* is about to return to the mountains when his sweetheart, now a white-haired old woman, recognizes him, and fails to see that he is altered at all. The old bowl, which has been polished by *Rip* since his awakening, glows with a strange light, which illumines the old lovers.
>
> "Mr. Strong has told a pretty little morality, which would have been none the worse for less obvious emphasis, and would have been more successful had its language been simpler and less strained. The humor of the lines is often pedestrian in an American manner. Nor can I see what connection there is between the love allegory and the 'morality' of the senses, and indeed I fail to see how a love which could not keep *Rip* from the first temptation of his senses should be mighty enough to last through fifty years. However, one must never look an allegory in the face."

Pickwick, tho carried to an alien race, seems to come through somewhat better. The worst thing that happens to him, apparently, is in getting mixt up with *Joseph Prudhomme*, the personation of all middle-class virtues. The Paris correspondent of the London *Times* writes:

> "The difficulty was to adapt English ideas to the level of the boulevard without, as the adapters stipulate, 'sacrificing London to Paris.' The balance has been adjusted with nice discrimination. As far as *Mr. Pickwick* himself is concerned, the mere weaving of a sort of plot out of the scattered incidents of his career has had the effect of making him more human and more like the *Joseph Prudhomme* whom Frenchmen love and know. As Mr. Gorby plays the part, with one hand gracefully concealed behind his coat-tails and the other waving in the air to assist his glowing declamation, the hands are the hands of *Mr. Pickwick*, but the voice is that of the other gentleman. In spite of the gold-rimmed spectacles, blue coat, tights, and gaiters, even an Anglo-French audience catches itself listening, not for a presentation of the tittlebatian theory, but for some such immortal phrase as '*C'est mon opinion et je la partage*.' This expectation becomes still more pronounced when Mr. Gorby arrays himself in a flowered silk dressing-jacket. . . . The situation and the character are saved by *Mr. Pickwick's* smile, which the heart of no man, woman, or child could resist. All the fun and the pathos which illumine the familiar dialog are reflected in that smile, and even in their French dress upon the stage they remain, for all their exaggeration, an expression of permanent feeling."

This writer gives a running account of the play, which "opens in the year 1831 (why not 1827?), in *Mr. Pickwick's* house in London."

> "The *Pickwickians* meet and decide to go traveling. *Mr. Pickwick* bids farewell to Goswell Street, while *Mrs. Bardell* clings to his coat-tails and tearfully implores him to remain. Two months later *Pickwick* and his merry men, who have been journeying by easy stages, arrive at the Bull Inn in Rochester High Street, where they meet with a series of adventures. An undue thirst for knowledge of the habits of the cab-driver's forty-two-year-old horse leads to trouble, from which *Mr. Pickwick* is rescued by the intervention of *Jingle*, who forthwith puts himself through his paces in the courtyard of the inn. After the rest of the party have gone to bed *Mr. Tupman* and *Jingle* (fraudulently clothed in *Mr. Pickwick's* coat) attend the ball which is being given at the inn. *Jingle*, in his borrowed plumes, makes himself agreeable to the ladies and disagreeable to the irascible *Dr. Slammer*, who, the following morning, demands satisfaction from the owner of the blue coat.
>
> "*Mr. Pickwick* escapes from this peril much in the same way as *Winkle* does in the original text, but only to fall into the hands of *Mrs. Bardell*, who falls into his arms. Counseled by the unscrupulous *Dodson* and *Fogg*, she pursues *Mr. Pickwick* to the Manor Farm, where the *Pickwickians* are the guests of *Mr. Wardle*. After provoking an ambiguous situation, which the lady endeavors to turn to account, she is repudiated by her victim, whom she ultimately sues for breach of promise and causes to be imprisoned in the Fleet ('La prison de la Flotte,' as Messrs. Duval and Charvay translate it) for refusing to pay damages. Filled with remorse, the widow ultimately abandons her suit, and is in her turn imprisoned for not paying the fees of *Dodson* and *Fogg*. *Pickwick* and his landlady have an affecting interview in the prison, and the end of it is that *Mrs. Bardell* gives up letting lodgings to conversable single gentlemen. Other unions among the *Pickwickians* and their lady friends are in prospect, and the designing *Jingle* is condignly punished.
>
> "That is the story, or at any rate as much of it as hangs together. The third act, which culminates in Christmas festivities of the plum pudding and mistletoe order—with champagne—is as effective as any of the others. In the pre-Victorian era, as contemporaries of Dickens can testify, the Christmas banquet was followed by a 'romp,' in which young and old tumultuously joined to the accompaniment of glees; in this case with incidental music by Mr. Heintz and church-bells chiming midnight. Mr. Heintz's melodies, at any rate, are racy of the period, with their reminiscences of English drinking-songs, tuneful lays from, perhaps, some forgotten number of a pre-Victorian ladies' magazine, and the 'Marseillaise.' These sidelights on English social life during the early nineteenth century are new and pleasing to an Englishman. But why pronounce the name of the county of Kent as if it were related to a German philosopher?
>
> "If there is anything as good as Mr. Gorby's *Pickwick* it is Mr. Joseph Leroux's impersonation of *Mr. Wardle*. Both are excellent. *Sam Weller* has been found difficult to adapt; but the *Fat Boy* eats and sleeps his way through the piece in convincing style. A good burlesque creation is that of *Jingle* by Mr. Victor Henry. The *Pickwickians* make a good trio, and Miss Jane Loury does full justice to what is, perhaps, the most difficult part of all. Her repertory of fainting fits is graceful and varied."

RELIGION AND SOCIAL SERVICE

A COURT TO QUIET FAMILY JARS

THE HEARTLESS advice to "tell your troubles to a policeman" is being bettered in Chicago, where the city has instituted a special court to listen to domestic complaints. "A great many people have had to tell their troubles to a policeman who have blushed at the telling of it," says Rev. Dr. William E. Barton, and he goes on with an account of the Chicago Domestic Relations Court, that represents a departure from the conventional roads of legal procedure and endeavors to serve the community in other than simply punitive ways. The head of the court is Judge Goodnow, and the people who are saved by him from telling their troubles to a policeman are mainly women, while the people about whom they are troubled are men. The troublous story is first of all told to a woman, Mrs. Leavitt, not a police matron, but a sort of human sympathizer intelligently guided. She is able to adjust many domestic tangles without their going into court at all. When the court comes in as a factor "she keeps the record, and has friendly relations with the home side of the case." All cases involving women as women, except those relating to prostitution, says Dr. Barton in the Boston *Transcript*, and all cases of children, except those belonging to the Juvenile Court, now are segregated and tried by the Court of Domestic Relations. The preliminary announcement made on the eve of this court's inauguration stated in part its purposes in these words:

"The new branch 'Court of Domestic Relations,' which will soon be instituted, will be a further step in the classification of cases, and the specializing of courts. It will at first hear only those cases dealing with offenses committed against women and children in which the Municipal Court has final jurisdiction; later on, if this branch court has demonstrated the advisability of the classification of this character of cases, other cases may be, from time to time, added to it.

"While the Juvenile Court deals with the delinquent or dependent child, the 'Court of Domestic Relations' will deal with the person who makes the child delinquent or dependent. One of the principles upon which the idea of this court is founded, is that the family is the unit around which all else that is good must be built, and anything that destroys that unit works evil to the public good. This court is also based upon the main principle that caused the organization of the Juvenile Court—that of removing women and children from the degrading influence of the police court.

"Under our present system, these cases are tried in the various criminal branches. The women and children unfortunate enough to be witnesses or interested in these cases, while waiting to see the judge or to have the case tried, are forced against their wishes into contact with robbers, thieves, pickpockets, drunkards, lewd women, and foul-mouthed men; their first introduction to our courts is with a motley crowd of lawbreakers who are not in sympathy with them; their misery is made twofold by the degrading environment thrust upon them before their wants are known and their needs looked after, a humiliation and indignity which every self-respecting person, and especially a woman, would resent if she only could, and a position in which no child should be placed. Again, a better opportunity to investigate each case will be given.

"Reformation of persons and the eradication of causes of delinquency and dependency, the care of those made destitute by desertion, the protection of the public in bastardy cases, and a strict enforcement of the laws relating to women and children can be attained when centralized in one court."

A specimen case of the court's dealing is given here. It seems commonplace enough, but is typical of hundreds of such cases that stand as substitutes for divorces:

"John Miaskieowsizky has a name that few can write and fewer pronounce. That is one reason why he is called by two names in court. The children in school have taken the name Bradford, in an effort to become Mayflower descendants. Therefore John Miaskieowsizky, alias John Bradford, comes to court under two names, and not through any attempt to conceal his identity. He owns a little house worth $1,500, with a mortgage of $700 on it. He is an industrious man, a hard-working Pole. There are four children, of whom two are in court, a well-looking boy of eighteen, and an attractive girl of fifteen. The name of Bradford fits them as well as if they had been born at Plymouth; but John is undeniably Polish, and the Pole by any other name would be as undeniably a Pole. The mother has tried to keep up with the children, and is far more American than the father. The complaint against John is bitter.

"He is a drunkard, and when drunk abusive. But John tells another story. He is not a drunkard. He is industrious, and earns $18 a week. He goes to the saloon to get his check cashed, and always has a few drinks, but rarely gets the worse for it. On the occasion in which he is accused of deserting his wife, he went home taking nearly all his week's wages, and handed his wife $16.75 of it. But she threw it at him, made the sign of the cross, and hoped never to see him again. He said the children were ashamed of him because he was just a plodding, hard-working man, and for three months his wife did not speak to him. The children, however, sided with their mother, and said that John drank more than he admitted. Since he left home the girl had left school and gone to work.

"One little incident, which came out by accident, lifted this case out of the low, dreary channel of the commonplace. John was asked how long he had been married, and, in the demand for an exact date for the record, it appeared that this was the very anniversary of his wedding. He had been married twenty-two years to-day.

"That was the little incident that the judge caught at. These two people with their children ought to find a better way than this of celebrating their wedding anniversary. Their differences were not hopeless. They were to go home together, and prepare for a celebration of this anniversary with their children. The case would be continued for thirty days. Meantime John must come back home to live. The daughter must go straight back to school. Mrs. Bradford must be good to her husband. The children must stop 'butting in' when the older people had a 'scrap.' I quote the exact language of the court—it was language perfectly understood by all the parties, Polish and English tho their native speech. The children must love both parents and show far more consideration than they had shown their father. John must get his checks cashed somewhere else. Now they were to go directly home, all of them, to waste no time in needless discussions, but prepare a good celebration for their twenty-second anniversary.

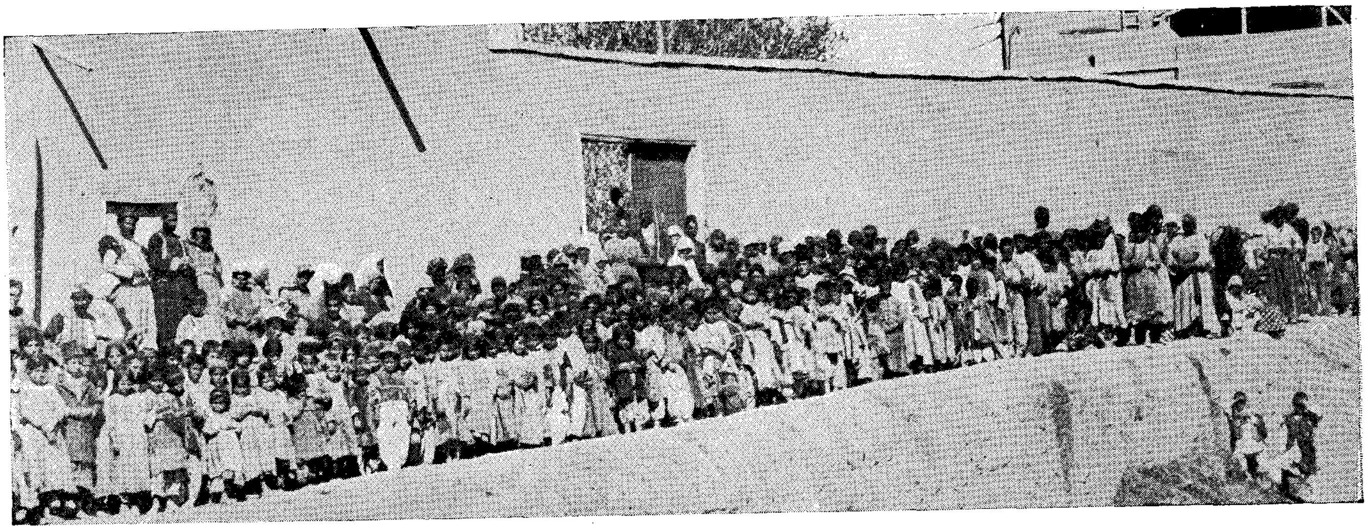
"Now when Cupid slips into that court thirty days hence, I hope he will be pleased with the progress that has been made."

Judge Goodnow is a sensible practical man, adds Dr. Barton, "who is undertaking a good, wholesome method of administering the laws in the interests of the home." Chief Justice Olson thus reports on the experiment:

"The results of the first six months fully justify our best hopes. Judge Goodnow is proceeding cautiously, and with nothing spectacular in his methods. He is doing a valuable work and the results show it. He has returned 1,250 husbands to their homes, and has managed a large number of other cases with good success. He has collected and paid over to wives and families at least $25,000, much of which would have gone for other purposes. He has married sixty-four couples in bastardy cases, and only two of them have thus far given him subsequent trouble. We shall test out this branch of our Municipal Court thoroughly and with prudence, and I am satisfied shall make it one of the most useful branches of our Municipal Court.

"I am anxious, also, to see the time when we shall segregate all cases of prostitution in a similar court. I do not want them in the Court of Domestic Relations, but wish to keep its atmosphere as clean as possible."

Of such cases it is proposed that records be kept of all cases, "so that no change of residence within the city shall enable an old offender to pose as a novice, and a uniform method of punishment adopted and adhered to. The report of the Vice Commission, at present excluded from the mails through an old-maidish ruling of the Post-Office Department, recommends this change; but the Mayor will not care to push it, so that matter will wait."



MISSIONARY WORK BEGINS WITH THE CHILDREN OF THE SULTAN'S DOMAIN.

Armenian children after the massacres coming to the missionaries for rescue.

WHAT MISSIONS HAVE DONE FOR TURKEY

ALTHO CHRISTIANITY originated in what is now part of the Turkish Empire, it is only in recent years that the Bible has been printed in any language spoken by the Sultan's subjects. To-day every subject can read the Bible in his own language, if he can read at all. Many of them, of course, abominate Christianity, and feel their greatest joy when engaged in wholesale massacres of the Christians, but they can not escape the civilizing and enlightening results of the missionary's work. The Sultan himself, in fact, owes his crown in some degree to the educative leaven that produced the Young Turk rising which overthrew Abdul Hamid. So he should feel a proper gratitude toward the missionary schools, and we read that he does so, and has given them some privileges even beyond those enjoyed by the Turkish institutions. Mr. William E. Curtis, Washington correspondent of the Chicago *Record* and *Record-Herald* for nearly forty years, and author of many interesting books of travel, who died suddenly a few days ago, is the author of another book, called "Around the Black Sea," which tells of the actual practical results of missionary effort in the land of the Crescent. We read:

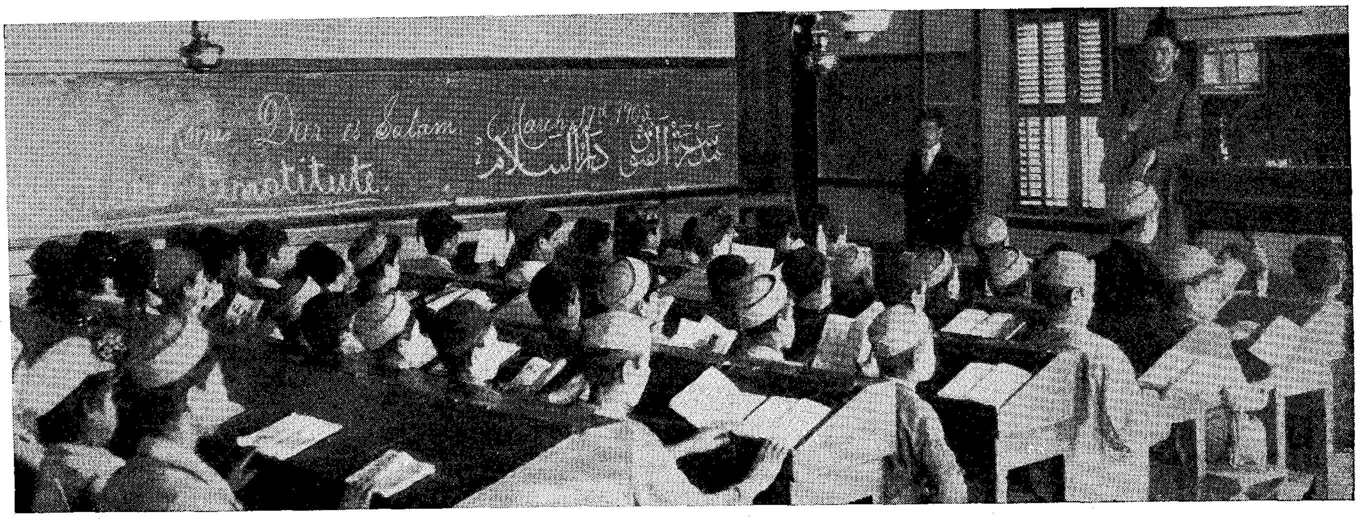
> "Were it possible to separate and set aside by themselves all the civilizing forces, all the facilities for betterment in society, that have entered Turkey through missionary agencies, it would surprize the commercial world. The sum total of American textile manufactures, American sewing-machines, plows and other farming implements, cabinet organs, bells, books, cabinet-makers' tools, drugs and medicines, and numberless other commodities they have brought in would foot up to an astonishing figure. And this is but the beginning. There are movements of great significance on foot, resulting from the same influence, and likely to develop into a greater expansion of American commerce in that country."

The missionaries "have not confined themselves to making converts to Christianity," but have aided the material and intellectual betterment of the people:

> "The first electric telegraph instrument in Turkey was set up by missionaries. They introduced the first sewing-machine, the first printing-press, and the first modern agricultural implements. They brought the tomato and the potato and the other valuable vegetables and fruits that are now staples; they built the first hospitals; they started the first dispensary and the first modern schools."

The mighty uplifting force of education came with the mission schools, and is having the tremendous force it has everywhere, in overthrowing old errors and outworn forms of despotism and misrule:

> "The most far-reaching work of the American missionaries is educational, which comprehends all races, all religions, and all languages. They are educating representatives of every one of the different races of which the Turkish Empire is composed, regardless of religious faith—Turks, Arabs, Egyptians, Armenians, Kurds, Persians, Macedonians, Bulgars, Druses, Nestorians, Greeks, Russians, Georgians, Circassians, and others too numerous to mention. Their influence is thus extended to every community, because no student leaves an American institution without carrying with him the germs of progress which must affect the family and the neighborhood and all the



AND DOES NOT NEGLECT THE MENTAL LIFE OF THE CONVERTS.

The mighty uplifting force of education came with the mission-schools, which comprehend all races and all religions.

inhabitants with whom he may thereafter come in contact. This influence has been working for half a century or more and has been preparing the minds of the people for the great change that has recently come over them. The missionaries do not teach revolution; they do not encourage revolutionary methods, but they have always preached and taught liberty, equality, fraternity, and the rights of man.

"The congregations of the American churches, and especially the pupils of the missionary schools, are usually reduced from 25 to 30 per cent. every year by emigration to the United States. Having learned from their teachers of the advantages and the opportunities that exist across the water, having acquired the English language, and being able to get good advice as to location and often letters of introduction, they have decided advantages over ordinary emigrants and for the same reason they make the best sort of citizens when they reach their new homes.

"A dozen missionaries have told me that the brightest and most promising young men and women in their districts, and especially the best teachers in their schools, have emigrated. Many of them go to Massachusetts, Chicago has thousands, and there is a large colony in Troy working in the shirt-and-collar factories. For example, the churches at Harpoot had 3,107 members one year and 2,413 the next. The balance had gone to America. One-fourth of the congregation of the mission church at Bitlis emigrated, almost in a body, last year. It would be a great deal better for Turkey if these people would stay at home and use the knowledge and the principles they have gained in the regeneration of their country, but it can not be denied that they are among the most valuable immigrants of all the aliens that go to the United States."

Those who object to giving money to missions will rejoice to read of these mission churches that—

"Most of them are self-supporting. Sometimes the newly-organized congregations get a little help from the United States at the start, but the great majority of native converts pay more for their religion and make greater sacrifices than the Christians of the United States. For example, thirteen out of twenty-seven churches in the Central Turkish mission are not only entirely self-supporting, but contribute substantial aid to weaker churches in their neighborhood. In the entire Turkish Empire last year the native churches paid five-sixths of all the expenses of education, worship, and charity.

"The board pays the salaries of the missionaries, but the effort is to bring the native churches to a condition of pecuniary independence for the reason that it stimulates their pride and their ambition; it gives them confidence and self-respect, which, as everybody knows, are the strongest elements in the formation of national as well as individual character. Notwithstanding the extension of the work, the amount of money contributed by the United States for the support of native churches has been growing smaller every year. Whereas the board contributed $54,585 to assist native churches twenty years ago, in 1910 it gave less than $20,000."

Several races in Turkey had no literature till the missionaries came and started one with a translation of the Scriptures. Says Mr. Curtis:

"Altho the Armenian claims to be the oldest branch of the Christian Church, yet when the American missionaries came, they had only a few manuscript copies of the Bible, kept in monasteries or in the larger churches, carefully guarded by priests who were themselves unable to read the text, while the people were permitted only to kiss the covers which were often of solid silver.

"To-day, thanks to Dr. Elias Riggs, one of the veteran American missionaries, every Armenian can have his copy of the Scriptures in his own language at a nominal price. It is a significant fact that the editions are disposed of as rapidly as they are turned off the press, and it is asserted by competent authority that this book has done more to unify and simplify the modern Armenian language than all other influences combined.

"The same is true of the Bulgarian language. . . . . . .

"The Kurds, a powerful and populous element of the Turkish Empire, had no written language and no literature of any kind until the American missionaries created one for them and translated the New Testament into the local dialect written with Armenian characters.

"The Albanians had no literature when the Americans came, and it would not be far from the truth to say that they have none now except what the missionaries have given them."

FOR CATHOLIC GOVERNORS

ARCHBISHOP FARLEY is not less frank than Cardinal Gibbons in stating his political views. Lately the Cardinal express his opinion of several "progressive" ideas that seemed to him to be unconstitutional. Now the Archbishop takes occasion to say that we ought to have more Catholic governors. He is reported by the New York *Sun* as asserting that "where the liberties of the people are committed to a Catholic their liberties are safer than when committed to any other individual." These words were uttered in the course of an address on October 9, at the dedication of a bronze tablet to Thomas Dongan, the Catholic Governor of the Province of New York, who granted, in 1683, the first liberal charter. The Archbishop said further:

"Now I am not going to make a political speech. I never did. But I would be derelict if I were not to draw attention to this lesson from the career of the first Catholic Governor of New York—colonial, it is true, but we have never had another.

"Why is it that we have never had a Catholic Mayor until within our own memory? [William R. Grace.] And when he was presented to the people as a candidate I have no doubt many of you remember what a time the newspapers had over it and the attacks that were made upon the Church, the assertions that our institutions were in jeopardy and other falsehoods. He was elected by a very small majority, and yet he made such a great success of his administration that he was reelected by a large majority, and he quit office leaving behind him a record such as has been made by no other Mayor of New York before or since. [Applause.]

"Why not try a Catholic Governor of New York again? [Great applause.] If Governor Dongan set the pace for the entire country in so many things, if his spirit informs the Charter of New York to-day and informs also the fundamental features of the governments of most of the English colonies, why should not we entrust a Catholic Governor with the affairs of the State of New York some day?"

A writer to the New York *Evening Post*, on the day following the publication of the above, points out some facts in the history of New York and other cities overlooked by the Archbishop. Thus:

"As Archbishop Farley seems to have restricted his Mayoralty list to one name, that of William R. Grace, we would also call his attention to Hugh J. Grant, Thomas F. Gilroy, and to hosts of Catholics all over the country who are to-day holding public offices, many of them not less important than that of United States Senator.

"In the management of the City of New York, the Catholics certainly have had quite their share of representation, not only without objection by Protestant citizens, with but actual indorsement by them, and it is hoped that such things may continue."

A few days later Archbishop Ireland made clear his agreement with the Cardinal on the subject of initiative, referendum, and recall, particularly the latter, which he stigmatized as "fatal to public peace and to that security in office without which the public welfare can not be subserved." This he said in response to a toast to "American Democracy" at the forty-first annual convention of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee at Council Bluffs, Iowa. The daily press quote his further words:

"The peril from the recall and the culmination of the political absurdities involved in it are seen when the recall is extended to the judiciary. If ever independence from popular clamor is imperiously demanded it is when men are bidden to speak in the name of supreme justice regardless of consequences to persons or to parties, when the intricacies of law require the utmost skill and delicacy in the unravelment, when absolute calmness of mind and deepest study are prerequisites to a decision. Whatever the social or political evolutions or revolutions with which the country be threatened, for the sake of America, for the sake of democracy, let us pray the God of nations be there no sacrilegious hand upon the courts, impairing their independence or lowering their majesty."

REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS

FERRERO'S "WOMEN OF THE CÆSARS"

Ferrero, Guglielmo. The Women of the Cæsars. 8vo, pp. 337. New York: The Century Co. $2 net.

The history of imperial Rome has generally been written, from a political point of view, as a record of conquest abroad and intrigues at home. It has been made a tale of blood and iron. The false and the true have been very often inextricably intermingled in a sort of romance, where exaggeration and misunderstanding deface reality. While the result has been interesting and sometimes inspiring, the real value of history, as a record of past experience and a guide to future accomplishment, has been sacrificed to rhetorical conjecture or picturesque description.

Guglielmo Ferrero, from another point of view, has taken up the annals of his own country as the subject of profound and conscientious research and analysis. He endeavors to clear away the accumulated rubbish of centuries and trace the streets and market-places, the temples and gardens, so to speak, of the great mistress of antiquity. He never loses his way. He is like a man who has discovered the clue to a labyrinth, and, in the present volume, as in his larger work of a few years ago, "The Greatness and Decline of Rome," he follows his clues with firm and persistent directness. One of his clues was found in extant documents of Roman law which he employs with aptness and discrimination. Here he has discovered and described the social position of woman in the time of the early Cæsars, and the character of women who did so much to sway the destiny of the empire. From the days of Augustus to that of Nero he describes the lives and actions of such female members of the imperial families as Livia and Julia, Agrippina in her relations to Tiberius, the sisters of Caligula, and Agrippina as the mother of Nero.

The learned author first disposes of some common misapprehensions as to the condition of women in the days of Augustus and his successors. The Roman woman was neither confined in a harem, as in Asia, nor excluded from the society of her husband's friends, at home or abroad, as in Greece. Among ancient societies "the Roman was probably that in which woman enjoyed the greatest social liberty and the greatest legal and economic autonomy." At the close of the republic "there was little disparity in legal condition between the man and the woman." Hence the strong and influential character of many noble ladies of the empire.

In fact Mr. Ferrero is quite a feminist in vindicating the powers of woman as equal to those of man. In Rome's day of trial woman proved to be "the most beneficent and tenacious among the cohesive powers of a nation." Livia, the wife of Augustus, was party to a marriage which was to have "great importance in the history of Rome." In her "was concentrated the quintessence of the great Roman aristocracy."

In her person "there entered into the house of Octavianus the old Roman nobility which, defeated at Philippi, was striving to reacquire through the prestige and cleverness of a woman what it had not been able to maintain by arms." In Livia "simplicity, loyalty, an absolute surrender of her own personality to the family and its interests, were conspicuous." What Livia was to Octavianus, Julia was to Agrippa. She appeared in public places by the side of her husband and received the homage of the people. When she traveled with him in the East, "Paphos called her divine and set up statues to her." More remarkable still is the fact that by "the mortal duel between Livia and Julia" in after days the whole destiny of the imperial dynasty was changed.

We can not proceed to detail the tragic history of the Cæsars as it is clearly, even brilliantly, and with full conviction, dwelt upon by Rome's latest historian. He portrays a wonderful procession of events and with high dramatic skill lays bare and lights up the characters of the principal actors. He has written the best vindication or explanation of Tiberius ever produced—Tiberius, overweighted with the load under which even Augustus had groaned, and persecuted by the "blameless" Agrippina —blameless but "ambitious, violent, intriguing," and therefore resistless. Mr. Ferrero thinks, and thinks rightly, that his exposition of this period has a lesson for us in the way of warning. For life may need its tragic element in the midst of the "exhilaration with which riches and power intoxicate the American-European civilization." He concludes:

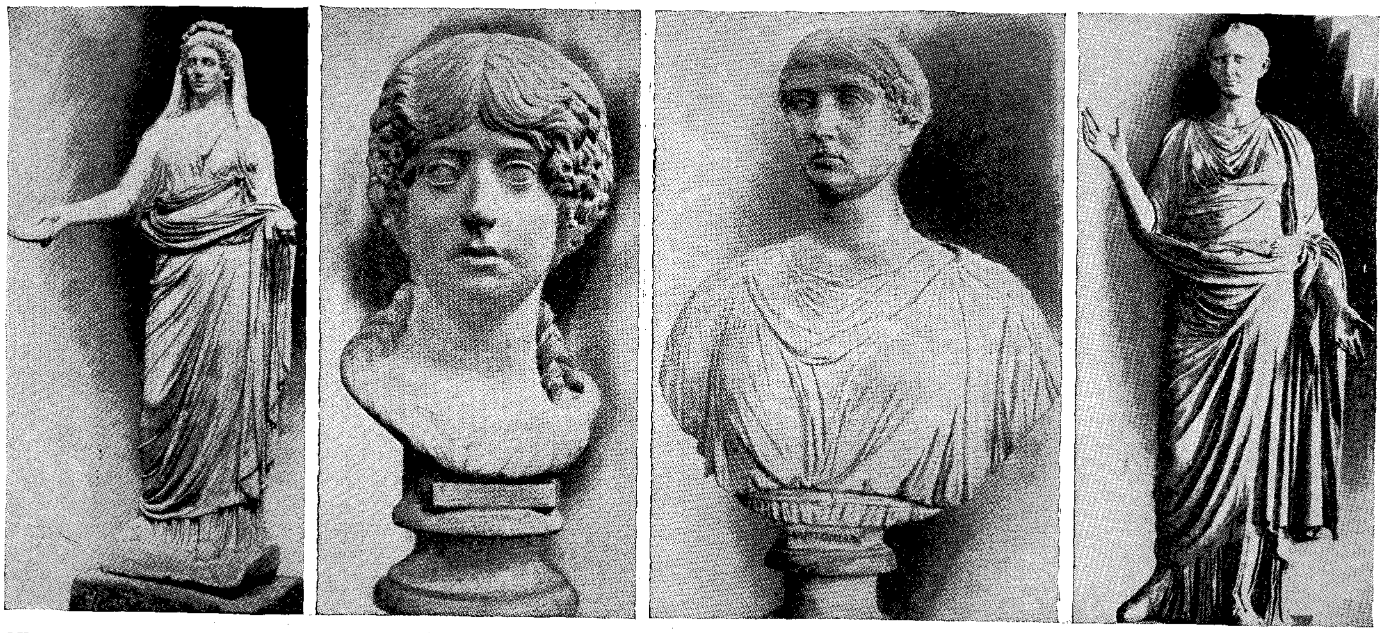
> "We live in the midst of what might be called the Saturnalia of the world's history; and, in the midst of the swift and easy labor, the inebriety of our continual festivities, we feel no more the tragic in life. This short history of the women of the Cæsars will set before the eyes of this pleasure-loving contemporary age tragedies among whose ruins our ancestors lived from birth to death, and by which they tempered their minds."

The book is finely manufactured; the illustrations are rich and profuse. It will prove as acceptable to the general reader as it is to the scholar.

THE WHITE HOUSE FROM LINCOLN TO ROOSEVELT

Crook, Col. W. H. Memories of the White House. Being the Personal Recollections of Col. W. H. Crook, some time Body-guard to Lincoln, since then Disbursing Officer of the Executives. Edited by Henry Rood. Fully illustrated. *Boston:* Little, Brown & Co. $2 net.

We are told that during forty-six years of continuous service at the Executive Mansion Col. W. H. Crook "has been brought into close and intimate relations with the Presidents and their families, from Lincoln to Roosevelt inclusively, and has been thoroughly conversant with their home lives while they resided in the White House." The home life of these Presidents provides the theme for his book, which is not only a



LIVIA, MOTHER OF TIBERIUS BY HER FIRST MARRIAGE AND AFTERWARD WIFE OF AUGUSTUS.

A GIRL OF THE PERIOD. HER NAME UNKNOWN.

PROBABLY ANTONIA, DAUGHTER OF MARK ANTONY AND OCTAVIA AND MOTHER OF GERMANICUS.

OCTAVIA, SISTER OF AUGUSTUS AND WIFE OF MARK ANTONY. DESERTED FOR CLEOPATRA.

ROMAN WOMEN OF THE TIME OF AUGUSTUS.

record of the personal character and characteristics of the men who have been elected to the nation's highest honor, but is a picture of typical American domestic manners at the best. It is to be hoped that no traveler will hereafter write his "impressions" of America until he has read and pondered it. Some were men of wealth and urban training, others comparatively poor, and reared in Western villages; some had had a university training, others only the education afforded by an inland college or none at all; but all were gentlemen, and the country had no cause to be ashamed of their private life, or to fear such an exposition of it as this. Yet much praise is due to Colonel Crook (and to Mr. Rood) for the great good taste with which they have chronicled these recollections.

As for "inside history" of great acts, sensational disclosures of "secrets of State," one need look here for none of these—certainly for no hints of scandalous gossip. One learns, rather, how Miss Nellie Grant was the first White House bride; the Johnson children gave the first children's party; Baby McKee distinguished himself by having the first Christmas tree; Mrs. Grant was the first to employ a housekeeper; Mrs. McKinley was the first to be seated beside her husband at State dinners; and how Mrs. Roosevelt enlarged the social scope of the Executive Mansion:

> "The list of entertainments for which Mrs. Roosevelt sent out invitations would appal almost any American woman. Yet so great was her capacity for carrying through her share of her husband's life, in addition to her own particular duties as wife, mother, home-maker, that she was able to live those seven busy years without losing health, strength, or the youthful, vivacious, charming presence that made her personality as remarkable as that of her husband. The White House social list of the Roosevelt Administrations makes record of some one hundred and eighty of these private entertainments, which were given during the six months' season of the several years. Each of them was a perfect example of elegant, but by no means extravagant, entertaining on the part of an American gentlewoman."

Anecdotes abound of course—stories at first hand—and often most amusing, tho Crook seems not to have had as keen an eye for that as for other kinds of things; but the pranks of the children that most of the time abounded in and about the White House will bring many a smile to the reader's face. The very first evening the Roosevelts were there young Archie followed stealthily after the trotting old lamplighter and extinguished every light in the grounds, until he was collared by one of the guards. It is odd to read of Mrs. Grant that "she always called the President 'Ulys'; and, excepting upon the most formal occasions, he always addrest her as 'Mrs. G.'" These are small matters (there is much graver information in the book); but they are such as put the bright bits into the texture of history; and it is exceedingly well that they have been written and printed in the altogether admirable manner here noticed.

The illustrations are largely from photographs presented to Colonel Crook by the Presidents or members of their families.

LITERATURE IN MILTON'S TIMES

Ward, A. W., and **Waller,** A. R., Editors. The Cambridge History of English Literature. Vol. VII. 8vo, pp. 613. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50 net.

The encyclopedia and the detailed history sometimes seem to the lover or reader of the books like a Pope's "needless Alexandrine"

> "That, like a wounded snake, drags its slow length along."

A series like that whose title heads this notice must needs be long, but not a single volume of it is needless. The countryman who was presented with the menu of a New York hotel was staggered at the thought that he was to take and digest such a multiplicity of viands. No man need read through a dictionary, but a dictionary must always be at his elbow, like a lawyer to whom the rich man pays an annual retaining fee. It is so with this History of English Literature. It is an invaluable work for consultation. Its very titles are suggestive. The literature of England, which many think to be the greatest and most permanent in the world, began with the romance, it reached its prime in the drama and, in the present volume, it took the first phase of modernism, in the rhymed couplet and the lyrics of the cavaliers. Such vastly different, yet equally creative minds as those of John Bunyan and George Herbert appeared in this Caroline Age, when Sir Thomas Browne and Hobbes produced their variously delightful lucubrations, and Izaak Walton introduced us to the riverside which has so long been a source of English poetic inspiration. Here we meet with the precursor of William Wordsworth in Henry Vaughan. Here stands Milton, the founder of the Christian epic in England from whom many poets, including the founders of modern German literature, Klopstock and Lessing, drew their inspiration.

The Caroline Age was perhaps curst as well as vitalized by the bitter religious and political controversies which separated Englishmen into the two hostile camps of Cavaliers and Roundheads. But from the resultant clash of ideas sprang to life the beginning of English journalism in Henry Muddiman's *Gazette* and the beginning of political satire, subsequently to be refined into the point and splendor of Dryden's majestic diatribe and Pope's polished and musical rapier-play of words.

The present volume contains a complete and accurate account of English letters and learning during the period it stands for, that is, the era immediately preceding that of Dryden. It is edited with the same care and with the same scrupulosity of finish as the preceding volumes. To many minds it will present a collection in which not only known great names are duly represented, but many minor stars and constellations for the first time brought to light. It is only by instituting a comparison with these lesser lights that the stature and splendor of the giants and geniuses of the literary world can be measured. One of the greatest merits of this series lies perhaps in the fact that it may reveal to the reader names and works which he had not previously known, but whose acquaintance it is a privilege to make.

Nowadays even specialists and teachers find themselves prest for time in keeping their engagements and conscientiously discharging their duties. We believe the present work will come as a great help and relief to those who deal with English history and literature on the broadest lines. It is impartial, exhaustive, and inspiring. The bibliographies are monuments of judicious research, the tables of dates and the indexes are masterly compilations as completing a perfect critical apparatus. There is no history of literature in any language which can compare with this. If we live in an Alexandrian Age, in which men of genius are more zealously engaged in gathering up, comparing, and arranging the writings of the past than in producing new creative work, we hail this work as a library worthy to be classed with that collection of Greek remains which was gathered by Zenodotus under the marble dome of the Ptolemies at Alexandria.

A KIPLINGESQUE HISTORY OF ENGLAND

Fletcher, C. R. L., and **Kipling,** R. A History of England. Illustrated in colors. Maps. Pp. 308. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.80 net.

Professor Fletcher and Mr. Kipling have here collaborated in an attempt to produce a virile, readable, boys' and girls' history of England, illuminated by verse. Mr. Kipling has probably not confined his influence to the verse. Every chapter bears the marks of his imperialistic color-scheme. Red corpuscles abound. From "our dear barbarian forefathers" (who are too often neglected in "short" histories) to the concluding moral the heroes are the Empire, the Army and the Navy, and the predominating motif is "Prepare for War!" For the "spoilt child," Ireland; for Mathilda, "a horrid female"; for the ungrateful American colonies, for stubborn kings such as James II., who, "if not like Edward II., a crowned ass, . . . was at least a crowned mule"; for the Chartist movement, for prime ministers more interested in finance and democracy than in Empire, Army, and Navy, for any who do not believe in imperialism and the infallibility of England the authors have a slap or a sword.

Tho we can not but admire the slash and swing of their creed, we find their gentler tones much more sure. For the historical facts Professor Fletcher's name ought to be sufficient guarantee, tho the Revival of Learning began before the Fall of Constantinople and paltry attention is given to the Industrial Revolution, whose humble and unnamed heroes laid the foundations of British manufacturing, commercial, and, consequently, imperial supremacy.

The style is an attempt to "talk down" to schoolboy level, and thus runs occasionally to crudities and slang not compatible with Imperial English. Rameses, Sennacherib, and Alexander would be amused to know that they "made a bid" for conquering the world. Many of the poems will, we fear, produce that doubtful shaking of the head which has followed much of Mr. Kipling's recent work. They are imitations of Kipling, but such imitations as only he could write. Of the two dozen lyrics, "The River's Tale," "With Drake in the Tropics," "The Secret of the Machines," and "The Glory of the Garden" are the strongest. Mr. Ford's colored illustrations are so splendid that one could wish the drawings colored also.

WHERE DANGER LURKS IN EUROPE

Woods, H. Charles. The Danger Zone of Europe. Changes and Problems in the Near East. Cloth, 8vo, pp. 324. Illustrations and Maps. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

The extreme opportuneness of a book like this on Turkey and the Balkan region, will bring it a host of readers, in spite of the fact that several competitors have appeared within the past year. The author, an English traveler and observer, has made two extended tours in that feverish part of the world since the present government took charge of things in Turkey, and he seems to have studied the political and economic situation there with care, and from advantageous points of observation. It was because he wanted to "explain some of the changes which have occurred, and to draw attention to a few of the problems which have arisen in the Near East as direct or indirect results of the Young Turk Revolution of July, 1908," that, Mr. Woods says, he has written the book.

Seven of the twelve chapters, accordingly, are devoted to Turkey under the new régime, and the information has the appearance of great accuracy as well as freshness. Most interesting at this time are the details of army organization, drill, and armament. Altho the armament is not uniform or in all respects up to date, the impression gained is that in a land-war—even a sudden one—Turkey would be a very ugly customer. On the sea, however, the condition is very different. The Navy, by a recent purchase of two ready-made German gunboats, has strengthened itself against Greece; but otherwise the Turkish Navy is of small account. Large space is given in the latter half of the volume to the Armenian massacres of 1909 at and about Adana in Asia Minor, and their political effect, which has brought about long-needed reforms in administration. Mr. Woods visited the scene of all the pogroms. Briefer chapters on the "Military Efficiency of Bulgaria," "Greece and Other Balkan Governments," close a book written most entertainingly as well as thoughtfully, and particularly interesting at the present juncture. A large number of illustrations of scenes and portraits of notables embellish the work.

A FINE BOOK ON JUDGE HOAR

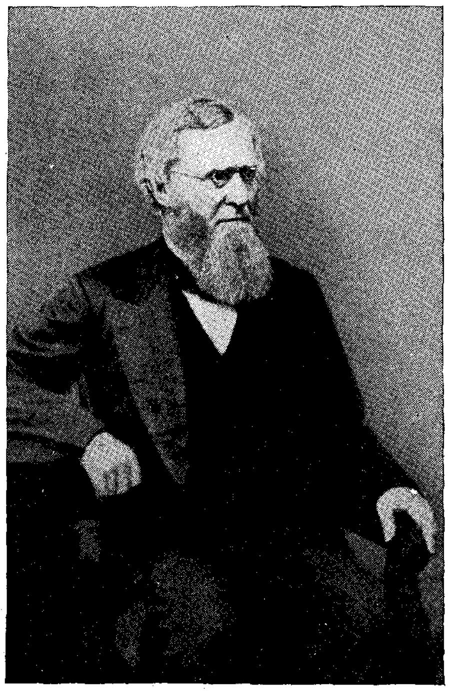
Emerson, Edward W., and **Storey,** Moorfield. Ebenezer Rockwood Hoar. A Memoir. Cloth, 12mo, 354 pp. Portrait. Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.50 net.

These authors, as might be expected of them, have given here a valuable as well as artistic contribution to American biography. Judge Hoar, allied by descent and association with the very cream of New England folk, dwelling in the midst of that circle which in the last generation represented the intellectual best of our land, and himself one of its brightest exemplars, furnished a fascinating subject; and his biographers impart to the reader the enjoyment they have evidently felt in depicting his life and character.

A man richly endowed and fortunately placed, he rose steadily to larger and larger prominence and usefulness, and while always living, and being heartily loved, in Concord or in Boston, he became concerned in legal and political movements of national range. His most active years were those preceding and during the Civil War and the reconstruction time which followed it; and he was one of the leaders, in the highest sense of the word, of the regenerative action whose instrument was the Republican party. Hence political historians will read with great interest the numerous private letters and other matter relating to this public aspect of Judge Hoar's life, because they illuminate the history of that time—especially when considered in connection with the autobiography of his brother, Senator Hoar.

Nevertheless, the most delightful half of the book is that which tells of Judge Hoar's home and neighborhood life; of his college days; of his early experiences at the bar; and of his acquaintance with that wonderful circle of men and women which dwelt in and about Boston, Cambridge, and Concord when Emerson, Alcott, Bartlett, Holmes, Lowell, Story, Thoreau, Stillman, and the Harvard University group of that day, were alive. Of this galaxy the Judge was a bright particular star, whose beams of wit brightened every gathering. A meeting of the Saturday Club, from which he was rarely absent, was a field-day for him, and the reminiscences of that remarkable society abound in stories of his brilliant sayings.

It is not surprizing, then, that the book has a rich fund of anecdotes, especially of his quickness at trenchant repartee. Sometimes it was mighty sharp. Senator Hoar once said of him, "When he sees a fool he knows him and can not resist the pleasure of telling him so." It was he—or he and Evarts together—who agreed that a certain pushing lawyer had got on, would probably get honor, and might get honest. But a sweeter fun was also ready. When, at the opening of the Civil War, one of his enthusiastic sons wanted his father to buy a big banner, and have a "raising," the Judge smilingly refused with the remark, "My boy, I believe in a patriotism that never flags."



JUDGE E. ROCKWOOD HOAR, OF CONCORD, MASS.

Attorney-General in Grant's Cabinet, who framed the Treaty of Washington, and of whom a biography is reviewed elsewhere.

THE BEST SINCE ROOSEVELT'S "AFRICAN GAME TRAILS"

Sheldon, Charles. The Wilderness of the Upper Yukon. A Hunter's Explorations for Wild Sheep in Sub-Arctic Mountains. Decorated Cloth, 8vo, pp. 354. Illustrated. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $3 net.

A favorable account of this book may be expected when the reviewer wishes to say flatly at the outset that, to his mind, it is the best American production in its class since Mr. Roosevelt's "African Game Trails." Mr. Sheldon is an excellent type of the hunter-naturalist, keenly alive to the joys of the chase, never killing wantonly, never, if possible, allowing a wounded animal to escape, alert, and indefatigable in studying the habits of every living thing, and sensitive to the beauty and influence of the natural world. Grant such a man some power of literary expression, and a good book is a matter of course.

The volume is a chronicle of several expeditions about the sources of the Yukon and some of its tributaries during the past six or eight years. Sometimes he was alone, often accompanied by others, such as Rungius, the animal painter; Osgood, of the Biological Survey; Selous, the famous elephant-hunter, or local friends. All were ardent hunters, proud of their trophies, but were something more besides, so that intellectual appreciation characterized their intercourse and is revealed in the writing or illustrating which each has done.

The special object in Mr. Sheldon's view was a study of the bighorns in their native haunts. Like the argali of the mountains of northeastern Asia, they present many variations in color of coat, form of horns, etc., and many names have been applied to isolated specimens. Mr. Sheldon, in common with other broad-minded zoologists, felt that wider knowledge would show that these variant forms blended into a single species; and he has shown that this is so. To gain this knowledge he hunted and watched and photographed in the high Rockies from the head of Coal Creek to the sources of the Macmillan River, visiting many a ridge and peak where no one has ever been before, so far as known, and detailing as merely a joyful part of the day's work exertions and hardships and adventures which the reader must think heroic.

But throughout the volume the student of animal life and the lover of the beauty of nature are visible. Once, for instance, he watched for a long time the actions of a grizzly and its young cub digging out and capturing ground squirrels. Then a careful stalk brought the old bear to bag. The cub stayed with the dead mother, and Mr. Sheldon attempted to capture it alive, approaching cautiously until within six feet of the spitting little creature that stood watching him.

"Suddenly," he relates, "it pushed forward its nose, sniffed at me several times in terror, turned, and rushed up the mountain slope. . . . It was a tiny cub, born the preceding winter, and could have received no impressions of human beings from its experience. It did not fear the *sight* of man, but the *scent* of man immediately inspired it with terror. What was the origin of that instinct? Surely, in that remote part of the country, the cub's ancestors could not have experienced a fear of the scent of man for generations numerous enough to have the trait registered in the nervous organization and fixt so that it was transmitted by heredity to the young! This would require frequent repetitions of the experience, through too many generations, and it is not reasonable to believe this possible. In my opinion this instinct had its origin in a period so remote in the past that we have no facts at all to explain it. . . . Casual observers have not always discriminated between sight and scent as they affect the action of animals."

The illustrations include, in addition to a large number of original and very fine photographs of scenery, animal life, and camp-scenes, a number of capital drawings by Carl Rungius.

ROBERT BROWNING AND MRS. BROWNING

Whiting, Lillian. The Brownings, Their Life and Art. Pp. 296. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1911. $2.50.

Biographical literature, to interest the casual reader, must possess unusual merit, and, in the case of the Brownings, would need some great power of original treatment, or some unique material in order to become an addition to the many great biographies written on this subject. Miss Whiting promised that this should be her most important work, and the result justifies her claim.

She has so familiarized herself with the works of the poets and the scenic setting of their lives, has had such exceptional opportunities for acquiring vital and intimate facts about them in personal conversations with their talented son and famous friends, and, thanks to the kindness and courtesy of Edith Bronson, now Countess Rucellai of Florence, is able to print so many letters of Mr. Browning to Mrs. Bronson hitherto unpublished, that the result is a book valuable not only to Browning societies, but to every literature lover.

The author has presented in separate chapters the lives of Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett up to the time of their meeting, revealing their spirits in the light of their home atmosphere and calling attention to the similarity of their tastes, their love of the Greek, and their devotion to poetry for art's sake. Every fact in regard to each she illustrates with quotations, either from their poems or letters.

It seems well-nigh incredible that there could have existed two such natures, rich in personality, full of the joy of living, and possessing such unequaled genius for giving and appreciating friendships. "Robert and Elizabeth Browning would have been great—even immortally great, as man and woman, if they had not been great poets. They both lived in a simple natural way the essential life of the spirit, the life of scholarship and noble culture, of the profound significance of thought—of creative energy, of wide interest in all the important movements of the day, and of beautiful and sincere friendships." Having met, there was no life for these two apart, and the author has pictured their fifteen years of married life with a tenderness that makes it almost sacred. Italy became their home, a land of dreams and realization where they lived and loved and wrote. The birth of their son only made their lives fuller and richer—an almost ideal existence.

They lived in a period peopled with brilliant genius and their range of friendship included Tennyson, Rossetti, Landor, Carlyle, Leighton, the Storeys, Harriet Hosmer, and many others among the eminent in every walk of life. No romance could fascinate and charm the reader more than this chronicle of real lives and the mutual appreciation of these married lover poets. After the death of his "Lyric Love," Robert Browning lived twenty-eight years—years of achievement, wonderful development, and social activity. It is during this period that he wrote the letters to Mrs. Bronson which appear for the first time in this volume, and in them we trace his constant devotion to his lost love, his tremendous pride in their son, and his desire to accomplish his life's work in a fitting way.

Lovers of the Brownings will love them more after a perusal of this new tribute, and the new friends that the book is bound to make will regret the years of delight they must have missed by a tardy appreciation of the message of their lives and poems.

TWENTY-FOUR VOLUMES FOR CHILDREN

Mee, Arthur, and **Thompson**, Holland, Editors-in-Chief. The Book of Knowledge, The Child's Encyclopedia. 24 volumes, 8vo. New York: The Grolier Society.

It has been said that the present is the children's age. If confirmation were required, we might find it in the present encyclopedia, which in twenty-four volumes arranges a vast collection of articles bringing down to the comprehension of children information on almost every conceivable topic. The world's knowledge may thus be said to be epitomized in a clear and popular style. All is illustrated by means of profuse pictures, and ingenious charts and diagrams.

In turning over the pages of the work one finds stories of the sky, sea, and earth and their interdependence. The development of animal life on the earth "until the diapason ended full in man" is shown by picture and pen. Rain, wind, heat and cold, the growth of plant life, botany, and forestry are clearly dealt with. Modern inventions are described from the telephone up to airships, automobiles, and the cinematograph.

Nor is literature neglected. We find here accounts of Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales" and of Shakespeare's plays. In the practical articles are "Things to make and to do," and there is a "Book of School Lessons." Scattered throughout the volumes, among the most interesting morsels are poems, rimes, legends, problems, etc. It is a work of amusement as well as of instruction and education and a notable example of editorial skill in the choice of topics and in their treatment as matter suited for children's perusal.

Many an adult will linger over these pages, fascinated alike by the luminous text and the multitude of illustrations. Children will pick out such articles as particularly suit their minds and temperaments. One of the uses of such a work should be to assist parents, their sons, and daughters in finding out whether a child's natural bent be toward science, mechanics, trade, or literature. The compilation is English in origin, but it has been conscientiously and skilfully adapted to the tastes of transatlantic readers. An exhaustive and well-made index makes accessible any topic treated in these twenty-four octavos.

MARIE CORELLI'S NEW NOVEL

Corelli, Marie. The Life Everlasting. Pp. 439. New York: Hodder & Stoughton. George H. Doran Co. 1911. $1.35.

For years the world has been speculating about Marie Corelli's religious belief. Every cult has found at some time or other reason for thinking—"she is one of us." In a very explicit prologue to this new book, she gives in detail the history of her writing, discoursing freely about her experiences and convictions, but aside from assuring her readers that she is neither Spiritualist, Christian Scientist, nor Theosophist, still leaves the problem unsolved. Her novels, beginning with the "Romance of Two Worlds," and including "Ardath," "The Soul of Lilith," "The Sorrows of Satan," "Barabbas," "The Master Christian," and ending with this new novel, she wrote as the "result of a deliberately conceived plan and intention," linked together by one "theory." They all partake of a certain supernatural mysticism, and are deeply tinged with the psychic and the occult.

The story in this volume is told in the first person by the heroine. In itself, it is a simple love story, but the story is only an excuse for a dissertation. The text is, "There is no death, what seems so is transition." Miss Corelli is past master of an art of word-painting. When she comes to deal with "amethystine tints," "opalescent mists," "velvet sward," and the "perfume of flowers," there is no one now writing who can surpass her.

The lovers have been lovers through several incarnations, but have been separated through their own hesitancy or errors. They see visions of approaching happiness, but the heroine longs to reach the plane of perfection with Rafel Santoris, and like him become master of all the forces of nature. There is so much of the transcendental in the story that the disciples of "New Thought" should find it most satisfying. Even the practical minded will find much underlying the rhapsodies that is suggestive of common sense. "Bear in mind that you have nothing to thank any one for, and nothing to blame any one for in the shaping of your destiny but yourself—the only power any man has ever had, or ever will have to contend with."

Concentration of thought, command of the will, hypnotic suggestion, all play their parts. It is worthy of note that the heroine's greatest success came when she forced herself to rise above the voices of slander and vituperation. The theory of love, life, and power depicted in this thrilling romance would be pleasant to believe if we could only "think with" the author as she asks us to do.

MR. HITCHENS' "THE FRUITFUL VINE"

Hichens, Robert. The Fruitful Vine. Pp. 521. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. 1911.

Rome, the eternal city, has ever been the alluring goal of the tourist, the fascinating background for poem and story, and the inspiration of both sculptor and artist. Now Robert Hichens, whose wonderful description of the desert in his "Garden of Allah" made him famous as a creator of local atmosphere, has here written a long novel in which he tries to portray in the same way the beauty and

(*Continued on page* 692)

Twelve Beautiful Fall and Winter Colors to Please All Tastes
Ten Convenient Weights Allowing for All Preferences
Five Grades to Suit All Pocketbooks

The New Season's Holeproof Hose—Now At Your Dealer's

The Original Guaranteed Hose offers more this year than ever to buyers. Never before were such beautiful colors, such comfortable weights and such grades exhibited. All the old dealers and hundreds of new ones are showing them now. Examine this wide assortment before you lay in a supply of hose. Decide after seeing them if you don't want such hose as these, and the guarantee that goes with them. You can get the lightest weights if you want them, yet six pairs of every texture of "Holeproof" are guaranteed to wear without holes for six months.

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years of *tests* proved that the hose *deserved* guaranteeing. There's a difference between such a guarantee and one put on hose just to compete with another brand. Mr. Freschl has had thirty-eight years of experience. He of all men knows how to make stylish hose *that will wear a full six months.*

If you want hose that are soft, close-fitting and comfortable—hose that eliminate darning and bother—look for that mark on the next hose you buy. There are scores of imitations—hose made with cheap yarn. They can't be compared with the genuine "Holeproof," so see that you get it.

Sold in Your Town

The genuine "Holeproof" is sold in your town. We'll tell you the dealers' names on request or ship direct where there's no dealer near, charges prepaid on receipt of remittance.

There are twelve colors, ten weights and five grades for men; seven colors, three weights and three grades for women, and two colors, two weights and three grades for children. Six pairs, guaranteed six months, cost $1.50 up to $3, according to finish and weight. Silk hose for men and women, three pairs guaranteed three months, cost $2 for men and $3 for women.

Look over the "Holeproof" line at a dealer's. Write for free book, "How to Make Your Feet Happy."

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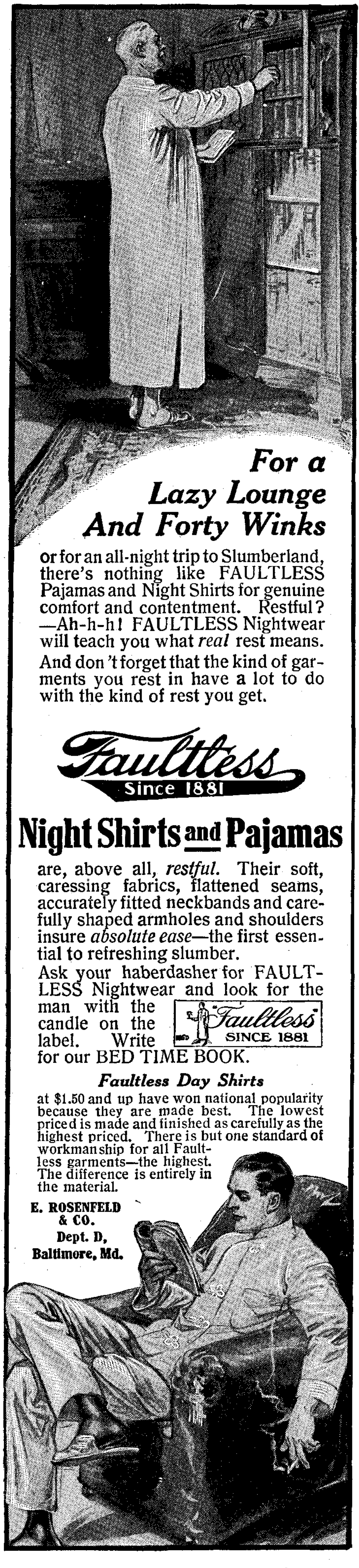
Are Your Hose Insured?

(23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REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS

(*Continued from page* 690)

power of Rome, its powerful influence on the dwellers within its gates, and the subtle way in which it influences the characters who move with inevitable certainty through the pages of his story.

That there are two distinct Romes, the ancient and the modern, is clear to any one who has ever visited that wonderful and tantalizing city. The suddenness with which one comes upon the evidences of Rome's former majesty and power, its relics and its ruins, in close proximity to its modern splendor and cosmopolitan conventionalities is startling to the mind as well as the eye.

All this Mr. Hichens has dwelt on, but, unfortunately, has made clearer than all else the present condition of the modern social society circle—with its deplorable looseness of speech and morals, the independence of action of both men and women, impossible under absolutely healthy conditions. In the story the author strikes deep into the roots of man's motives for action and has an illustrative character for almost every abstract vice or virtue.

Sir Theodore Cannynge and his wife had been married ten years—years of loving devotion with no cloud in their sky of absolute happiness and contentment except their childlessness, which was a great grief to them both. The contrast between their life and the home life of happy parents is graphically illustrated by the intercourse between them and the Denzils, whose first son was named for Sir Theodore and who are an ideally happy couple.

Under the influence of this friendship, a barrier grows unconsciously between Sir Theodore and his beautiful and youthful wife Dolores. The former spends more and more of his time in the home where childish love and laughter bring him the happiness he craves, and Dolores, feeling her barrenness a reproach, throws herself thoughtlessly into the social-butterfly existence and under the influence of those of light minds and morals.

The power of a fixt idea on the mind is worked out consistently. With Dolores it becomes a morbid obsession and she struggles through some mental processes which the author portrays with merciless and brutal frankness until she sins, arguing as many a casuist has done before her, that the end justifies the means. Even a casual reader will be forced to ask some very searching questions in regard to the truth of some of the physiological statements made by the author, but each one will feel the power of the problem as it is conceived and will be profoundly moved by some of the tragic episodes, particularly Francis Denzils' facing of impending death, with a smile that spares all his loved ones.

THE NEW NOVEL OF MARGARET DELAND

Deland, Margaret. The Iron Woman. Pp. 478. New York and London: Harper & Bros. 1911. $1.35.

Those who enjoyed "The Awakening of Helena Richie," will be glad in this new book by the same author to meet her again in company with her son David. The first part of the story seems to be a complete and well-worked-out preparation for the spiritual struggle and tensely dramatic problem that is unfolded in the course of the novel and represents the home life and childish intercourse of the few friends whose lives are so closely woven together in a web of love and hate, successes and failures. It is this detailed account of the growth from light-hearted irresponsible childish spontaneity into the real problems of mature life that makes possible the cumulative force of the plot and explains the final powerfully dramatic scene between Helena, Elizabeth, and David. Mrs. Richie's part in the solution of her son's spiritual problems rings so true and is so intensely convincing that the reader rejoices when the final page brings to her peace and happiness in spite of herself.

"The Iron Woman" is an entirely new character in fiction—a woman of masculine intellect, self-reliance, vigor, and ambition, who maintains her husband's foundry and brings up her son and step-daughter, unconscious that they need love and home refinements as well as money, which she strives so hard to make and gives to them so generously. And so Blair Maitland grows up, hating his ugly home, ashamed of his unlovely mother, and without the incentive to work or an understanding of the tenderness and loving ambition that prompts his mother to furnish wealth so lavishly.

The author knows how to make clear the yearning heart under the iron exterior and shows the woman's strength in her sincere attempt to repair the damage when she realizes her mistake. Unfortunately, the unhealthy roots had gone too deep, and Mrs. Maitland had many hours of bitterness when she realized it.

Mrs. Deland's characters seem real and the ungovernable anger of Elizabeth Ferguson finally brings its inevitable agony and sorrow which involves those she loves as well as herself, and the man who was robbed of the necessity and incentive to work is a "pithless creature." It is a really powerful book of deep sympathies, fascinating conversations, strong character delineation, and with a strong appeal to head as well as heart.

TABOO

Frazer, J. G. Taboo and the Perils of the Soul. Pp. xv, 446. London and New York: The Macmillan Co. $3.25 net.

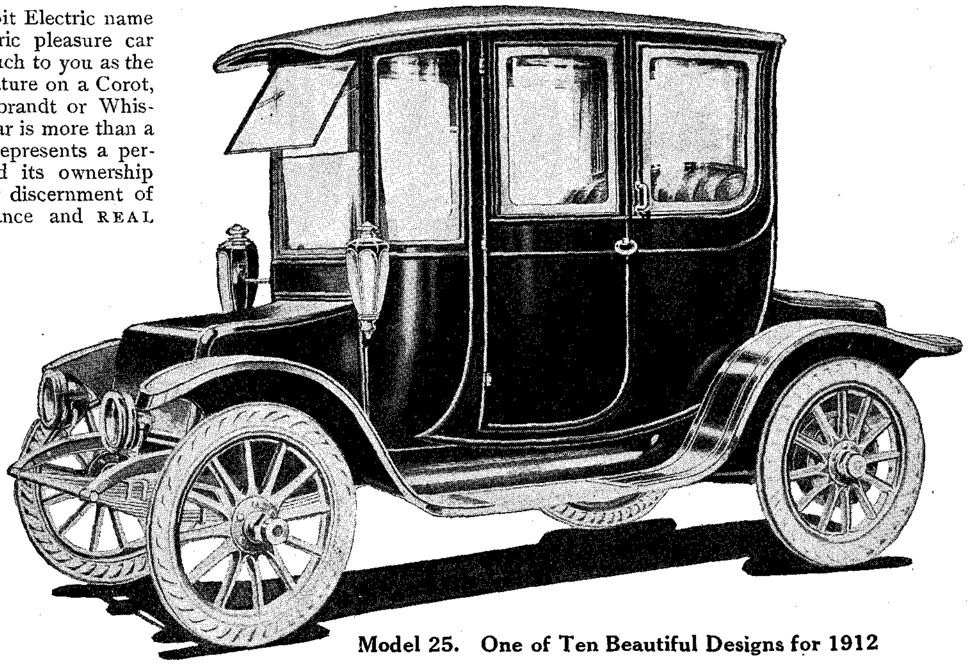
The history of the development of culture has made its great gains in recent years largely by employing the comparative method and using not merely or even principally the data furnished by what may be called the higher grades of civilization. The facts afforded by study of the customs of primitive peoples, not only of the present but of the past, as recorded in the history of travel and in such classics as the works of Herodotus and Pausanias, have shed abundant new light on the story of man. The industrious have collected large bodies of these facts, so that books like Tylor's "Primitive Culture" and Frazer's "Golden Bough" have come to be storehouses of data for the student of anthropology, of primitive psychology, and of early religious ideas.

These facts come upon study to group themselves about definite centers, and so it

(*Continued on page* 694)

Superior to Lemonade
Horsford's Acid Phosphate
A teaspoonful added to a glass of cold water, with sugar, makes a refreshing drink.

The Detroit Electric name on an Electric pleasure car means as much to you as the artist's signature on a Corot, Millet, Rembrandt or Whistler. The car is more than a utility. It represents a personality and its ownership reveals your discernment of TRUE elegance and REAL worth.



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A slight movement of the hand—always in a natural, restful position on the horizontal lever—and you have a choice of five speeds. **Move it back of neutral position and you apply the hub brakes, without even touching the foot pedals,** or you can, also, bring the car to an abrupt stop by one pressure of the foot, which acts on four powerful, rear wheel brakes and at the same time instantly stops the flow of current,—a ***double*** safety device, patented.

The instant response of the car to your slightest wish naturally creates an irresistible desire to know about the unseen beauty of its mechanism upon which ***all*** depends. You wish to know about the storage of electricity, how it is turned into mechanical power by the motor and then carried to the wheels without waste through the "Chainless" Shaft Drive—another patented feature.

Explanatory Note—The word "Chainless" does not refer to the absence of side chains alone, but applied to the shaft drive, means no chain or gear reductions concealed at the motor, beneath the car. A "Chainless" Shaft Drive has 1130 fewer parts than a Shaft Drive constructed with concealed chains, a self-evident advantage.

All battery cell are "get-at-able" by simply raising the piano-hinged hoods, an absolute necessity for proper inspection and "venting" while on charge.

All body panels are of aluminum. They do not check, crack or warp. That means long life, continued beauty of finish and easy repair.

Bodies are hung lower but not so extreme that there is danger to vital machinery from insufficient clearance. Wonderful springs of improved design, smooth over any unevenness of the road. Ball bearing steering knuckles make steering remarkably easy.

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Tires—Pneumatic or Motz Cushion.

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Do not hesitate to write us for any information you may desire.

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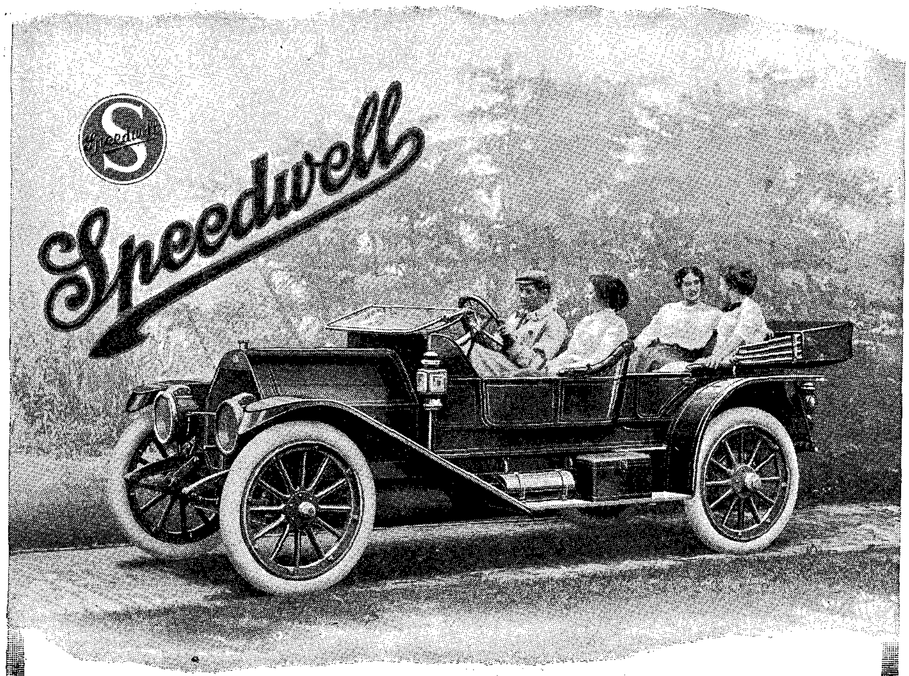

Speedwell fore-door toy tonneau. Price with standard equipment $2700, top and wind-shield extra. All models have 50 H.P. 4-cylinder motor, 123-inch wheelbase and 36-inch wheels.

For comfort and luxury compare this car with any other

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The beauty of the line and finish and smartness of every appointment help round out a luxurious whole that satisfies most exacting motorists.

This luxury and comfort, when coupled with the mechanical excellence found in the Speedwell, explain why this car—though selling at $2500 to $2900—ranks with the very highest priced cars built.

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Money back if not pleased. Send 20c for trial bottle (prepaid).

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183 First Street, San Francisco, Cal.

Regular Bottle Rieger's Flower Drops
San Francisco, New York, Paris.

(Continued from page 692)

is that the new edition of the "Golden Bough," with a vastly increased apparatus, is being issued in a series of volumes which bear separate titles and deal with definite limited subjects. Mr. Frazer's present recast, or expansion, of his earlier chapter on taboo is practically exhaustive. It is probable that no class of taboo is omitted, while the wealth of illustration makes the volume indispensable to the student interested in the branches named. The discussion is eminently sane, and is not subject to the dissent or doubt which is raised, for instance, by his theory and explanation of totemism, or by his reduction of so many duties to the status of gods of vegetation (in the former edition of the "Golden Bough" or in his "Attis, Adonis, and Osiris"). Comparative religionists particularly will need the book, illuminating as it does not merely early and primitive as well as savage beliefs, but the development and manifestation of these in such advanced religions as Judaism and Christianity.

MR. BRUCE'S NEW VOLUMES

Bruce, H. Addington. Scientific Mental Healing. Cloth, 12mo, Little, Brown & Co. $1.50 net.

Mr. Bruce's new volume comprizes a series of essays relating to the various manifestations of mind-cure, ancient and modern, but particularly the methods and results of the last half-century. There is somewhat of theory and very intelligent explanation of the principles of mental action involved in the curative effects which have so frequently been obtained; but chiefly the book is historical, and its material is rendered vivid and entertaining by an abundance of anecdotes and narratives of personal peculiarities and experience. The author is not, apparently, an advocate of any one sort of mental healing, but points out the substratum of truth in all serious systems, and the physiological and psychological facts to which these practitioners owe such favorable response as they get to their efforts. The most valuable as well as interesting chapter is that which treats of hypnosis, its benefits and its dangers.

THE GREAT FOREIGN UNIVERSITIES

Thwing, Charles F. Universities of the World. Cloth, 12mo, pp. 284. Illustrated. The Macmillan Co. $2.25 net.

Dr. Thwing has already many books to his credit relating to schools and education and collegiate life and ideals. The present is a descriptive review, enhanced by many excellent photographic illustrations, of the universities of the first rank of importance in Europe and Asia, from Oxford to Tokyo. Dr. Thwing finds they fall into four classes. First, those of the German type, where research and laboratory work are supreme; second, those which seek to cultivate intellectual strength and power of character, and this class is exemplified in the Scottish and in our own universities; third, a group of great institutions of which Oxford is a type, where the real purpose is the making of a gentleman; and, fourth, the universities of the new East—India, Japan, China, where efficiency is the ideal of training. In the light of such distinctions Dr. Thwing has written a descriptive book which will be read in the academic world with much interest.

A NATURALIST IN THE HIMALAYAS

Stebbing, E. P. Stalks in the Himalayas. Jottings of a Sportsman-Naturalist. With Upward of a Hundred Illustrations by the Author and Others. Cloth, 8vo, pp. 320. John Lane. $4 net.

This is a book for the sportsmen interested in the big game of the mountains of northern India and in stories of shooting. The author, already known by his "Jungle Byways in India," rambles about the hills, taking his hardships as a part of the fun, and keeping his eyes open for game—goral, ibex, markhor, hangul, bears, cats big and little, and the birds and fish that help fill the pot.

He shows himself a good type of the British sportsman, content, after an all-day stalk which brings him at last to the game, to refrain from shooting if he sees no "good heads," or only ewes in the flock. The pages read like the talk about such a man's camp-fire, never diverging far from the incidents of the day's sport, rarely very thrilling or novel, not carrying much information of value for anything else but a repetition of the performance, but eternally pleasing to the reader who likes that sort of thing. The illustrations are mainly "thumb-nail" sketches.

GRAHAME-WHITE ON AIR-SHIPS

Grahame-White, Claude. The Story of the Aeroplane. Cloth, 8vo, pp. 388. Photographic illustrations. Small, Maynard & Co. $2 net.

A few weeks ago there was noticed here an excellent book edited by Mr. Grahame-White, but largely composed of essays by specialists in the art of using aeroplanes. The present volume seems to be an adaptation of that material, the author having recast it into a continuous account by his own pen. The history of the development of air-machines, their latest improvements, the records of enlarged usefulness as shown in successive "meets" and cross-country flights, an analysis of the reasons for the bad accidents that have occurred, and an intelligent discussion of the value and probable usefulness of the invention, make up a general treatise which should be read by all interested in the sport, or hopeful of its practical service.

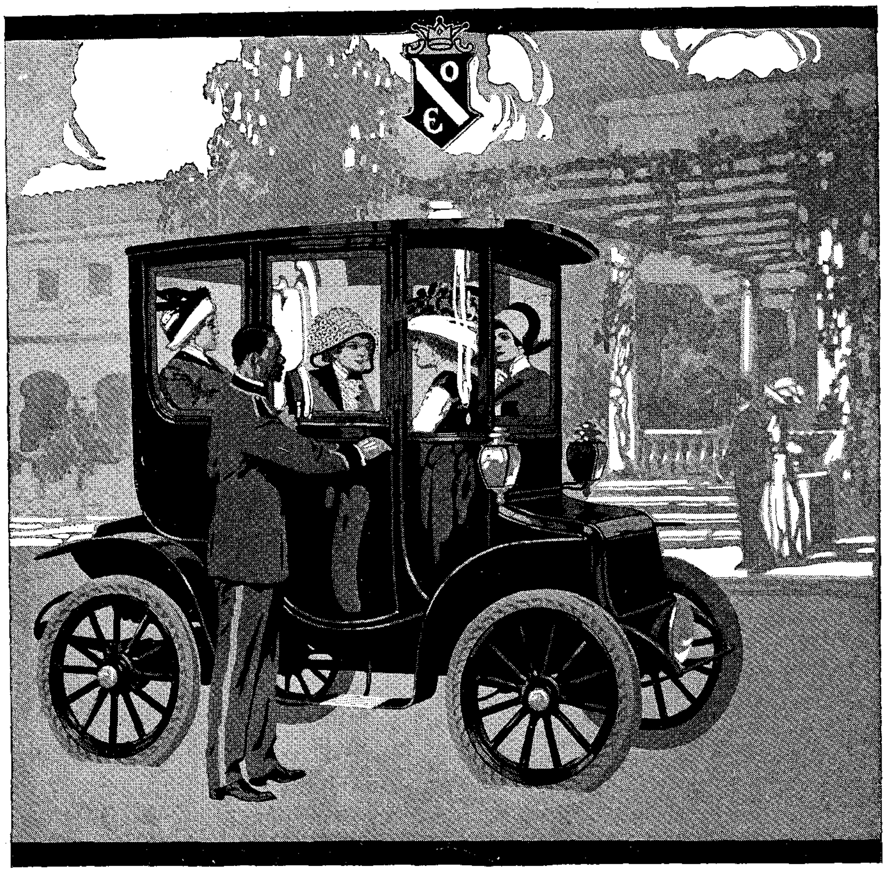
THE LIFE DRAMA OF THE YEAR

Thomson, J. Arthur. The Biology of the Seasons. Cloth, 8vo, pp. 380. Illustrated. Henry Holt & Co. $2.75 net.

Dr. Thomson is professor of natural history at the University of Aberdeen, Scotland, is well known as the author of Darwinism and Human Life," and of other books which elucidate the results of zoological investigation by the light of evolution. All these books are popular in the best sense, because they never weary the reader by needless technicalities or details, are broad and imaginative, and yet are scientifically attested.

The present volume, the author tells us, he regards with peculiar interest, because in it he has attempted to realize a pleasing ideal, namely, "to study the drama of the year with the sympathetic feeling of the old naturalists, such as Gilbert White, with Darwin's dominant sense of correlation and evolution, and with Spencer's grasp of the unity of science."

This framework is little apparent to the reader, however, who would hardly suspect that the grouping of the thirty-five or forty detached essays was significant; nor will he much care. The titles show little



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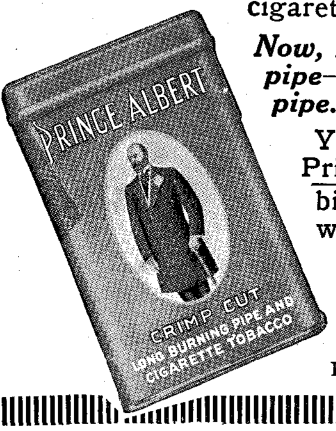

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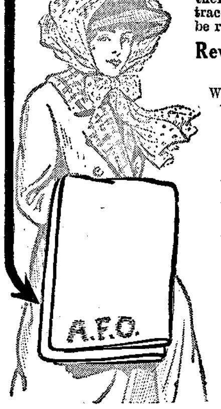

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novelty of theme. Some of the chapters are: "That Tale of Tadpoles," "Rythms of Plant Life," "Some Questions Concerning Migration," "Courtship of Birds," "The Natural History of Nests," "The Work of Earthworms," "The Natural History of Rest," "Hibernation," "Old Age and Death." In matter, however, there is fresh material and fresh thought, often of a most striking kind, and (there being a good index) the naturalist will put the volume among his books of reference after he has browsed among the pleasures of its contents. One opening the book almost anywhere may find fruitful seeds of thought—here is a random example: after stating briefly the theory of the play of animals offered by Schiller, and afterward expanded by Spencer, and the objections to it, Professor Thomson supports Gross's explanation of the "play instincts," and remarks:

"Play is more than the apprenticeship, the rehearsal, introductory to future life and work. It is more than a means whereby the brain may be freed from some of its hereditary burdens and thus left more 'educable.' It is one of the few opportunities which afford free scope for variations without too rigorous selection. This is of very great importance as regards the practical outlook of man, and perhaps also as regards art, and we need hardly say that it has been an important factor in the intellectual evolution of animals. In the real business of life, most initiatives—'new departures,' 'idiosyncrasies,' 'variations'—are subject to rigorous selection, which often nips them in the bud. Play is nature's device for granting temporary elbowroom for variations, some of which may form part of the raw material of progress."

A NEW LIFE OF WASHINGTON

Whipple, Wayne. The Story Life of Washington. 2 vols., 8vo, pp. 700. Philadelphia: John C. Winston Co. $3 net.

The author of the "Story Life of Lincoln" here turns back in history to treat in a similar way the life of our country's father. He has certainly produced a quite pleasing book. Anecdote after anecdote, incident after incident attract the reader's attention or amuse his fancy. Sometimes, of course, we meet with a story of which we say, *se non è vero, è ben trovato;* for a bad chestnut must needs be sometimes found in a full bag. On the whole, as we are assured, these amusing, interesting, or affecting pictures of Washington's childhood, youth, and manhood are as true as they are well set forth, and make the book worthy of a place on the shelves of a popular historic library. Washington was not only the first great soldier who led American citizens to victory in the cause of liberty; he was surrounded by brilliant statesmen and jurisconsults whose ideas and aspirations he carried out by the initial action of war. He was, indeed, the sword of the newborn Republic.

In other respects, Washington was a natural, high-principled gentleman representing the dignity of the country sometimes with a contrasting influence on the "Jeffersonian simplicity" of his contemporaries. This human side of his character is well illustrated by Mr. Whipple in his fresh, breezy, and sparkling pages. The text is much assisted by the forty-eight full-page plates, printed on coated paper in two colors of ink. The volumes are handsomely bound and the whole manufacture of them attracts by its tasteful style.

PERSONAL GLIMPSES

CONVICTS CHEERING A CONVICT PLAY

ALL those who have attended "Alias Jimmy Valentine" in the past will be at least interested to read that that stirring play of convict life, which on so many occasions has warmed the hearts of law-abiding citizens of the land, was as much of a thriller to nearly 2,000 prisoners at the San Quentin Prison in California some two weeks ago. The prisoners, of whom nine had been convicted to die, cheered rampantly the exciting elements of the play, and when at the end the hero's pardon is finally secured, their joy made itself known for miles around. The Governor of California was himself an interested spectator and, tho visibly affected by the scene, refused to make comment or to admit that he proposed pardoning any of the condemned men. The following account of this unique performance is gleaned from the San Francisco *Evening Post* of October 5. It recounts that:

> Sitting with their heads bared in the sunlight of the prison yard, with "condemned row" as the lobby of their open-air theater, 1,851 prisoners—nine of them condemned to die—unfolded one of the greatest dramas of life to-day as "Alias Jimmy Valentine," the great convict play, was enacted by the same company that has been appearing before San Francisco audiences.
>
> The production of the noted play, which carries with it a mighty lesson to all humanity, marked one of the most remarkable incidents in the history of prisons. It was the first time in history that a professional play, with all its scenery and original cast, was ever given inside the walls of an institution where men and women are denied the rights of associating with persons of the outer world because of their crimes against society.
>
> It was the most unique audience that ever gathered to witness a play and the rows of men in their stripes of shame and the women prisoners in their blue dresses furnished a scene that has never before been witnessed.
>
> It was the drama of life revolving about the drama of the stage, and as the regeneration of the stageland burglar was unfolded, the enthusiasm of the convicts waxed warmer and warmer until it ended in a mighty cheer for the character that showed them their inner selves as they wished to be known when once outside the walls of the prison.
>
> But for the stripes on every hand one would have forgotten that he was in a prison. The convicts were not treated as outcasts of society, but as men of the world. There were speeches, extolling the virtues of the stageland burglar who "turned good."
>
> When the noon hour approached the prisoners were taken to the prison yard, where everything had been arranged for the great show. They took their seats, even as you would take your seat in a "first-come-first-served" theater. The prison

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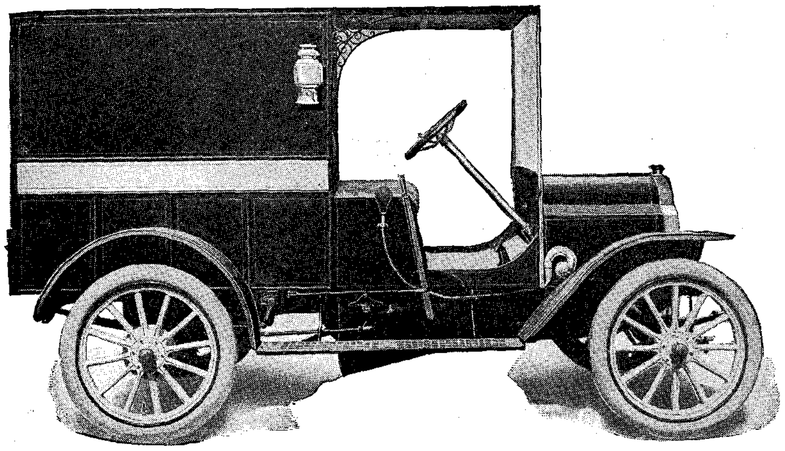

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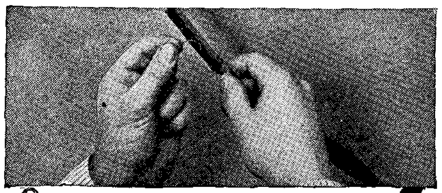

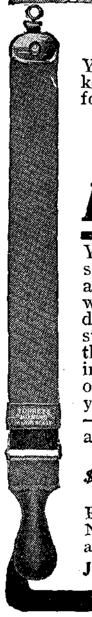

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band played the usual overture and then the curtain of canvas was raised and "Alias Jimmy Valentine," with his message of hope to the poor souls denied their liberty, was theirs.

The audience was composed of prisoners, with the nine condemned men sitting close by the fifteen women, who were the special guests of Warden Hoyle. No outsiders, beyond newspaper men and prison attachés, were allowed inside the walls.

The play which dealt with a convict's struggles for reformation was presented on a convict-built stage, with part of the scenery painted by convicts. A convict band furnished the music. The stage was in a corner of the prison yard and the players' voices echoed back from the windows of the death-cell.

When seemingly the last convict had been seated on a slope looking over the walls, nine cell doors clanked open and as many men, condemned to death, clattered down the iron stairs and lined up at the foot, with George Figueroa, a happy-faced boy who is to die for the murder of his wife in Los Angeles, at the head.

Mrs. Hiram W. Johnson, wife of the Governor of California, with a member of the State Board of Pardons and his wife, were the only civilian guests present, altho high officials for three days past interceded for themselves and their friends to obtain admittance.

The first scene, we read, was most realistic:

> It showed the office of the warden in the play and the furniture was taken from the office of Warden Hoyle.
>
> Then as each scene was unfolded the prisoners compared it with their own life, and that the experiment was a telling one could be gathered from the expressions heard on all sides. All agreed that the show was a good one. Some of the men, prominent in the days before their crime made them outcasts, reviewed the show with the stoicism of the man of the outer world.
>
> Others not so well groomed in the advance of the drama talked of it as a child with some new toy. They could not review it with the same light that the others had, but its moral sank all the deeper, and for the time they forgot that they were looking and hearing only the artificial life of the stage and lost themselves in its story as tho they were watching the game of life.
>
> From early morning there was much hurry and bustle about the prison, for the convicts made ready the stage settings under the guidance of a skilled stage-hand. Captain William G. Leale of the steamer *Caroline*, and known as "the prisoners' friend," carried extra chairs and scenery from this city to the prison early to-day and the prisoners hustled as they never did before to get everything in place in time for the curtain to rise on time.
>
> When it was time for the play to begin, the prisoners gathered in the grounds, where a natural amphitheater is formed under the walls of the old sash factory. No extra guards were employed, and the convicts moved in an orderly manner. It was an event, indeed, in their lives, and to some it brought back the ever-haunting yesterday.
>
> The warden of the play and the warden of San Quentin are two different characters.

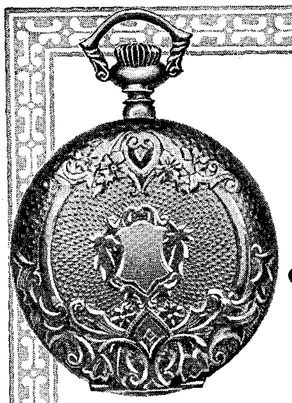
One, the stage warden, is an unthinking, unsympathetic, uncouth brute. John Hoyle, warden of San Quentin, is a fair friend, kind and considerate of every man who wears the stripes. The man that stalked the boards in that prison yard was far different in his relation to "Alias Jimmy Valentine" than Warden Hoyle appears in the eyes of the unfortunates in the prison.

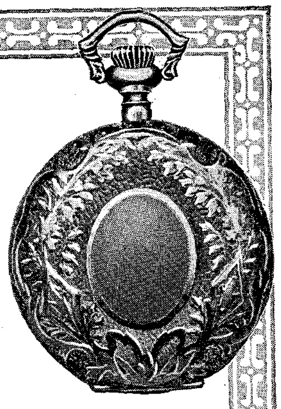
Jimmy Valentine himself illustrates "honor among thieves." On the stage he is portrayed, by H. B. Warner, an Englishman, and he captivates you from the moment he makes his first appearance till the curtain drops. He never "peaches" on his "pals," and it is his very stedfastness that wins for him his reward in the end.

A MODERN GIFT OF TONGUES

THE Scriptural account has it that Peter's sermon on the Day of Pentecost was miraculously heard by every auditor in his own tongue, no matter what land he came from. Not since that time, however, have all the nations of Asia Minor had the gospel in their own language till Dr. Elias Riggs went to Turkey as a missionary. Dr. Riggs has made this his main work, and his task and equipment for it are so remarkable that had he been in America, his fame would have been nation-wide. As it is, Turkey and its many races will not soon forget him. The story of his achievements is told in the new book of William Eleroy Curtis, the well-known journalist, whose sudden death was one of the unfortunate occurrences of the past fortnight. It is called "Around the Black Sea" (George H. Doran Company), and in it we are informed that:

> The career of the Rev. Dr. Elias Riggs stands unique in missionary annals. For sixty-nine years he labored in the Turkish Empire, with only one visit to the United States. On that occasion, he was invited to accept a professorship at Yale University, which he promptly declined in order to continue his missionary work. Doctor Riggs was a genius in languages. He was one of the most learned men of his time. He was the King of Translators. He translated the Bible and other books into all the languages of Turkey and Bulgaria. He translated many hymns into those languages, and many of his own verses are still sung in the Christian churches of the East. His entire life was devoted to the labor of bringing Christian literature within reach of the numerous races which composed the Ottoman Empire, for no foreigner has ever known their complex dialects so well as he.
>
> At one time there was a very stormy meeting of missionaries at Constantinople. Good men often differ in opinion and sometimes do not hesitate to criticize the opinions of others. If everybody thought alike this world would not make much progress. We all know that friction makes the wheels go round. It was one of those occasions when good men of strong character differ as to the proper course that should be adopted, and the discussion was long and earnest, and sometimes so earnest that some of the wise and good men lost their





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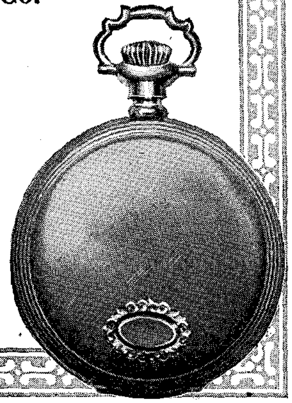

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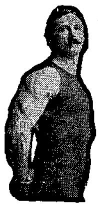

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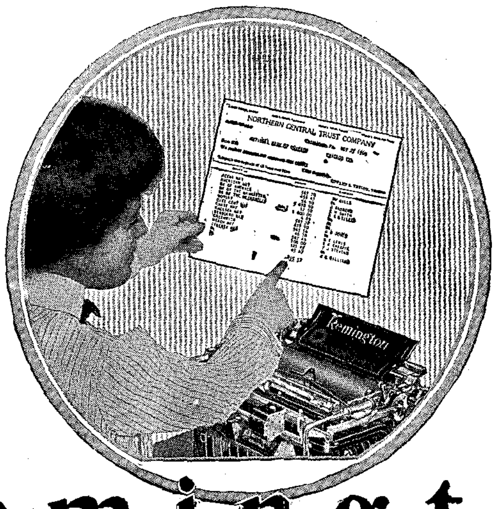

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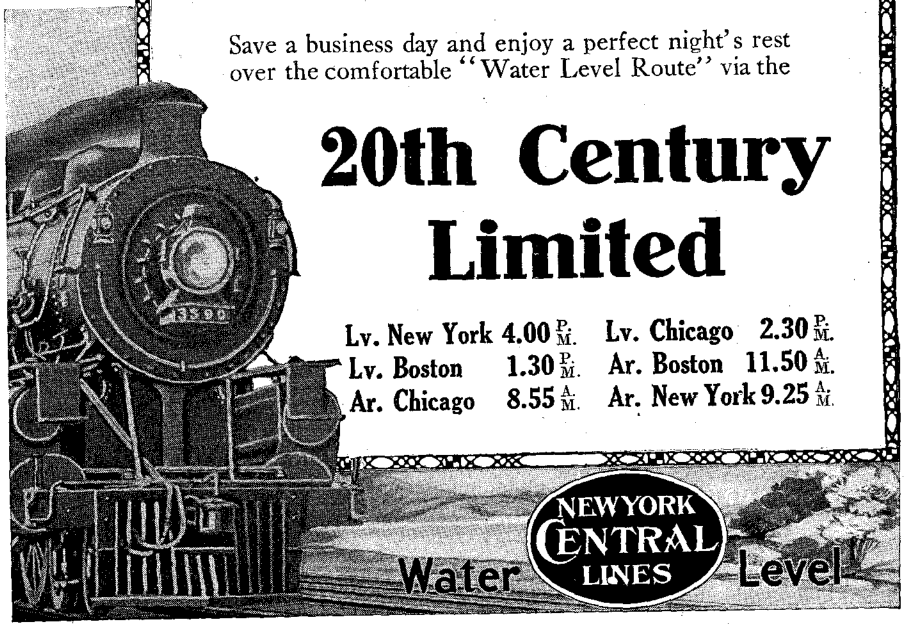


tempers. A newcomer, who was deeply interested in the debate and sat through the sessions for several days, asked one of his colleagues the name of "a little old man who has been present from the beginning and has never said a word." The reply was:

"That is Dr. Elias Riggs, and he is able to keep silent in seventeen different languages."

At the dedication of a new church in Smyrna, several years ago, the program of exercises was made up so that every community in that polyglot city should be represented, and Dr. Riggs, who presided, introduced each speaker in the language that he was to use.

Dr. Cyrus Hamlin, founder of Robert College at Constantinople, was a master of colloquial conversation, which he picked up by contact with his fellow men rather than from books, and, while he was not always correct in his moods and tenses, he never failed to make himself understood. He used to tell a good story on himself to illustrate the difference between his own linguistic accomplishments, and those of Dr. Riggs. He said that a learned Armenian, complimenting him upon the freedom with which he spoke that language, remarked:

"Dr. Riggs, he speaks the Armenian grammatic; but you speak Armenian idiotic."

Dr. Riggs was never detected in a grammatical error in the use of the seventeen languages with which he was familiar. Whether he was speaking, writing, or translating, he used each language "grammatic."

When Dr. Riggs was in the prime of his usefulness, a committee, previously appointed, finished a translation of the New Testament in the Komanji language, which is spoken by a barbaric clan of Kurds in the mountains of northern Mesopotamia and the eastern section of Turkey. When the committee brought their manuscript to the printing-office at the Bible House in Constantinople, they were asked if they had submitted it to Dr. Riggs. They replied promptly:

"Dr. Riggs has never been in the Kurdistan mountains; he knows nothing of the Komanji language, and, therefore, we have never thought of consulting him."

And they were very much annoyed at the pressure brought upon them by people at the Bible House who insisted that the manuscript ought to be submitted to the criticism of the greatest translator in the world before subjecting the board to the expense of putting it in type. The committee was finally compelled to yield, and asked Dr. Riggs if he would spare them a few hours to listen to a reading of their translation. He readily consented, and came into the conference with this well-worn old copy of the Greek Testament under his arm. As one of the committee read the Komanji version of the Gospel of St. Matthew aloud, Dr. Riggs followed him in his Greek text, and, in the middle of the second chapter, asked why they had translated a certain phrase differently from that given in the first chapter. The translators made a note of the criticism and said they would look it up. They made a similar note of another criticism a short time later, and then several more, and before they had finished the Gospel of St. Matthew, they turned the whole manuscript over for Dr.

Riggs to review and were finally compelled to put it through another thorough revision in which they were guided by his advice.

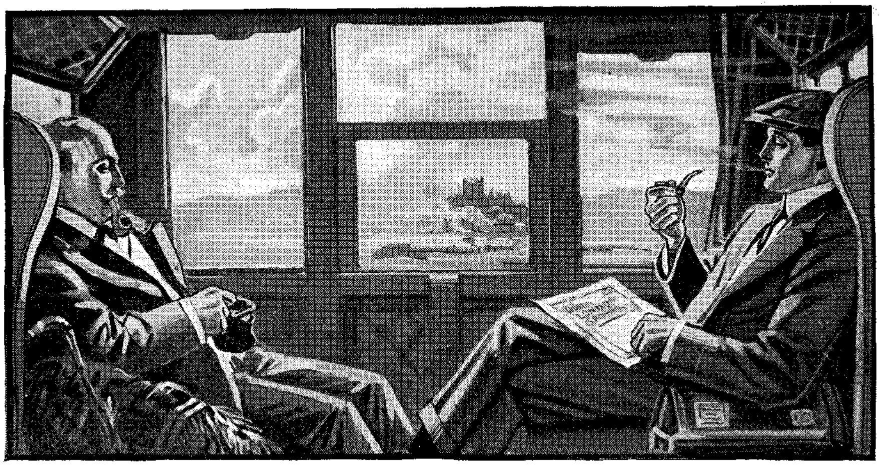
When he was quite a young man, and shortly before he entered the field, Dr. Riggs was thrown in with a party of Albanians for several weeks while traveling in that province. Twenty-five years later at a meeting of the American missionaries in European Turkey, a committee was appointed to arrange for the preparation and publication of an Albanian grammar. During the discussion, Dr. Riggs said nothing, but after a decision had been reached and a committee had been appointed, he remarked quietly to the chairman that several years before, while in Albania, he had taken a few notes concerning the language and would be glad to put them into the hands of the committee, who might find them of some aid in their work. The chairman took the manuscripts and thanked him. When the committee met and came to examine the "few notes" of Dr. Riggs, they were astonished to find that they comprized an almost complete grammar of the Albanian language, the fullest that had ever been undertaken, and it was the foundation of the text-book that was shortly afterward published.

The value of the services rendered by Dr. Riggs to the people of the various races which compose the Ottoman Empire can never be overestimated. He not only gave them translations of the Bible and other Christian literature, but furnished them the means of recording their spoken languages. By his translations of the Bible he accomplished for the Armenians, the Bulgarians, and other Turkish races, what the King James version of the Holy Scriptures accomplished for the English language and the English-speaking people, and what the translations and dictionary of Dr. Hepburn did for Japan. He made the literature of these races accessible to other scholars.

THE BOY WHO BROKE THE LIBERTY BELL

EVERY patriotic American has learned of Liberty Bell which from the belfry of the State House at Philadelphia proclaimed proudly the Declaration of Independence, and which seven years later made known the joyous news that peace between the United States and the mother country had been at last restored. For more than a century the old bell, still preserved in Liberty Hall, has been a shrine for countless pilgrims from every corner of the civilized world, who have all seen the large crack running the entire length of the bell, and unfitting it for duty. This break was always thought to have occurred while Liberty Bell was tolling at the funeral of Chief Justice John Marshall, on July 8, 1835, but other stories at odd intervals have gone the rounds, and this one in the New York *Times* is the latest. The writer tells us that:

> Now, more than three-quarters of a century after the old bell was silenced, comes a man who declares that none of the more or less accepted versions of how it came to



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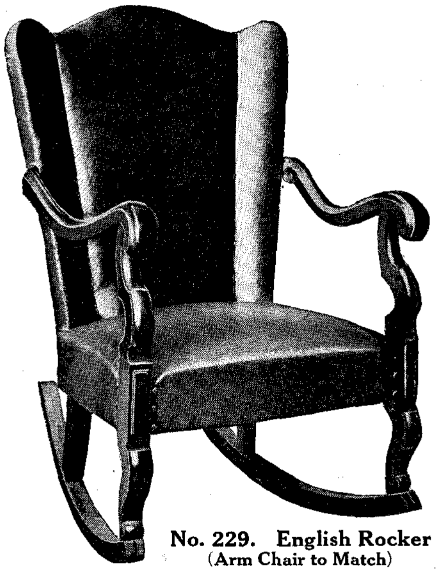

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be cracked is correct; that his version alone is the true explanation of the incident. For more than fifty years, he declares, he has been reading in newspapers and elsewhere all the various conflicting stories of the accident, but, inasmuch as his has been an extremely busy life, he has never bothered his head overmuch about them until quite recently.

Being now old, and retired from active work, he has more leisure on his hands; his mind dwells more and more on the past; his tenacious memory, of which he is extremely proud, is prone to take him back to early youth and review the happenings that still stand out from the haze of yesterday.

So, when a few days ago this man saw yet another story of how the Liberty Bell was cracked, and realized yet again that his memory branded it as incorrect, he hastened to protest.

"I was one of those who were present and assisted in the cracking of that bell—perhaps I am the only person now living who was present," he stated. Those words took a *Times* reporter at once to his house with the request for full details.

The man who, he says, helped crack the old Liberty Bell, is Mr. Emmanuel Joseph Rauch, of 386 West 116th Street. He is eighty-six years old, but doesn't look it. In fact, so straight is he still, so square and robust, that he seems scarcely older than his son, a man who has turned fifty.

And Mr. Rauch's manner of speech is such as to justify the pride he takes in his memory. His talk goes right ahead, without hesitation or confusion. He never adds anything concerning which he feels the slightest uncertainty.

He was born at Chester, Pa., of Pennsylvania Dutch stock, on November 6, 1825, and removed with his parents to Philadelphia when he was seven years old. It was three years later—in 1835—that, according to him, the cracking of the Liberty Bell occurred. That is the year usually given as the one in which the mishap occurred, but Mr. Rauch is emphatic in his statement that the bell was not cracked on the occasion of Chief Justice Marshall's funeral. Here is his own version of the occurrence:

"The Liberty Bell was cracked, as I remember, on Washington's birthday, 1835, and this is the way it was done:

"I was then ten years old. On that day I had been sent by my mother on an errand to a shop not far from our home. On my return from it, I was walking through State House Square when I noticed that the janitor, or steeplekeeper, of the old State House building was beckoning to me. His name was Downing—'Major Jack,' we used to call him—and he was a well-known character in Philadelphia at that time.

"'Come here!' he called to me and to several boys whom he spied in the square. After he had corralled six or eight of us—I don't remember exactly how many—he told us that he wanted us to ring the Liberty Bell in honor of Washington's birthday. The idea pleased us very much—we boys were not in the habit of ringing the old bell—and we agreed to do it.

"Then Downing climbed into the steeple of the State House and tied a rope to the clapper of the bell. Coming down again, he put the end of this rope into our hands and instructed us to pull with all our might, which we did.

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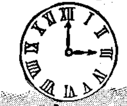

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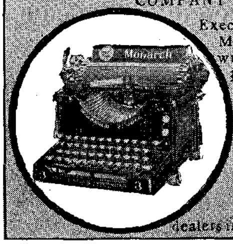

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(Joseph Parker's successor at the City Temple, London)

IN

THE HOMILETIC REVIEW
for November

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New York

"We were working away, and the bell had struck, so far as I can recall, about ten or a dozen times, when we noticed a change in the tone. We kept on ringing, tho, but, after a while, the steeplekeeper noticed the difference, too. Surmising that something might be wrong, he told us to stop pulling the rope. Then he climbed back into the steeple, we boys following behind.

"On the side of the bell that hung toward Walnut Street we found that there was a big crack, a foot or fifteen inches long. Downing then told us to run along home. We obeyed.

"What happened after that I forget—boy-like I didn't do any worrying, and heard no more about the cracking of the bell until some years later. Then, however, and many times since, I have read of how the bell came to be cracked, but never have I seen the version which I have just given. I honestly believe it is the correct one.". . . . . .

Investigation of what is known regarding the cracking of the Liberty Bell gives considerable plausibility to Mr. Rauch's narrative. First, there is, as has been already mentioned, confusion as to just how the bell was cracked.

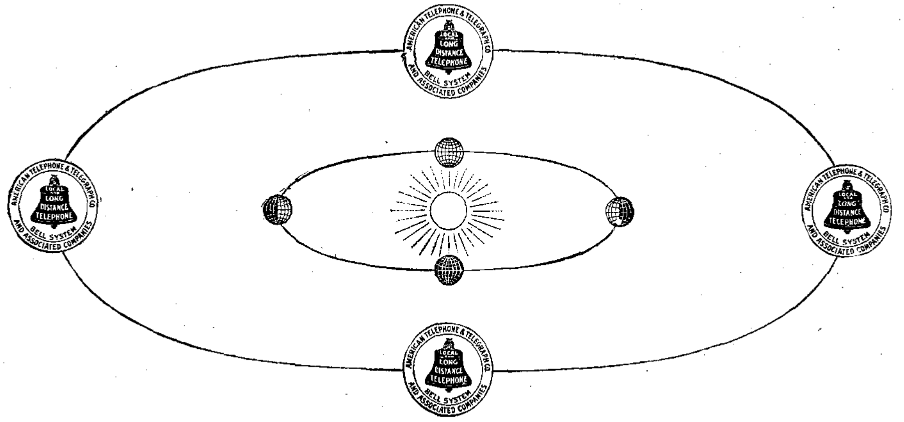
It was the custom to ring it on important occasions, notably on each recurring Fourth of July, but, according to one authority, it was not rung on that day after 1831. This would explain how, if the bell was indeed cracked, as Mr. Rauch maintains, on February 22, 1835, the crack was not discovered on the following Fourth of July.

Coming to the theory that the bell was cracked while tolling for the funeral of Chief Justice Marshall, we are reminded that:

"While tolling" is an ambiguous phrase. Is it not possible, probable even, that, as stroke after stroke of the clapper smote the side of the bell, those who heard detected something wrong in the sound, exactly as did Downing and his youthful helpers in Mr. Rauch's narrative, and promptly arrived at the conclusion that the damage had been done on that very day, being unaware that the bell had been cracked before? In view of the unhesitating nature of Mr. Rauch's statements, this view seems distinctly plausible.

There is something else which lends the color of truth to the octogenarian's narrative. As he relates, it was by no means customary to have boys ring the bell. "Major Jack" Downing evidently astonished young Rauch and the rest when he prest them into service as his coadjutors. When the lusty efforts of the squad of urchins cracked the bell, may not "Major Jack" have decided, perchance, to say nothing about it? The harm had been done—there was nothing to be gained by crying it from the housetops.

So, perhaps, "Major Jack" bade the little boys run home, supposing that nothing would ever come of the incident, even if they told their elders what had befallen the bell. Granted that the Rauch version of the cracking of the bell is right, and that the steeplekeeper reasoned as here suggested, his reasoning was not bad. Apparently, the damage to the bell has never been laid at the door of the band of eager boys who acted as bell-ringers



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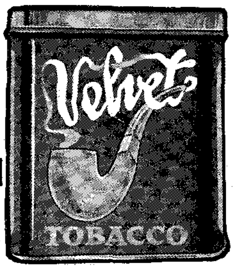

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A MEMORY OF SEDAN

THE latest tilt of words between Germany and France derives most of its acrimony and its foreboding of possible war from the recollection of the Franco-Prussian struggle of 1870, and the disastrous battle of Sedan, in which the French Emperor was captured with some ninety thousand officers and men. Marshal MacMahon, it will be recalled, fell into the Sedan trap while making a desperate effort to relieve Marshal Bazaine, shut up with a large army at Metz. September 1, the date of the great German triumph, rankles in the heart of every Frenchman alive to-day; and here are the reminiscences of one who was there, and shared the enthusiasm of the morning, and the despair of the afternoon. He does not choose to give his name, but the story, fresh from his lips, is now told in *Harper's Weekly* for the first time. But to begin with, he recounts:

When I became a soldier I was twenty-one years old. Eugène Monchablon, *moi.* And I was enrolled in the 20th Infantry, and we were sent to Algiers, but saw no war there.

Then came the news of the war with Prussia, and we flamed with eagerness. We wanted to meet and demolish the Prussians. "*A Berlin!*" was our cry. We could not but go to war.

After a while we were taken across the sea to France, and we went by rail toward the north, and that we could by any possibility be beaten never came to us. "To Berlin!" was all we said. It was all we thought. We shouted it from the cars at the station, and the people shouted it back.

So toward the north, and we no longer went by railroad, but we marched. And on the roads with us were many thousands of other French soldiers, and sometimes we could see far across the country to still more. Our hearts rose higher, for we were so many.

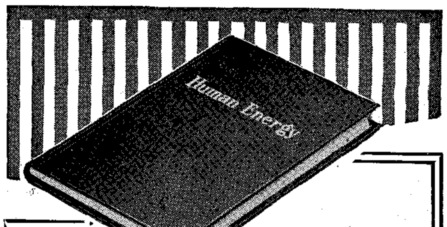
Every night we camped pleasantly, and if we did not always have full rations we always managed to get enough not to hunger. Yes; we made it enough, and often there was the kettle of soup and the little salad that we made of what grew by the roadside.

And sometimes I would lie awake for a time, and would perhaps hear the tramp of some regiment passing by and the pleasant jingle of accouterments, and it was fine when I could see the signal-lights flashing with white and red and blue.

I would think of what news of the Prussians those lights might be telling. And sometimes a picket fired, and some young soldier would jump up and make a noise, and his sergeant would growl at him.

From the people in the villages we found that we were marching toward Metz. Rumors of the fighting of great battles came, and the officers tried to make us believe our armies had won. But a chill came over us, for the rumors said that we had lost.

There is news that comes from the offi-



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cers and there is news that comes from the air, and it came from the air that we had lost a terrible battle at Gravelotte and other battles around Metz.

There were mutterings, and some of the men said: " Why, then, does the Emperor make war if he knows not how, and has not good generals? "

But we were only the more eager to get at the Prussians. We had been losing?—well, if so, let us charge them fiercely and win. *À bas les Prussiens!* For they had insulted us.

The men, it seems, did not know they were fighting all Germany, instead of Prussia alone, and considered the campaign a holiday affair. They had food and drink, and took little thought for the morrow. Then, we read, they came within sight of the enemy:

We marched on, and one day, far off, we saw a glinting line of light, and my comrades said: " The Prussians, Eugène. Those are their helmets."

And I said: " We will fight them; we will fight them with bayonet and with chassepot, and with mitrailleuse."

And he said: " *Mon pauvre Eugène*, you will have fighting of a sufficiency.".

And we began to find out that we had changed our line of march, and at last it went among us that we were marching now toward Belgium and not toward Metz.

And I said to my comrade: " We are not at war with Belgium. Why do we not keep in front of the Prussians and drive them back. We should fight."

And he said: " *Mon pauvre Eugène*, you will have fighting of a sufficiency. *Hein!* "

Then it was that it went through the army, slow, like a poison, for the soldiers would not easily believe that our generals were traitors, and that we were betrayed. And it is hard to march and march and fear that you are betrayed. It is like the fear in the dark.

Moi, I do not know. They have told me since that we were marching to find a place to go through to Marshal Bazaine, who was then shut up in Metz, but as to that we knew nothing.

But how could there be traitors when the Emperor was with us, and Marshal MacMahon, who had fought well in other wars! Me, I do not think it.

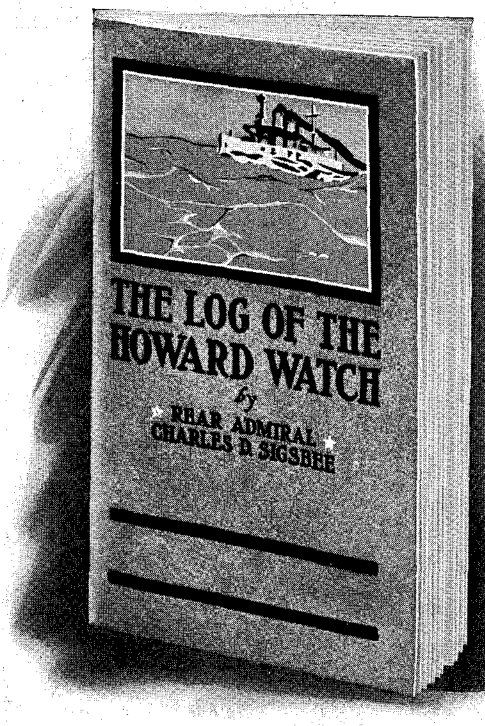
We were covered with white dust as we marched on the long white roads, past the people at the pleasant cottage doors—the old men, and the women, and the girls, and the children. And they said to us: " You will drive away the Prussians! " And we said: " *Oui, oui!* " But we did not now cry, " *À Berlin!* "

The fields were rich with harvest, and again our hearts rose as we watched the long lines of soldiers marching, marching.

Colonel de la Guilbert was our commander. A brave man, he. But he rode mostly silent, and we tried to see from his face what he thought, but we could not tell.

At length we came to Sedan; a long city, beside a river that ran in curves through low green fields, and there were sloping hills that rose. And we gathered there, and there were tens of thousands of us.

There were tales of Prussians, countless Germans, near us. We did not know. But we wanted to destroy those Prussians, those Germans.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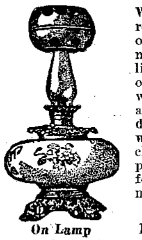

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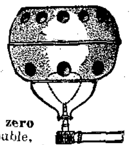

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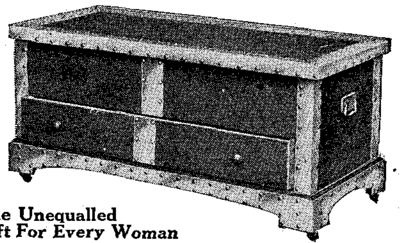

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THE almost indestructible enamel—the armor plate of the teeth—is not proof against acids that accumulate in the mouth. The hard, flint-like coating is gradually dissolved in an "acid-mouth," and when it is once destroyed the softer interior of the tooth rapidly disintegrates. Dental authorities assert that ninety-five per cent. of tooth decay is caused by "acid mouth."

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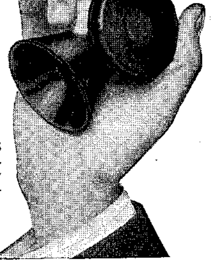

is the thing in aids to hearing. No cumbersome wires no battery. A small compact instrument held **against** the ear, **not** inserted. Reproduces natural voice tones very effectively; no "buzzing." Manufactured in our surgical instrument department. Our **TRIAL** offer and testimonials will interest you.

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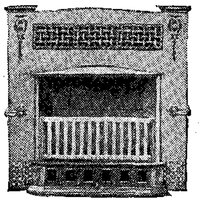
SEND for our free Booklet and see how an Aldine Fireplace is suited to your needs.

You can get as much heat with one Aldine Fireplace and save 60% of your fuel bill as from four common grates.



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This is because it is really a return draft stove in fireplace form. 85% of the heat is thrown out into the room instead of 85% being wasted as in common grates.

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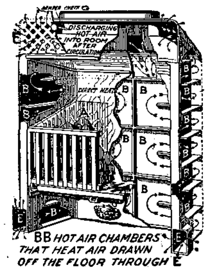
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BB HOT AIR CHAMBERS THAT HEAT AIR DRAWN OFF THE FLOOR THROUGH E

Satisfaction guaranteed or your money back.

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And then came the morning of September 1. A warm morning, and it came to be a hotter day. We were roused early by the bugles, and hurried into line without any time for breakfast. They thought an attack would come.

For all that long, long day of fighting there was nothing of food for my regiment. And it was well for me, for my surgeon told me that if I had had food my wound would have killed me. For I was wounded, wounded twice, but of this I will tell you later.

My regiment was placed near a village that they called Bazeilles, just at the edge of Sedan. There is a picture of the fighting there—perhaps you have seen?—it is called *Les dernières Cartouches*. But we were not at the house of that picture, but were a little distance away. We took a position on a little ridge and waited for the attack.

And I thought of nothing but that I was ready to fight for my country with a gladness like that of a man who goes to his home.

And the Emperor Napoleon drove by us, but it was before we got to our position at Bazeilles. His face was yellow and he looked sick, and from the soldiers there was but little of the shout of the joy. For many of us had begun to believe that he had led us into a war in which there was no hope.

We thought that he was not really in power, the Emperor, and that it was with us as it was with Prussia. For in Prussia they said it was not the King William, but Bismarck, and in France we thought it was not the Emperor Napoleon, but the Empress. *Moi*, I do not know. But at last we were to fight.

Often have I tried to remember what I thought when the great shells were falling among us and the Prussian lines advanced. But I do not believe I thought at all, for all was so strange and so full of excitement. I was eager only for the order to fire, and I wanted never to stop firing.

That village of Bazeilles—it was wild fighting there, and the Prussians captured it, and they burned every house. Because they were fired at from the houses! But why should not an invader be fired at from the houses?

It was hard fighting, and we were just at the edge of the most terrible. The charges and the firing and the shells—terrible!

And while the smoke of the houses was rising, my regiment was marched to the left toward a place they called Givonne; a little town set beside a little stream in a broad valley. And I thought again that this was a country to fight for and not to be a traitor to, for France is a beautiful land.

I do not know just how long we fought at Bazeilles nor how long we fought at Givonne. I only know that our bugles woke us at four, and that it was perhaps three in the afternoon, judging from the sun, that I was wounded.

It was harder for us at Givonne than at Bazeilles, for at Givonne we were so placed that the shells and the cannon-shot came among us, but yet it was not often that we were near enough to the Prussians to fire.

We could see the lines and lines of helmets. A bad sight, to see those helmet-spikes.

And I can not remember when it was that there crept through our ranks the feeling that those helmets were not only in front of us, but in every direction round about, and that we were surrounded. I suppose it came from the sound of firing coming from so many directions.

It is at such a time that one feels of a helplessness. And the noise—did I tell you of the noise? There were single booms and crashes of volley firing, and then there would be just one great roaring, one great thundering that deafened you, and in which you could not tell one sound from another. There was smoke, smoke everywhere, and the ground would tremble when the cavalry made charge.

I think I do not remember very clearly all that happened in those long hours. I do not know how often we were near enough to fire. It seems to me now as if we were mostly under fire without returning it. But this I know: I went into battle that day with two hundred rounds, and long before I was wounded I had fired them all and was taking from the dead men.

Yes; there were dead men, dead men everywhere, and we did not think of them unless they could give us ammunition. Even I, a soldier in his first battle, did not think of them. For a little while you may think of them, and avoid them, but soon you will entirely forget.

They say that Givonne was the center of our position. Perhaps. But I only know we stood there and fired, and that shells and bullets came among us, and that ever we saw those helmets.

For all of the Prussians wore those helmets. *Hein!* Those helmets! And there were Prussian officers and Prussian soldiers who wore spectacles. As if they were to fight with school-teachers. But they did not fight like school-teachers. They fought hard, like good soldiers."

The secret of the result, we are told, was the difference in generals. The French commanders may not have been traitors, but their incompetence led to the same result, while the German officers seemed superhuman. To quote:

> They surrounded us, altho we were so large an army. That Von Moltke, I think he was a devil. Seventy years old—seventy!—when he fought us. And he would not die. He lived to ninety, so they tell me. And they used to say he learned war in fighting for the Turks against other savages, when he was young.
>
> But yet, altho he was so old and would not die, and altho he learned war under the Turks, I do not say that he ever did as a soldier ought not to do. No! I was a soldier myself, altho but of one battle, and I would not do a soldier an injustice. It was only because he beat us that we hated him.
>
> I would tell you all that I remember of most interest. But is it interesting to tell you that shells burst and that our ranks thinned and closed up, and that I felt more and more that we were to be beaten?
>
> I would have wept, but I had too much to do in firing and in watching the lines of helmets.
>
> It is that a soldier gets full of an excitedness. You do things, and you scarcely know that you do them or why.
>
> It was early that day that my comrade was killed. And he jumped up twice. So—so! And he fell flat on his face. I turned him over, and my captain said:

"Say, that was a real shave!"

You can't get a real shave without a real razor. The Durham-Duplex is a real razor. It shaves. It slides smoothly over the face, severing the whiskers with the correct diagonal stroke, like a scythe mows grass. It leaves the skin soft and velvety—not rough and harsh as after the scraping of hoe-shaped "safeties." The Durham-Duplex has the hang and the set and the right shaving principle of the old straight razor without the dangerous naked blade. The guard not only protects the blade, but sets the razor in the correct position. The Durham-Duplex is double-edged. Shave either way, with either hand.

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the "safe" razor

Standard Set—Durham-Duplex Razor with stropping attachment and 6 blades, in handsome case, $5

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Send 35 cents to pay postage, packing, mailing and distributing expense, and we will send you this razor without any further obligation on your part. There are absolutely no strings to this offer. The razor will be yours.

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Dear Sirs:—Enclosed find 35 cents in coin (to pay postage, packing, mailing and distributing expense). Send Durham Demonstrator Razor with blade which you are to present to me without further obligation on my part.
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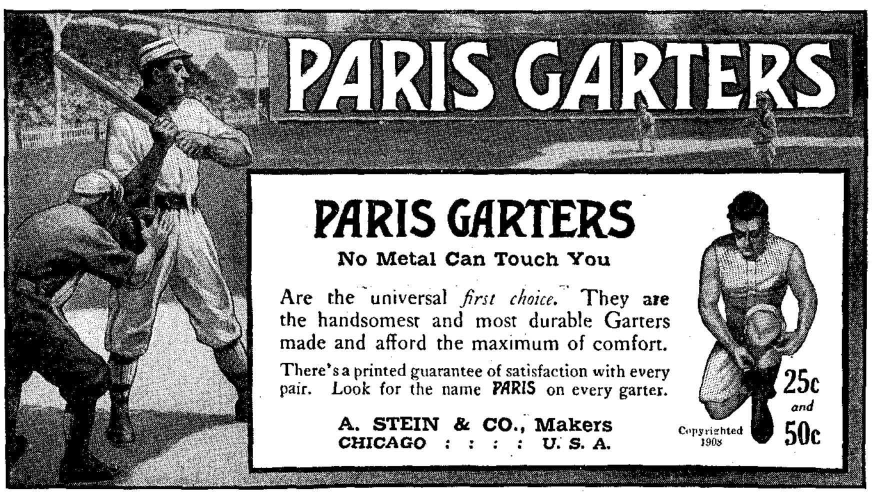

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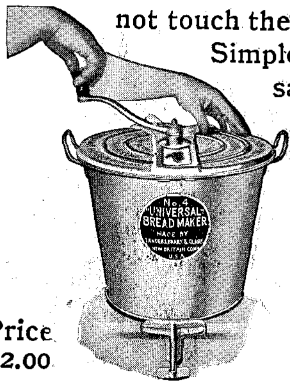
The "Universal" Bread Maker

Mixes and kneads bread in three minutes. The hands do not touch the dough. Simple, easy, sanitary. Does away with hand kneading. Makes perfect bread.

Price $2.00



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The last cup is just the strength of the first—and every cup Perfect Tea.

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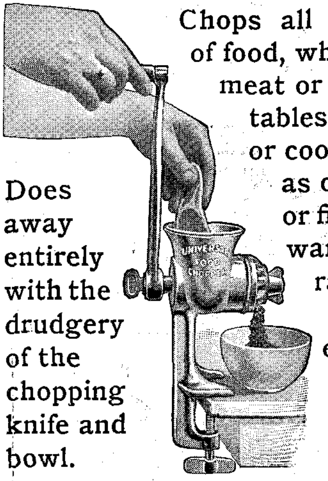
Chops all kinds of food, whether meat or vegetables—raw or cooked—as coarse or fine as wanted—rapidly and easily.

Does away entirely with the drudgery of the chopping knife and bowl.



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"No time for that. You are a young soldier or you would know there is no time for that."

I told you that I was glad and eager to fight. And it was so. But when the first cannon fired that morning, so early, I felt a tremble as if one has a frozen inside. And I think it is always so. Men have told me, brave men, men of many battles, that the first shooting gives you a frozen inside as if somebody scares you. But it soon passes, and you think not of it again.

And I think that most soldiers fire at a line of men and do not try to pick out single soldiers. Unless they are sharpshooters, or their cartridges run short. For when cartridges are running short a man takes individual aim.

My wound came about half through the afternoon. It was as if a hammer struck me in the breast, sharp and hard. I still fired—once, twice, I cannot tell—and my arm could not raise my rifle, and I knew that I was to fight the Prussians no more that day.

I was wounded in the leg too, but that I did not know, as I walked off, stumbling.

When a man is wounded so that he cannot fight he thinks only of getting to the rear. And I do not think it is a cowardice. He can do no more at the front. He is in the way if he cannot fight. But at the rear he may be saved and be ready to fight again.

I walked off, stumbling—so!—and I felt tired and lay down, and I wept. Yes, I lay there, weeping, for I thought, France is lost! And then it came to me that I was so young to be wounded and perhaps die, but I am sure I did not weep for that. And I thought of home and I longed to be there, for the picture of home came to me.

Then I was frightened. Yes. For I was no longer fighting, when a man does not care, but was lying helpless, and it came to me that if there were a charge the soldiers might go right over me and never notice me. If the cavalry should charge, the horses would stamp on my face. Or perhaps the great artillery wheels would come crushing.

It was terrible to think such things. And shells were bursting near me. And a man is not himself when he is badly wounded and lies on the ground. I tried to get up again, but I could not. I must lie there.

Two other wounded men went near me, and I must have called to them, for if I had not they would not have stopt. They were good men, for on a battle-field you do not stop when the wounded call. They helped me on with them, and after a while we came to a house, and we went in and I lay on the floor, and again it came to me that I was young to be shot, and again I thought of home.

But I would gladly—you will believe me?—I would gladly have gone back into the battle if I could have fought. Yes, gladly.

We wounded soldiers, lying there—for others had also crept to the house—we talked of the battle lost. For we thought it was lost, and we wept for France.

And then a terrible thing happened; terrible, for it told us that what we feared was really true. For the cannon ceased firing, and there came a silence more terrible than the roar, for it told us that the battle was over, and we knew we could not have won.

The kind of children Ralston makes

are plump, happy healthy boys and girls. A warm dish of Ralston is the best breakfast for your children—a nourishing, body-building food with the delicious flavor of whole wheat. Children never tire of it.

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Ralston Wheat Food is the staple cereal in thousands of homes where children are growing. There is no better body-builder and energy producer than Ralston. And none so economical. Ralston is not factory cooked—it comes to you in condensed form, to be cooked fresh for every breakfast.

A cup full, when cooked, makes six dishes—a box makes fifty breakfasts. Begin tomorrow's breakfast with Ralston—for your children's sake. You will like it too.

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FOOD
With a flavor all its own
MAKES CHILDREN VIGOROUS

Purina Whole Wheat Flour makes delicious nourishing bread, muffins, rolls, etc. Try it too.

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will warm one or two rooms on one or different floors and ventilate them without drafts.

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of Grates and Fireplace fixtures which explains clearly how one grate fire can be easily made to do so much.

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52 West Beekman Street, N. Y.

But we did not know how bad it was. We knew not that after such hours of fighting we were to have no honors of war, no terms, nothing but surrender.

But what could we do? The Prussians had surrounded us on every side. We had gone north to relieve Metz, but the Prussians still held Metz close and also had men enough to outnumber us at every point. We were many; yes, but they were so many more.

Soon we knew it all, for the news went swift. The Emperor had surrendered. He was a prisoner and MacMahon was a prisoner and all the generals were prisoners and all the men, wounded or unwounded, were prisoners. A hundred thousand prisoners—*mon Dieu! mon Dieu!*

I could almost weep now, as I wept then, tho it was forty years ago. . . . . .

Eh, well—here I am, with my wounds healed and a good wife beside me. I have a little pension and this post as *concierge*. . . . . . .

And the French fought well. It is not that I was one of the army that I say so. I do not think of that when I say the French fought bravely.

And if we had had better officers, and if our Emperor—but bah! What is done is done.

AN ADMIRAL'S NARROW ESCAPE ASHORE

WHILE the adventures of the average naval officer occur at sea, the most exciting of any in the life of Captain Frank Helm took place several years ago, when he thought himself quite safely ashore. But then Helm is anything but an average naval officer. To his friends the Captain is best known as the "Admiral of the Philippine Navee," the propriety of which title is somewhat in doubt, for there is no Philippine "Navee" in the first place, and secondly, Helm maintains that were there any such thing in existence, he would have none of it. What Helm really does is to take complete charge of navigation in the Philippine Islands, and he does it very well indeed. His lighthouses alone save hundreds of ships each year, and he is worthy of any insignia his friends decree. But to return to what Helm avers is the most thrilling incident of his eventful career. It happened, he tells us in the New York *Sun*, in Pershing's famous campaign in Mindanao, and that, says the Captain, was in 1903.

At that time Pershing was operating about twenty-three miles from the coast. I did not get to his camp in time to join him; in fact, I was a whole day behind, and it looked as if I wouldn't get to see anything at all. But Captain Fitzpatrick of the Fifteenth Cavalry, who had been left in command of the camp, was about to send food across the lake that lay between us and the force in the field, and I decided I would take a chance and go along with the natives who were to work the boat.

There were six of them in the craft, friendly Moros, and when we got the supplies aboard it was late in the afternoon.

$2,500 in Prizes
To Learn the Effects of Oatmeal

Every year we spend large sums of money to gather facts about oatmeal. We visit thousands of homes which breed the wan and anemic, and thousands which breed the red-cheeked and the strong.

We canvass physicians, food experts and scientists. We talk with those who teach the underfed. All to show others, in some indelible way, how vital is the need for oats.

Now, in the same cause, we ask letters from people who have seen the effects of oats. We seek actual examples of what has been done, largely through oatmeal diet. No letters or names will be published. But the facts, when impressive and valuable, will be carried to millions of people.

To garner these facts we offer these prizes. We shall pay them for letters which our judges regard as most helpful to people in general.

For the 5 best letters,	$100 each	. . .	$500.00
For the 10 next best,	50 each	. . .	500.00
For the 20 next best,	25 each	. . .	500.00
For the 50 next best,	10 each	. . .	500.00
For the 100 next best,	5 each	. . .	500.00
		185 separate prizes, totaling	$2,500.00

The contest will close December 1, 1911. Soon after that date the names of the winners will be sent to every contestant. And the 185 people whose letters win prizes will each be sent our check.

Facts Now Known

Oats contain more digestible protein, more organic phosphorus, more lecithin than any other grain that grows.

Protein is the body-builder, the endurance food. Woodsmen, for instance, who are fed scientifically, are now largely fed on oats.

Phosphorus is the brain's main constituent. Brain workers and students need an abundance of it. Nine-tenths of all college professors regularly eat oatmeal. And seven-eighths of the homes among the highly intelligent supply it to growing children.

Lecithin is the main component of the nerves and nervous system.

So for body, brain and nerves—all three—no other cereal can compare with oats.

The Energy Food

As energy food oatmeal is preeminent. To "feel one's oats" always signifies vigor. With people as with horses, oats gives vim and vitality. An extract of oats is now employed as a tonic.

Two world-famous scientists seem to have proved that oatmeal wards off age, by feeding the thyroid gland. Experiments on animals seem to prove that *care of this gland can vastly lessen one's apparent age.*

The love of oatmeal, which is almost universal, also shows the need for oats. It is the call of Nature *for the elements required.*

Facts Now Wanted

We now want facts and incidents which illustrate these effects. We want examples showing how children thrive on oats. We want reports on how oatmeal has multiplied vitality. We want letters from people whom oatmeal has kept young. From food experts and scientists we ask new facts about oats. We shall award the prizes for the facts and reports most valuable to others.

Address all letters to The Quaker Oats Company, Contest Department, Chicago, Ill.

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The worth of oatmeal depends on the quality of oats. Its taste depends on the mode of preparation. The oats used in Quaker Oats are selected by 62 separate siftings. We get but 10 pounds from a bushel—just the rich, plump, luscious grains. When these choice grains are prepared by our process they form the finest oat food in existence. Yet it costs but one-half cent per dish.

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Family size package, for smaller cities and country trade, 25c.

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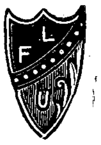
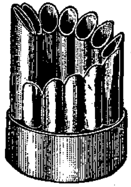


MAKES A PHONOGRAPH SOUND LIFE-LIKE

THE Morse Clarifier is a remarkable little device made to fit in tube between reproducer and horn of phonographs. It renders the sound loud, clear and life-like and eliminates that unpleasant metallic effect which is more or less common to all phonographs, regardless of price. Can be attached in a minute by anyone and lasts as long as the machine. Thoroughly tested and proven successful.

PAT. APPL'D FOR



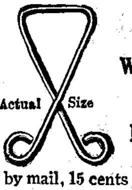
Mailed Prepaid upon Receipt of Price, $1.00. Guaranteed Absolutely Satisfactory or Money Refunded.

In ordering please state whether for Victor, Victor-Victrola, Edison with rubber or metal connection, Columbia Disc or Columbia Cylinder. Information and circular matter free.

MORSE BROTHERS, Manufacturers and Distributers
443 Lumber Exchange, Minneapolis, Minn.

THE JUMBO CLIP *The Biggest Little Paper Clip Made.*

Holds Many Papers
Easily Applied
Quickly Removed
Lays Flat



TIME SAVER
WORRY SAVER
AN OFFICE NECESSITY

Sample box by mail, 15 cents postpaid.

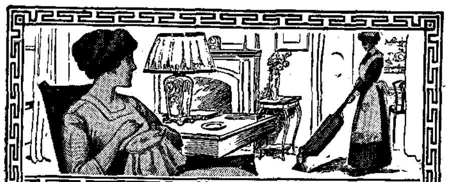
NIAGARA CLIP COMPANY NEW YORK CITY

"Largest Clip Makers in the World."

CHRISTIAN SOCIOLOGY By J. H. W. Stuckenberg, D.D.

12mo, cloth, $1.00.

FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY, NEW YORK



"No Trouble to Keep the House Clean Now, Mary"

With "RICHMOND" Vacuum Cleaning, the dust is not stirred up but is collected without a chance to escape—all of it—and removed from the room and easily destroyed.

Wherever installed—in a ten-room residence or a building which measures its floor space by the acre—"RICHMOND" Vacuum Cleaning will pay for itself in from eighteen to thirty months.

It pays for itself, first, because it does away with the annual tear-up called housecleaning (and housecleaning costs more than you think unless you have figured it out).

It pays for itself, second, because it doubles and trebles the life of carpets, hangings, furniture, wall-paper, decorations; and keeps everything always bright and new.

Vacuum Cleaning does away with the worst drudgery a woman knows; without any of the backaches or annoyances of sweeping and dusting, it ensures an absolute cleanliness such as sweeping and dusting could never make possible.

But even convenience and ease and perfect cleanliness are of secondary importance when compared with the actual, traceable, provable saving of money that vacuum cleaning brings.

"RICHMOND"
Vacuum Cleaning

embraces every provedly successful type of apparatus. It includes Hand Power Cleaners for $29.00; Portable Electric Cleaners for $73.00; and Built-into-the-House Plants for $225.00 to a 40 Sweeper Plant such as cleans Marshall Field's store—all on our "Easy Payment Plan" of 50 cents per week and upward, or a liberal discount will be allowed for cash.

The "RICHMOND" Portable Suction Cleaner shown in the illustration weighs but *ten* pounds instead of sixty. All that any portable cleaner can do, this one does. It is simple in construction. There is nothing to wear out. There are no gears, no diaphragms, no valves. Nothing to jiggle loose. To operate simply attach to any electric lamp socket.

Our "Special Agency Plan" enables live energetic young men to become the "RICHMOND" Vacuum Cleaning Representatives of their respective communities. Our "Special Correspondence Course in Salesmanship," together with direct instructions from our trained representatives, insures success. Write for particulars. Local Agents wanted everywhere.

Send for booklet entitled "How "RICHMOND" Vacuum Cleaning Saves Money"; also reference book giving names of 1800 prominent installations all over the world.

"Collect the Dust—Don't Spread It"

THE McCRUM-HOWELL CO.
Largest Makers of Vacuum Cleaning
Systems in the World
GENERAL OFFICES
NEW YORK . . . . . 356 Terminal Bldg.
CHICAGO . . . . 427 Rush Street
MONTREAL . . . . 15P Concord St.
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Direct to you
No. 328
Top 54 x 27 in.

Completely Finished $19.75

From Factory to You at Half Store Prices

SECTIONAL "COME-PACKT" FURNITURE TRADE MARK

This handsome Elizabethan Library Table in **Quarter Sawn White** Oak is shipped completely stained and waxed (your choice of eight shades) in finished **Sections.** This saves much expensive packing and freight charges. Easily and quickly fastened — simple as putting up a bed.

WRITE TODAY for our **Money Back Catalog** mailed free, showing 200 other splendid pieces, all guaranteed—money back if you say so.

Come-Packt Furniture Co., 1019 Edwin St., Ann Arbor, Mich.

Dusk came on as we neared Macin, on the opposite bank. I could hear Pershing's guns going about four or five miles away, and that was some satisfaction, altho coincidently with my gathering in the sound came a discovery of a lot of Moros, all armed, running down to the beach ahead. I was the only white man in the boat, of course, and my companions told me to lie down flat in the bottom, and when I had adjusted myself as best I could so as to imitate bags of food they covered me with a sarong, a cloth the natives use as a garment.

As soon as we grounded the armed men swarmed about the boat. Some of them sat on the gunwale, and I could have grabbed a dusky leg or two, but I had no such mind. I knew enough of their lingo to gather what they were talking about, and it was by no means inspiriting to hear them brag about the number of Americans they had killed that morning. In my position I was a good deal cramped, but I hardly dared to breathe, for I realized that if somebody lifted one corner of that sarong that would be about all for me. In the morning I had written a note to Pershing asking him to send a troop of cavalry, and I wondered whether my messenger had got through.

It seemed I had been lying there an hour when shouts were heard and more men came running down to the beach. I was convinced that they were coming after my head, and began to wish I had not been so enthusiastic about wishing to see a fight. There was a lot of jabbering, and as it proceeded my ears pricked up and then I threw the sarong off and got up and stretched myself. I decided if they had to have me I might get a better chance standing up to take a Moro or two along with me. I had learned from the conversation that the late arrivals were messengers from the Dato of Macin, whom Pershing had whipt that morning, tho as yet I did not know it, and they knew I was in the boat. They bore an invitation from their master to come ashore and call upon him.

To me that looked very much like an invitation to come on and be chopped up. There was no choice, so I followed the messengers. The Dato told me that Pershing had got the better of him that morning, and that he had submitted and was now anxious to show Pershing that he was as good as his word. He proposed to send me on to the American commander, giving me safe conduct and an escort. Well, I wasn't altogether so sure of his intentions, but I palavered away and exprest my appreciation of his royal consideration, and prepared to say "ready."

At a sign from the Dato five of the most villainous-looking Moros Helm had ever seen came forward with drawn krisses. What a kriss is the Standard Dictionary does not say, but we presume that it was a weapon sharp enough and long enough to make trouble enough. Anyhow, we read that (still with drawn krisses) three of the Moros placed themselves at the head of the despairing Captain, while the other two stationed themselves at the rear. He goes on:

I had no weapon but an old navy re-

TILES

Make the fireplace the focus of the room

Above all things the fireplace must be attractive because it is the spot around which the family gathers.

In most cases the first reason for using tile is a sanitary one, but in the case of the fireplace it is an aesthetic one. You put tile around the fireplace for beauty. Incidentally it is a good protection against fire. You use tile because it is burnt clay, and both in color and texture suggests an association with fire.

We have prepared four booklets: "Tiles for Fireplaces," "Tile for the Bathroom," "Tile for the Kitchen and Laundry," "Tiles on the Porch Floor," which we send free to home builders. You would do well to read them before perfecting your plans.

THE ASSOCIATED TILE MANUFACTURERS
1219 Seventh Avenue,
Beaver Falls, Pa.

ADDISON'S ESSAYS
Selected. With Portrait. Cloth, 75 cents.
FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY, NEW YORK

Most homes are badly lighted and people are satisfied!

Why should *you* be satisfied? Good decoration and good illumination belong together if you know how to get them. It is mostly a matter of the right globes and shades.

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Our catalogue shows the different kinds of globes and shades and tells how to get light, and decoration, and both. Send for it.

Macbeth-Evans Glass Company
Pittsburgh

volver that would not cock, but I thanked the chief for his courtesy while other emotions than gratitude fought for the mastery.

Our route lay through a country dotted with cottas or small groups of native huts. We had not gone far when one of the fellows in front suddenly disappeared in one of these cottas and I guessed that some trick was up. A little farther on another disappeared, and soon after the last of the vanguard was gone. The two in the rear still remained, and I can tell you it was far from comfortable marching along there in the gloom with two savage-looking Moros just a few feet behind me. When we reached a canal and the rear-guard told me to cross it, I felt sure I was just about to get a blow on the back of the head. This impression received something like confirmation as I stept into the ditch.

I had had an idea that the water was only about two feet deep, for it was dark and there was no way of guessing. I went in over my head. The water, I found when I got on my feet again, was really only four feet deep, but, owing to my miscalculation, I had fallen, which had almost the effect of being struck.

When I got to the other bank I started ahead as fast as I could go, for I saw the light of camp-fires. I did not look back to see if my rear-guard was following, but whistled as loud as I could. There was no answer, and fearing to attract a shot from a native I dropt behind a dike. Then I crept forward about 100 yards and dropt again. I heard firing, and then I lit for the camp as fast as I could go, yelling in English as I ran. The call of an outpost for me to stop yelling and come on in was grateful music. It just happened that I had struck the side of the camp from which they were not firing.

CUSTER'S FIRST CHARGE

Custer is most often remembered for his unfortunate charge against Sitting Bull, when, without waiting to determine the number of Indians opposed to him, he charged with 600 brave men to an almost immediate death. But this very impetuosity on Custer's part was what won for him the most of his victories and no little of his fame. Even in the Civil War it was much in evidence, as the following account by Lafayette McLaws in *Harper's Weekly* will show. McLaws a few years ago was spending a month with Mrs. Jefferson Davis at her Lake Erie home. A Southern veteran was visiting her one day and informed the two that he had been in the battle of Yellow Tavern, where Custer, a young fellow just out of West Point, had gained his first bit of praise. Said he:

"They call it Custer's most brilliant charge. Some people claim it was the most brilliant charge of the whole war," he went on. "I saw it all."

"Do tell us about it," I begged, impulsively.

"How easily you young folks ask things like that," he replied after a little, with a wry twisting of the lips too pathetic to mistake for a smile, tho he meant it for me. "Why, for years I couldn't even mention

Pay 17 Cents a Day and Own The PRINTYPE Oliver Typewriter

IMPORTANT: The introduction of the Printype Model came as the climax to our great advertising campaign in which we offered The Oliver Typewriter No. 5 on the 17-Cents-a-Day Purchase Plan. For months past we have devoted all our advertising announcements to the new Printype Oliver Typewriter, with its revolutionary improvement in typewriting type.

The impression has gained ground that the 17-Cents-a-Day Purchase Plan does not apply to the Printype Model. In some instances the idea prevails that we can even charge extra for The Oliver Typewriter equipped with Printype.

We desire to state with all possible emphasis that The Printype Oliver Typewriter can be purchased on the "17-Cents-a-Day" Plan at the regular price of $100.

The Machine That "Typewrites Print!"

America rings with praise for The Printype Oliver Typewriter—*the first writing machine that successfully TYPEWRITES PRINT!*

This remarkable machine combines all the operative conveniences, all the practical improvements of the most highly perfected typewriter, *with the type that from time immemorial has been used for magazines and books!*

It is infinitely superior to the old style, thin outline Pica typewriter type—a fact which none will deny. It ranks in importance with *visible writing*, which the Oliver introduced.

70% of Our Output Now "Printypes"

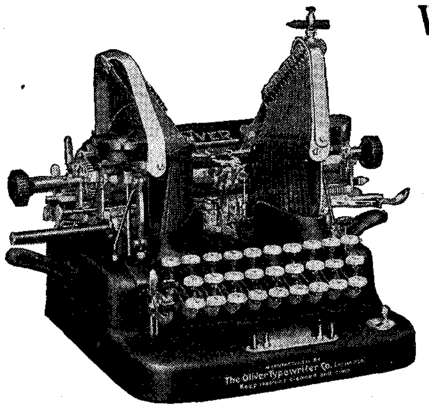
The preference of typewriter buyers is so overwhelmingly in favor of Printype that *already over 70 per cent of our total output are "Printypes."*

The advantages of Printype are *self-evident.* The story is told at a *glance.*

Its beauty, its symmetry, its clearness and *character* lend a new distinction to typewritten correspondence.

Printype Increases Speed Possibilities

Not only does Printype enhance the artistic appearance of typewritten matter, but it enables the operator to attain greater *speed*, as the type is so easy on the eyes. It relieves the tension on the *nerves* and thus gives wings to the *fingers.*


The Oliver Typewriter Co.

Printype OLIVER Typewriter

The Standard Visible Writer

With all its commanding advantages from a purely mechanical standpoint, and its new *artistic* triumph, its supremacy is unquestioned. Its simplicity, versatility and extreme durability all revolve around the great basic feature—*the Oliver Double Type-Bar.*

Without this Double Type-Bar the successful use of Printype would be absolutely impossible.

17-Cents-a-Day" Plan

Secures Latest Improvements

This machine—*The Printype Oliver Typewriter*—offered on the famous "*17-Cents-a-Day*" *Plan*—has all the improvements, all the exclusive features which our experts have developed. It has the Vertical and Horizontal Line-Ruling Device, the Disappearing Indicator, the Back Spacer, the Tabulator, the Adjustable Paper Feed, the Double Release, the Automatic Spacer, the Locomotive Base and many other innovations which contribute to *high efficiency.* It operates with the lightest touch and, of course, *writes in sight.*

Why Don't You Write Us Today?

How can you resist the attractions of "Printype" and the appeal of the "Penny Plan"?

Here is the world's greatest writing machine—*The Printype Oliver Typewriter*—the standard visible writer—the regular $100 machine—*actually offered for pennies!*

A small first payment brings The Printype Oliver Typewriter. Then you save 17 cents a day and pay monthly.

Your request will bring the special Printype Catalog, the details of the Penny Plan and a letter *written in Printype.* Whether you are "Commander-in-chief" of a business or a private in the ranks, you will be greatly interested in the literature we will send you. (129)

The Oliver Typewriter Company
802 Oliver Typewriter Bldg., Chicago
Agencies Everywhere

YOUR CHILDREN EDUCATED OUT OF YOUR REACH?

"I have always had such a dread that my children might look down upon me because my mind had been permitted to become cobweb-covered. There is little danger of that if the Chautauqua reading is faithfully done." "My C. L. S. C. books are proving so helpful in my boy's high school work. He calls often for the books of the English, also Greek and Italian years." "The Chautauqua course keeps me in touch with the world, current events, and social problems generally." —*Quotations from mothers' letters.*

$5 Secures Complete Reading Course

Four standard books and twelve correlated numbers of the CHAUTAUQUAN Magazine. This is THE AMERICAN YEAR and includes Twenty Years at Hull-House, Jane Addams; The 20th Century American, H. Perry Robinson; The Spirit of American Government, J. Allen Smith; Materials and Methods of Fiction, Clayton Hamilton; Leading magazine features are: As We See Ourselves—in novel, drama, etc.; A Reading Journey Through South America, American Engineering. All of the above—the "don't-read-at-random" Magazine every month rounding out the definite plan—for five dollars; add 30 cents and carriage charges will be prepaid.

Chautauqua Institution, Circle Bldg., Chautauqua, N. Y.

Pipe Smoking Without Nicotine

Turco-American Glass Pipe

Smokes cool and sweet and clean. It has two bowls. An inner one of fine meerschaum, from which the smoke is drawn through vents into an outer one of tough, annealed, non-absorbent glass. Here the moisture and nicotine collect **and remain.** *That's why only cool, clean smoke reaches the mouth—why the pipe never bites,*

Every grain of tobacco burns to a white ash. No wet residue to throw away, and the last whiff is as sweet as the first. Easily cleaned and leaves no offensive smell in rooms or clothes. Send for one. *Smoke it a week and if not satisfied money will be refunded.* **$1.50 Postpaid. With handsome, durable Case $2.00.** State preference for straight or curved stem.

Send for FREE booklet "HISTORY OF SMOKING."

Turco-American Pipe Co., 8 Birch Cres't, Rochester, N.Y.

All kinds of pipe repairing, artificial coloring and pipe Specialties.

Here is an Advertisement Nine Years Old

The magazine in which it was first printed is no longer published. The particular issue is out of print. But the cigar that was advertised in that issue is as good today as it ever was. The quality of the Shivers' Panatela and my unique selling offer have gained thousands of regular customers as an indorsement. Read this old advertisement, consider the survival of the proposition it presents, dispel your doubts, and accept my offer:

A customer of mine recently gave a cigar to a friend.

After lighting the cigar, and smoking a little, the friend remarked: "Smith (and Smith wasn't his name), you smoke good cigars!"

"Think so?"

"Yes--I'll bet you a dollar I can name this cigar."

"Done."

"It is a —— Panatela," naming a well-known brand of imported cigar.

"You've lost. This cigar is made in Philadelphia and it costs me five dollars per hundred."

"Will you order fifty for me?"

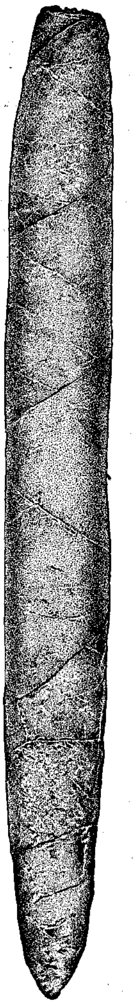
"Yep."

And now the friend is my customer.

My business is manufacturing cigars, and I sell the entire product of my factory direct to smokers by the box at wholesale prices. It costs me something to sell a man his first order. After that he buys of his own volition. Consequently the cost of selling is practically eliminated, and so are the wholesalers' and retailers' and traveling-men's profits and salaries. Of these profits I can and do give the major portion to my customers.

MY OFFER IS: I will, upon request, send fifty Shivers' Panatela Cigars on approval to a reader of The Literary Digest, express prepaid. He may smoke ten cigars and return the remaining forty at my expense if he is not pleased with them; if he is pleased, and keeps them, he agrees to remit the price, $2.50, within ten days.

I have a new cigar at $5.00 per hundred—my Shivers' Club Special, four and a quarter inches long and about half as thick again as the Panatela, and nicely shaped. It is for smokers who desire a richer cigar than the thin shapes give. It is hand made, of clear Havana filler and genuine Sumatra wrapper of the finest quality, and sold on my terms—smoke ten and return the remainder if you don't like them.



SHIVERS' PANATELA
EXACT SIZE AND SHAPE

In ordering please use business stationery or give reference and state whether mild, medium or strong cigars are desired. Also state whether you prefer the Panatela or the Club Special.

HERBERT D. SHIVERS
913 Filbert Street **Philadelphia, Pa.**

The "MINNEAPOLIS" HEAT REGULATOR

Makes temperature right day and night by automatically regulating the dampers. With this device you have no extremes of temperature, save fuel and enjoy comfort.

Applied to Hot Water, Hot Air, Steam or Natural Gas Heating.

The standard for 28 years. Sold by the heating trade everywhere under positive guarantee of satisfaction. Send for booklet.

WM. R. SWEATT, Sec'y
General Offices, 703 Palace Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn.

Reinvest Your { INTEREST DIVIDENDS PROFITS IN

N.Y. Real Estate Bonds

COMBINING { 100% SAFETY 6% INTEREST

NEW YORK REALTY OWNERS
489 Fifth Ave., New York
Write for Booklet G.

Yellow Tavern. I don't suppose you can understand that."

"Yes, she does understand," Mrs. Davis assured him. "And I'd like her to know just how it happened. Were you in the cavalry?"

"No, I was with the battery that day—Wickham's brigade, Gen. Fitz Lee's division.

"It was near the beginning of what your histories call the Wilderness Campaign," the veteran went on, speaking directly to me. "Phil Sheridan's troops were hanging on us like a pack of hungry wolves, nipping us at every turn we made. We had been marching and fighting pretty steady for days with mighty little chance for rest. One night we left Hanover Junction about one o'clock and arrived at Yellow Tavern a little before ten the next morning. But we hadn't more than halted at Yellow Tavern when up comes Sheridan and tries to drive us out. It was a pretty tough struggle, a hand-to-hand fight in some quarters. We fell back from the tavern, but we held our position on the Telegraph Road leading to Richmond."

Here the veteran stopt and, resting heavily on his stick, sat gazing straight ahead. After a time he went on, speaking directly to Mrs. Davis:

"I remember it all as tho it happened yesterday," he told her. "I was with the battery on a little hill at the extreme left of our left wing, Fitz Lee's division, Wickham's brigade. It was around two o'clock when orders came for the whole division, excepting the First Virginias, to dismount, but hold their position. It seemed mighty good to stretch out on the ground and take a smoke. After a while some fellow wished for a drink of water.

"You know how it always is. Just let one man wish for a drink and within a few minutes the whole company will be swearing they are dying of thirst. Finally Saunders, my comrade, said he'd located a spring that morning during our scrimmage with Sheridan's troops. I took my canteen and went with him over the hill to fetch what we could.

"I was on my hands and knees over the spring when I heard Saunders give an exclamation of surprize. He pointed through the trees. There, only a few hundred yards away, was a large body of cavalry. Making sure it was our right wing, I wondered to see them mounted and in ranks so soon after leaving them resting in position. Before I could speak my surprize to Saunders the officer's voice rang out:

"'Cavalry! Attention! Draw saber!'

"The entire line moved forward at a quick walk. As the officer wheeled his horse I saw his face.

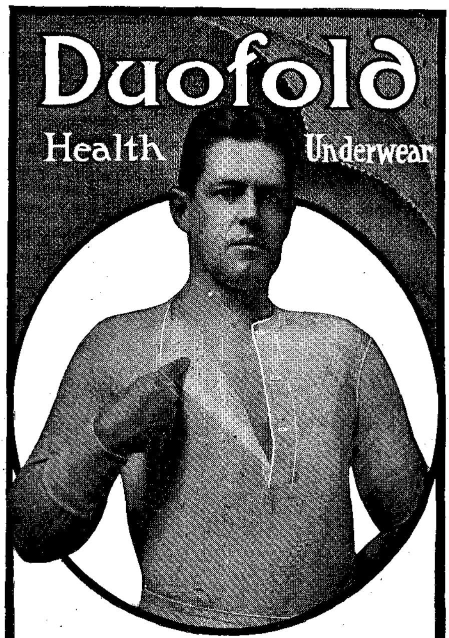
"'My God!' Saunders exclaimed. 'It's Custer.'

"The situation came to me like a flash of lightning. I flung down my canteen and started back to the battery on a dead run, with Saunders hard behind me.

"'Trot!' Custer's voice rang out again. 'Charge!'

"With wild cheers his cavalry dashed forward in a sweeping gallop, attacking our entire right wing at the same time. The next moment we saw our line broken and our men running like sheep.

"The next was like some great red blur. I never can remember just what happened. I only know that I held to the thought that we must join our fleeing company, and both



A sheep wears his wool on the outside. That's where it is in Duofold.

The inner fabric hasn't a thread of wool in it. Only fine cotton or silk touches you. The wool is in the outer fabric. Two light-weight fabrics in one, with air space between the wool and cotton and the two fabrics together weigh less than the ordinary thick one.

Could anything be more scientific and sensible?

Delightfully smooth on the skin; well-ventilated, keeping the body always at an even normal temperature.

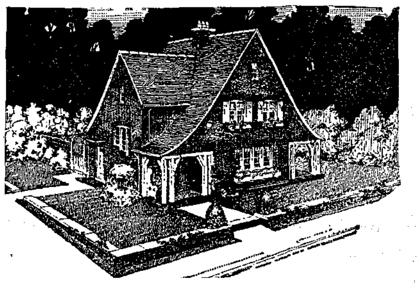
Duofold gives the warmth of wool without the "itchy" sensation of wool against the skin; nor the sticky effect of a solid cotton garment. **Duofold** is always smooth, dry, light and perfectly ventilated.

Single garments and union suits in all weights and various styles for men, women and children. $1.00 and upwards.

Your dealer has them or will get them for you. Write us for Style Booklet.

Duofold Health Underwear Company
Mohawk, N. Y.

Learn About Brick



Every one admires a brick house. Few realize its low cost and economy.

Beauty, absolute permanence, perfect weather proofness, fire resistance, extreme cheapness and ready salability are peculiar to brick and are combined only in brick.

Learn the Facts. Send today for our **Free Books,** "A Revolution in Building Materials," and "The Cost of a House." **Two Books of New House Designs from leading architects' offices, sent on receipt of price.**

"**A House of Brick for $10,000,**" 2nd Edition. 41 designs, 25c.

"**A House of Brick of Moderate Cost**" ($3,000 to $7,000). 71 designs, 50c.

When writing state character of work you have in mind.

TRADE MARK

THE BUILDING BRICK ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA
1332 Flatiron Building, New York

me and Saunders did our best to reach them. As we reached the Telegraph Road I heard an officer shouting orders.

"It was Jeb Stuart's voice.

"I turned toward that voice. There he was, making a stand in the road with a handful of men around him. Thank God I had sense enough left to stop my running and join that little band.

"Almost the next moment, it seemed, Custer's men were coming back as fast as they had gone forward. They had met the First Virginias and had been forced to retreat. We greeted them with wild yells, rebel yells, and drove them across the road.

"I can hear Jeb Stuart's voice now as he cheered us on. I gave them my last shot and followed with my weapon clubbed. Then a man passed me, a Yankee cavalryman. He had been dismounted and was running out. He turned as he passed our rally and fired his pistol.

"General Stuart swayed in his saddle! I caught my breath. Then his voice rang out again—our General's wonderful voice, cheering on his struggling troops.

"The enemy rallied just across the road and fired a volley into the little band that still clung about Stuart. With a scream of agony his horse sprang forward and sank down on his knees. As they lifted General Stuart off I heard the young officer who was assisting exclaim:

"'My God, General, you are wounded! Your clothes are soaked with blood! You must leave the field!'

"'No,' came the stern reply. 'I will not leave until victory is assured. Get me another horse.'

"I was among those who ran off to find a horse, tho some one got ahead of me. When I returned, following the horse, General Stuart was seated with his back against a tree, with a few of his men grouped about him. They lifted him into the saddle. Then, with an officer riding on either side, they started forward. The tide of battle turned again. Seated on his horse, supported by the two officers, Jeb Stuart tried to rally his fleeing men.

"'Go back, men!' I heard him shout. 'Go back, my men! Go back and do your duty!'

"He swayed in his saddle. I thought he was gone. It was only a faint, they said. The officers turned their horses' heads and I watched them carry him off the field, holding him upright in his saddle.

"That was Jeb Stuart's last battle, and historians claim that in it Custer made the most brilliant charge of the war."

AT SEA ON A HATCH-COVER

WHEN the "good ship" *Poigat* went down off Malabon in the Philippine Islands recently, just one man—Alejandro Lorenzo—managed to jump clear of the wreck. His chances were very slim of getting anywhere at that, for he was miles from shore and not a human soul or even a white sail could be seen. But, as we read in the San Francisco *Call:*

> After an hour's swimming he found a hatch-cover on which he rested. Then he started toward San Nicolas, pushing the hatch-cover ahead of him. He was nearly successful and was just reaching shallow water when the tide carried him out to sea again.

Can You Put Your Finger on Any One of a Hundred Thousand Records in a Minute?

"Y and E" sectional cabinet, holds 10,000 letters 15,000 cards 14,000 vouchers

"Y and E" HELP

For the General Manager
For the Sales Manager
For the Advertising Manager
For the Credit Man
For the Superintendent
For the Purchasing Agent
For the Bookkeeper
For the General Filing Dept.
or
For..

Write us; tell us your filing problems; we will help you.
(Return this coupon)

REALLY, now, can you? On any one of a hundred, even?

A filing system is either a money-saver or a money-loser, a time-saver or a time-waster.

Your system is one or the other. It either gives you the information you need—facts, figures, specifications, rates, data—or it hides them, gets clogged up, is not up-to-date, and is a drag on your business.

If you can get what you want *instantly*, and if you know that your system works smoothly all the time, you probably have a good system—so far as it goes.

But does it give you classified information—cross footings, monthly totals, annual comparisons, percentage comparisons, and that sort of thing?

You *need* this information about your business.

Do you get it?

If not, then you surely need "Y and E" filing system service.

"Y and E" *service* goes with all equipment we sell.

This service is based on principles of efficiency.

It always tends to save you real dollars—in decreased operating expenses, better cultivated prospects, quicker turnovers, greater output, better informed decisions.

"Y and E" filing cabinets afford the widest variety of arrangement for filing correspondence, orders, bills, stock records, purchase records, prospects, quotations, credit data, etc.

Our record systems are "tailor-made" to fit your business.

We have thirty years' accumulation of "know how"—have systematized over 480 lines of business. You can surely learn something by getting in touch with this "*service-plus*" organization—500 highly trained salesmen who are thoroughly familiar with the very best in modern filing practice.

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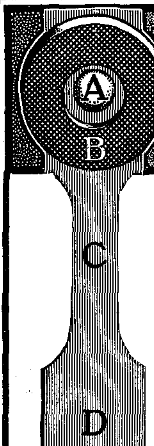
434 St. Paul Street, ROCHESTER, N. Y.
Branches: (look us up) New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Washington, Pittsburgh, Buffalo, Cleveland, Chicago, Los Angeles, San Francisco.
A few desirable territories are open for enterprising dealers.



Why Do You Keep That Corn

Why do you pare it, nurse it, protect it? Why let it torture you? Millions of people simply cover the corn with a little Blue-jay plaster. It is done in a jiffy. The pain ends instantly. In two days the corn comes out.

No pain, no soreness, no inconvenience. No feeling whatever. All because of a bit of soft B & B wax. It loosens the corn while you simply forget it. In 48 hours the corn is gone.

These results are unfailing. They are guaranteed. Five million corns annually are removed in this way. Go get a package—stop that pain. It's folly to have corns.

A in the picture is the soft B & B wax. It loosens the corn.
B *protects the corn, stopping the pain at once.*
C wraps around the toe. It is narrowed to be comfortable.
D is rubber adhesive to fasten the plaster on.

Blue-jay Corn Plasters 15c and 25c per package

(7) Also Blue-jay Bunion Plasters. All Druggists Sell and Guarantee Them.

Sample Mailed Free
Bauer & Black, Chicago and New York, Makers of Surgical Dressings, etc.

Old Hampshire Bond

[16]

This is an Age of Bond Paper

Old Hampshire Bond

THE letter-head that crackles like a treasury note—that is crisp like a gilt-edged security—that is clean and hard as a stock certificate—gets the quick attention of the business man as a matter of psychology.

You can't expect *every* printer to see this as plainly as you do, nor is it entirely safe to entrust the responsibility of buying your stationery to *every* clerk in your employ.

[17]

You should see the Old Hampshire Bond Book of Specimens. It shows a wide selection of letter-heads and business forms. One style of printing, lithographing, or engraving, on white or one of the fourteen colors of Old Hampshire Bond, is sure to express exactly the feeling-tone you desire for your stationery.

Hampshire Paper Co.

South Hadley Falls, Mass.

The only paper makers in the world making bond paper exclusively

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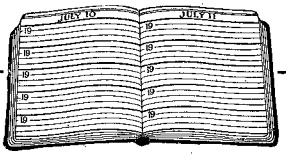

Ward's Line a Day Book

will help you to keep in the easiest possible way a valuable record of events at home, school, college, travel, anniversaries, social events, the weather, crops, business enterprises and engagements, things attempted and things accomplished.

Each LINE A DAY BOOK has room for four lines a day and, as shown above, the records are comparative for five years, each year under the previous year. It will be of great value and much interest in after years. Write for Catalog No. 4. Twenty-eight styles, 60 cents to $5.00. Three of the popular styles are

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If your dealer cannot supply you send us his name and we will send you WARD'S LINE A DAY BOOK upon receipt of price.

Samuel Ward Company

57-63 Franklin Street Boston, Mass.

As night came the wind increased and the waves tossed him and his hatch-cover back and forth until he thought it would be impossible for him to hold his support, but toward midnight he found that he was being washed toward the Cavite shore. Just as his hope was strong the tide and the wind carried him to sea again. He struggled against them, but was swept out.

Something brushed against his leg. He thought it a shark and screamed in fear. "It did not touch me again or I should have gone mad." The water was cold, the night dark and the rain beat down on him. He heard a cry in the darkness and pushed his hatch-cover in the direction from which it sounded. Toward morning he found a Filipino boy, another survivor of the wreck, clinging to an oil-box. They drifted together.

When daylight came they could see boats and they shouted until they were exhausted, but could not make themselves heard or seen. They were tortured by thirst. Salt water got into their mouths. They drifted all day. Night came again and shortly after dark they saw the lights of a breakwater and with new hope noted that they grew larger and more distinct. They were being washed in again. The boy was taken with cramps, lost his hold on the oil-box and went down. The man was washed toward the middle of the bay and drifted during the night.

At dawn he was almost ready to give up, but the wind and waves headed him for the east shore and he took heart. Then he saw boats and used his last strength in trying to reach them. The boatmen saw him, were able to get to him in time, and picked him out of the water. There was not much of the man left and he was shrieking for water as he collapsed in the boat.

He had been forty-eight hours on a rough sea in a bad storm with a hatch-cover for support. He had been maddened by fear of sharks and by the lost chances of rescue.

As he lay on a pallet, after he found himself able to talk again, his rescuers spoke of his wonderful endurance. He said of course he had done the best he could. He wanted to live, he said.

The Exception.—SHE—"A person is an idiot to bother a lot about his descent. Don't you think so?"

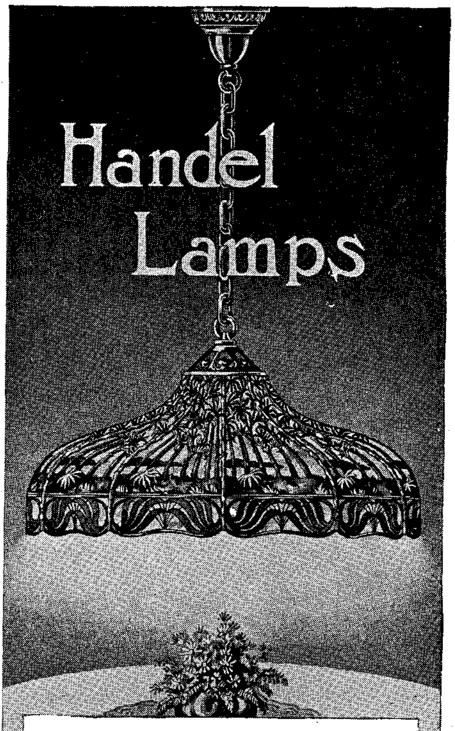
HE—"Yes; unless he happens to be an aviator up in the air."—*Boston Transcript.*

A Gentle Reminder.—Nobody ever mentions it since they have come into money, but at one time there were scoffing spirits in the neighborhood who had been known to aver that at one time old Wellerby had driven a bus.

If that had been so, young Wellerby had managed very successfully to banish the memory of those dreadful days from his mind. There was a reception at Wellerby House one day recently, and the young heir to the broad domains was observed to be ostentatiously showing off the family seal. It represented St. George and the Dragon.

"One of my ancestors, you know," he observed pompously, "is said to have killed the Dragon."

"Good gracious!" said a scoffer near by. "How did he manage it? I suppose he didn't—er—run over it, did he?"—*Answers.*



There is a distinctiveness about Handel Lamps and Lighting Fixtures—a striking beauty and individuality of design that adds the final touch to the well-furnished room. The shades are gems of exquisite design and superb coloring.

The Handel productions comprise many styles of lamps and lighting fixtures for electricity, gas or oil. They furnish a clear, mellow light which does not tire the eyes.

The illustration herewith shows electric dome No. 5381 for library or dining room. It is a metalized tropical scene with a beautiful sunset glow of color.

You may purchase Handel Lamps at leading jewelers and lighting fixture dealers. We will gladly refer you to the dealer nearest you. If you are planning the lighting of a new home, or wish to improve your present lighting, our booklet, "Suggestions for Good Lighting," will give you many helpful ideas.

We shall be pleased to send you a copy upon request.

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New York Showrooms, 64 Murray Street.

I WILL make your dull SAFETY RAZOR BLADES keener than new. Double edge blades 5c. each. Single 2½c. each. Write for mailing wrapper

P. MacNEILL, 170 Congress St., Boston, Mass.

Save $100. then buy a bond

Or if you prefer you can make partial payments and start with $20. One bond leads to another and soon you have a considerable amount of money yielding from 5 to 6 per cent.

We specialize in bonds of small denominations, thus giving our clients opportunity to invest small sums where they will be safe and will bring a good yield. Write for booklet "Small Bonds for Investors."

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52 William St., New York

Shaker Salt Won't Stick or Cake

No more soggy, lumpy salt. Shaker Salt really keeps dry no matter what the weather may be. It doesn't lump up in the package, or clog up in the shakers at all. It flows freely all the time.

The beautiful, white, fine grains give a delicate flavor that you will like immensely. There is no harshness or rankness to the taste of Shaker Salt.

Yet it has a perfect "salty" taste, because Shaker is the purest of table salts. It is made by a wonderful process of salt refining—a process which we alone use. This exclusive process takes out the natural impurities which remain in other salt for you to eat.

SHAKER
TABLE SALT
ALWAYS DRY

Shaker Salt is put up in an air-tight, moisture-proof box, with a handy spout for filling shakers. Price, except in the far West, 10 cents a box.

Diamond Crystal Salt Co.
St. Clair, Michigan
Makers of the Purest Salt in the World
(48)

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FINEST IN THE WORLD
For Cooking and Drinking

Walter Baker & Co. Ltd.
Established 1780 DORCHESTER, MASS.

THE SPICE OF LIFE

Why Dally?—"Let's drop in this restaurant."

"Oh, I don't believe I care to eat anything."

"Well, come in and get a new hat for your old one, anyway."—*St. Paul Pioneer-Press.*

Education.—"Fifth grade this year, Tommy?"

"Yes, sir."

"You're in decimals or fractions now, no doubt?"

"No, sir. I'm in crochet work and clay-modeling now."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Incurable.—"You say you are your wife's third husband?" said one man to another, during a talk.

"No, I am her fourth husband," was the reply.

"Heavens, man!" said the first speaker. "You are not a husband—you're a habit."—*Tit-Bits.*

In Deep Water.—JACK'S UNCLE (coming up on piazza)—"What do you suppose? Jack has just rescued that young widow, Mrs. Wiles, from the surf."

HIS AUNT—"There! I expected something of the sort. Now we'll have to rescue Jack."—*Boston Transcript.*

Gallant.—OLD MAID—"But why should a great strong man like you be found begging?"

WAYFARER—"Dear lady, it is the only profession I know in which a gentleman can address a beautiful woman without an introduction."—*London Sketch.*

Too Bad.—A noted sociologist tells the following story of a woman in a Southern manufacturing town. Approaching her for statistics, he asked—"Madam, have you any children?"

"No," she replied. "I have to work in the factory myself."—*Life.*

Proof Positive.—"See here, Mr. Casey," said Pat to the tax assessor, "shore and ye know the goat isn't worth $8."

"Oi'm sorry," responded Casey, "but that is the law," and, producing a book, he read the following passage:

"All property abutting on Front Street should be taxed at the rate of $2 per foot."—*Boston Transcript.*

Even.—"I find that my husband has been having the office-boy call me up every day and mumble terms of endearment. He's been going to the ball game."

"How is it that you didn't catch on to the voice?"

"Well, I'm busy at bridge every day, and I've been having the cook answer the telephone."—*Washington Herald.*

The Same Thing.—"And he said he was willing to die for me?"

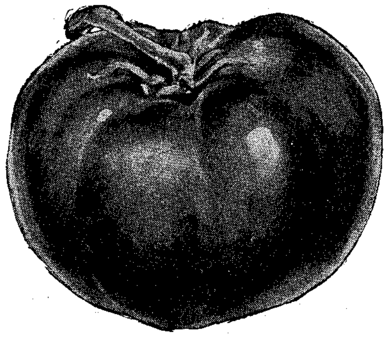
"Not exactly in those words, but that was the impression he was evidently trying to convey."

"What did he say?"

"He said he was ready to eat your cooking any time you said the word."—*Houston Post.*

BLUE LABEL KETCHUP

A zestful, appetizing relish with the true tomato flavor.



Keeps After It Is Opened

Made with scrupulous care by skillful chefs, in spotless kitchens from the solid meat of juicy, red ripe tomatoes picked at the moment of their perfection, combined with just the right proportion of rich, pure spices. No artificial flavoring or coloring.

Contains only those ingredients recognized and endorsed by the U. S. Government.

All products bearing our name are equally wholesome and delicious. Insist on our label when you buy Soups, Jams, Jellies, Preserves, Canned Fruits, Vegetables and Meats.

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KETCHUP
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Mystery of the Lost Dauphin—*Mme. Bazan* (from the Spanish)—Intense, absorbing, dramatic romance that grips and holds. Cloth $1.50.

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Incubator Baby—*Ellis Parker Butler*—Delightful satire on "scientific" motherhood. Cloth, illustrated, 75c.

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Rutherford—*Edgar Fawcett*—Novel of New York society in the eighties. Cloth $1. Paper 25c.

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How Pa Felt.—YOUNG MAN—"So Miss Ethel is your oldest sister? Who comes after her?"

SMALL BROTHER—"Nobody ain't come yet; but pa says the first fellow that comes can have her."—*Boston Transcript.*

Presence of Mind.—"What did you do when you met the train-robber face to face?

"I explained that I had been interviewed by the ticket-seller, the luggage-carriers, the dining-car waiters, and the sleeping-car porters and borrowed a dollar from him."—*Washington Star.*

A Bargain.—DE STYLE—"I attended the coronation and it cost me just $500 to see the King."

GUNBUSTA—"Huh! last night it cost me only half of that to see three kings."—*Judge.*

FIFTY YEARS AGO

October 22.—The Potomac River is reported to be effectually closed, Confederate batteries commanding it at every point below Alexandria.

October 23.—A slight engagement occurs at West Liberty, Ky.

October 24.—President Lincoln suspends the writ of *habeas corpus* in the District of Columbia.

Western Virginia votes almost unanimously in favor of separation from Virginia.

October 25.—A skirmish occurs near Springfield, Mo.

An artillery duel is fought across the Potomac River at Edward's Ferry.

October 26.—At Mill Creek, near Romney, Va., General Kelly defeats a Confederate force, capturing 400 prisoners, 200 horses, and a large quantity of military supplies and provisions.

October 27.—A Union regiment captures a small camp of Confederates in Clinton County, Mo.

October 28.—A night expedition burns three Confederate vessels undergoing repairs in Chincoteague Inlet, Va.

CURRENT EVENTS

Foreign

October 6.—Turkey issues another appeal to the Powers.

Ten thousand are reported killed in an engagement between Chinese Government troops and insurgents.

October 7.—Derna and the Bomba Gulf coast in Tripoli are occupied by the Italians.

October 9.—The *King George V.*, the largest dreadnought of the British Navy, is launched at Portsmouth, England.

October 10.—A force of three thousand Turks are repelled in an attempt to recapture Tripoli.

Four Turkish destroyers are sunk near Mitylene.

October 11.—Chinese revolutionists have taken Wuchang, the capital of the province of Hupeh.

Domestic

October 6.—Many lives are lost by the failure of the Lacrosse Water Power Company's Dam at Black River Falls, Michigan.

October 8.—President Taft speaks briefly at Puyallup on international peace.

October 9.—The President speaks in Bellingham and Seattle, Washington, on conservation, reciprocity, and the Panama Canal.

The Senate Committee resumes its investigation of Senator Stephenson's election at Milwaukee. The Senate Committee investigating the election of Senator Lorimer meets again in Chicago.

October 11.—Woman suffrage, the referendum, the recall, and the other amendments to the State Constitution win out in California.

The trial of James B. McNamara, the younger of the alleged dynamiters, is begun at Los Angeles.

DISTINCTIVENESS and beauty are not the only features of Larter Vest Buttons that commend them to the well-dressed man. They have the famous Larter automatic backs, which have no parts to separate and can be inserted or removed instantly.

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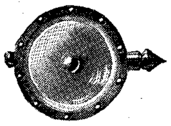
& LARTER VEST BUTTONS

Every Larter Shirt Stud or Vest Button may be identified by this trade-mark on the back. It is a guarantee that if an accident happens to the back a new one will be given in exchange.

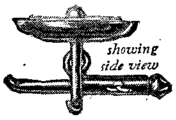
If your jeweler cannot supply you, write us for the name of one who can.

Write for Illustrated Booklet

It suggests the correct jewelry for men, for all occasions.



A Larter Vest Button



Larter & Sons, 23 Maiden Lane, N.Y.

Snap! goes the shoe lace

Of course, you're in a hurry! And likely you get angry and excited and say— Never mind. Get a pair of

"N F 10" Shoe Laces

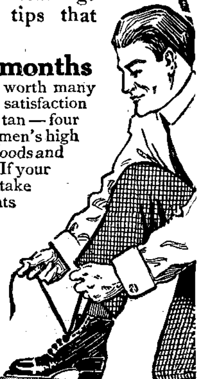
and you won't be troubled again.

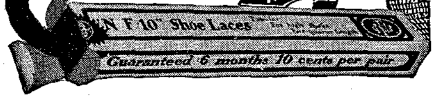
Stand a strain of 200 lbs to the foot without breaking. Patented fast-color tips that won't come off.

Guaranteed 6 months

10 cents per pair, but worth many times that price in the satisfaction they give. Black or tan—four lengths for men's and women's high shoes. At all shoe, dry-goods and men's furnishing stores. If your dealer hasn't them, don't take a substitute—send 10 cents to us. Write for booklet showing complete line.

Nufashond Shoe Lace Co.
Dept. E Reading, Pa.
Makers of the famous Nufashond Silk Oxford Laces and Corset Laces





"N F 10" Shoe Laces
Guaranteed 6 months 10 cents per pair

THE LEXICOGRAPHER'S EASY CHAIR

In this column, to decide questions concerning the correct use of words, the Funk & Wagnalls Standard Dictionary is consulted as arbiter.

"H. P.," Port Arthur, Tex.—"Should 'whom' in the following sentence be capitalized: 'He whom we worship doeth all things well'? I can find no rule or example covering the use of a relative pronoun in referring to the Deity."

No rule requires a relative pronoun to be capitalized, even tho it may refer to the Deity, unless the pronoun is the initial word in a sentence.

"L. L. P.," San Diego, Calif.—"As the word 'chassis' is of French origin, is not the plural form different from the usual *s* or *es* termination? Kindly define the term."

This word has the same form in the plural number as it has in the singular. It has a variety of meanings indicative of the many different commercial uses of the object, such as "a movable railway for running a casement gun in and out of a battery"; "the part of the lower frame of a flying-machine upon which the motor is placed and to which the wheels or skids are attached"; but its more common meaning is that of "a metal framework of a motor-car as distinguished from its body and seats, but including its accessories for propulsion, as the tanks, motor, generator, gear, springs, axles, wheels, tires, and general running-gear."

"B. M.," Lincoln, Neb.—"Is the expression 'ten minutes *of* twelve' permissible, or is *to* the only preposition that can be used in this phrase?"

"Ten minutes *to* twelve" is the only form that is heard in England, but general usage in America has sanctioned the idiomatic phrase ". . . *of* twelve."

"J. P.," Baltimore, Md.—"Does the following distinction really exist between the two words *enough* and *sufficiency:* 'A person has a sufficiency when his wants are satisfied, and enough when his desired are satisfied. One may therefore have a sufficiency without having enough. A covetous man never has enough, tho he may have more than a sufficiency'?"

The definitions of these terms and the illustrations of their use by literary authorities do not point to such a decided distinction, as the words are practically synonymous. One may have had "sufficient" when his desires are satisfied, but the adjective "enough" also expresses this same degree of satisfaction, as may be noted from the following definition contained in the STANDARD DICTIONARY (p. 605, col. 1): "*enough*, adequate for the demand or need, or to satisfy or meet desire, expectation, or requirement; sufficient." It is further stated that "*sufficient*, from the Latin, is an equivalent of the Saxon *enough*, with no perceptible difference of meaning, but only of usage, *enough* being the more blunt and homely and forcible, while *sufficient* is in many cases the more elegant or polite."

"H. T. L.," Columbia, Mo.—"Please give the correct pronunciation of the word 'mayonnaise.'"

This word is preferably pronounced mê-on-êz′ (both e's as in they, o as in not).

"W. P., Jr.," Pflugerville, Tex.—"Kindly give an analysis of the following sentence, stating particularly what constitutes the subject and the predicate: 'To confirm his words, outflew millions of flaming swords, drawn from the sides of mighty cherubim.'"

A general analysis of this sentence shows these relations of its elements: the simple subject is the noun "millions," and the simple predicate, the verb "outflew" (*flew*). The subject is modified by the prepositional phrase "of flaming swords," and the participial phrase "drawn from the sides of mighty cherubim." The simple predicate is modified by the infinitive phrase "to confirm his words." The sentence as it stands illustrates the inverted construction, whereas the regular order would read as follows: "Millions of flaming swords, drawn from the sides of mighty cherubim, flew out to confirm his words."

Staggering.—SHE—"And so you are going to be my son-in-law?"

HE—"By Jove! I hadn't thought of that!"—*The Tatler.*

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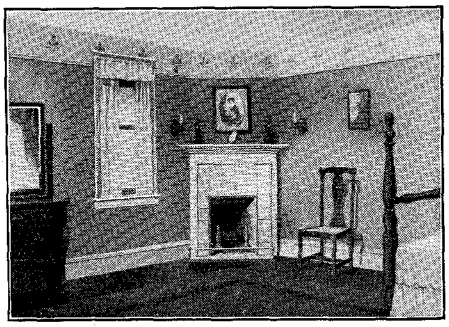

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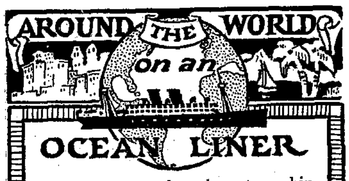

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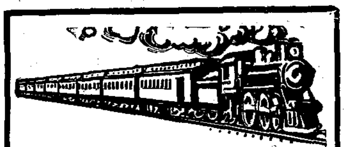

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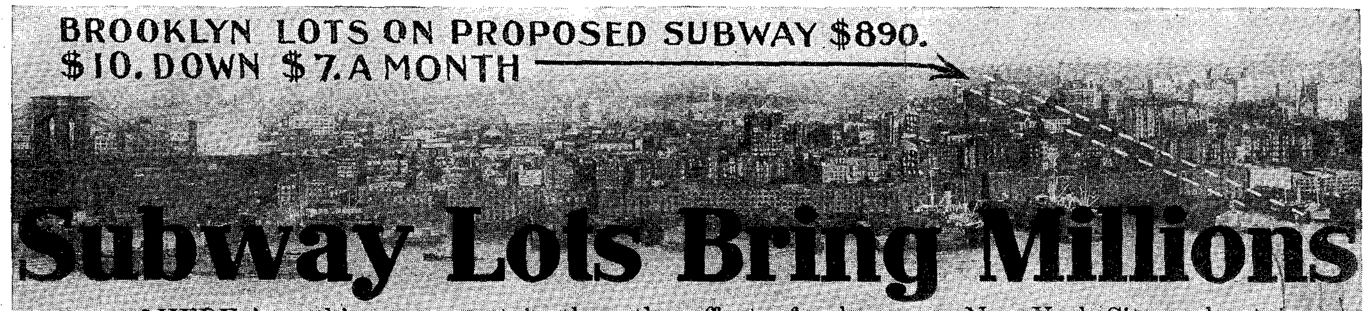

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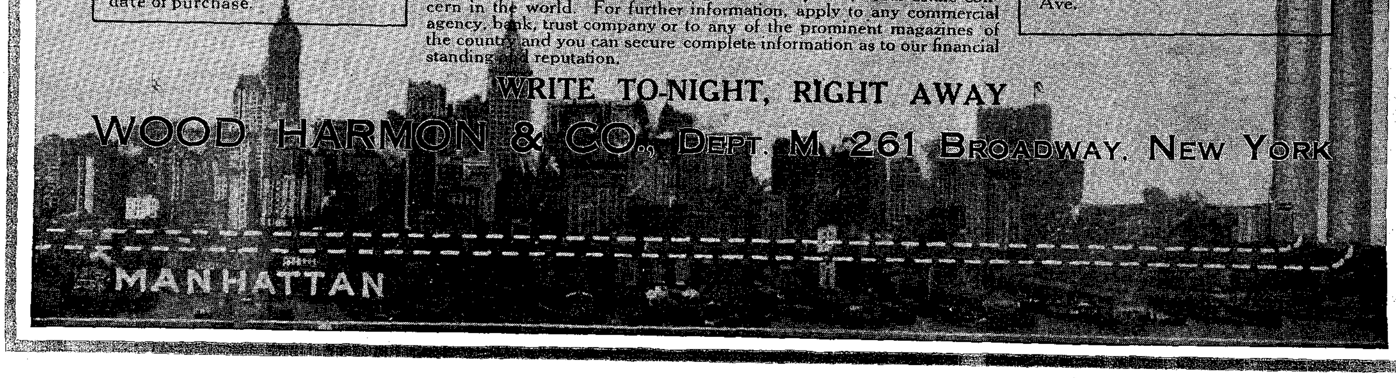

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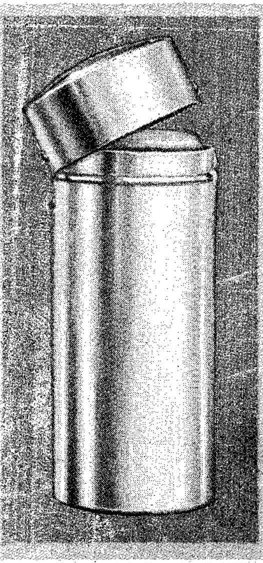

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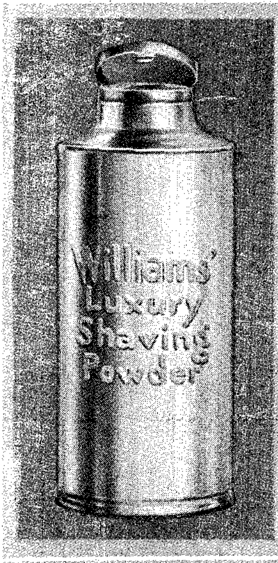

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